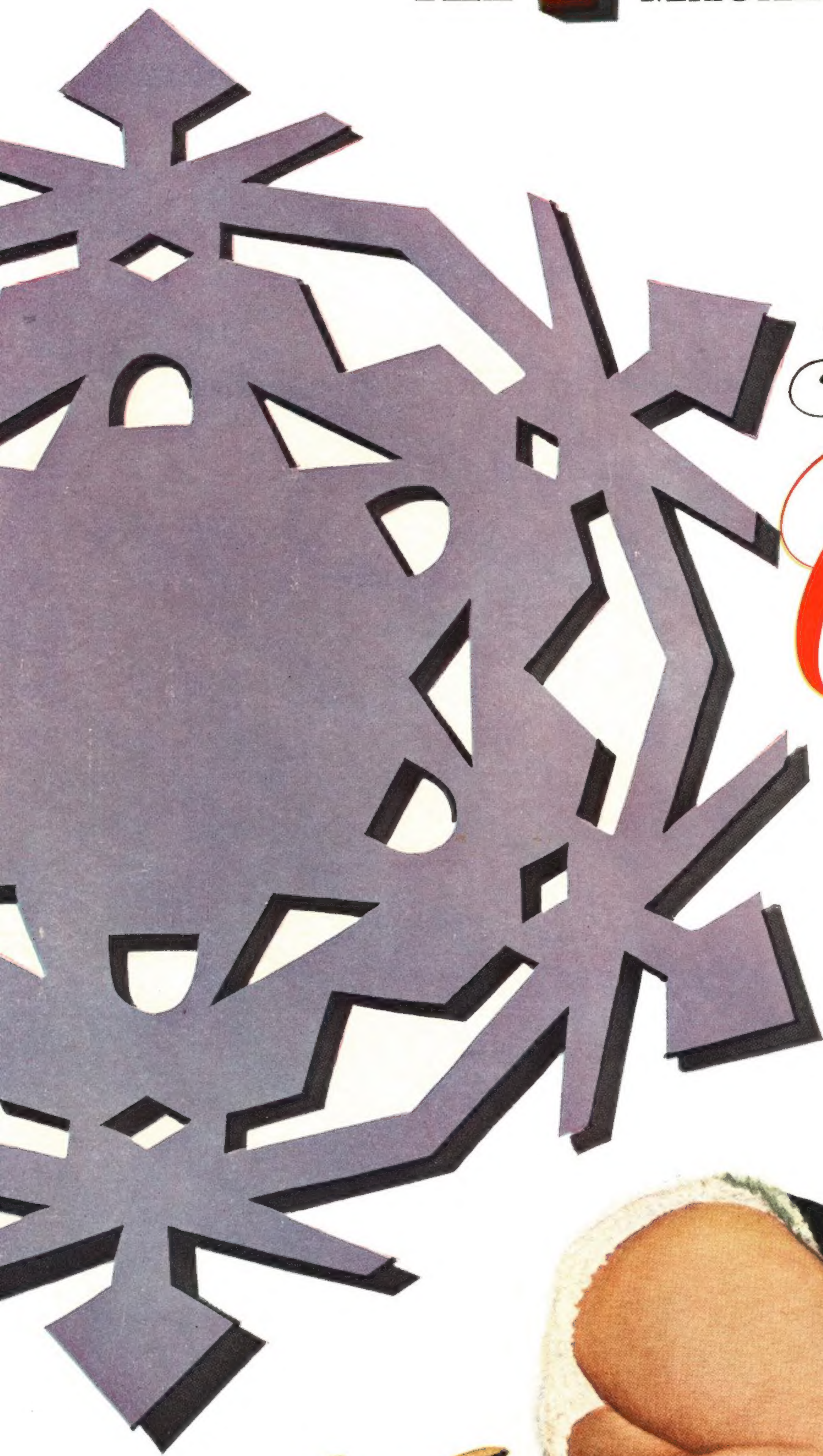


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*Memo from
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Let's keep it that way, and may this be the biggest, merriest, old-fashioned Christmas you've ever had.

JTS



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EDITORIAL

A Plug for Santa Claus

WITH this Christmas issue, Esquire officially goes on record as favoring the rehabilitation of Santa Claus. To put it bluntly, the saint is having a hell of a time these days.

For example, witness the sad experience recently of a department-store Santa. He smiled benignly down at the brat on his lap and stifled an impulse to wink at the child's good-looking mother with a loyalty that should have earned him a bonus. He was a good Santa, as Santas go these days, and had even taken some Sen-Sen so that you couldn't tell he had tossed off a couple of double bourbon-and-waters with his lunch.

But the child promptly hauled off with a left hook to the blessed saint's midsection, and then followed this up with a haymaker to old Kris Kringle's whiskers.

"Take that and that," said the tot, "for not bringing me what I asked for last Christmas!"

Our point is not that the child, although obviously a brat in need of a good dusting, was having a tough time following the maze of a modern Christmas, but that Santa Claus has been chopped up into big and little pieces and almost thrown entire to the winds of oblivion. He has been multiplied, stood up on street corners, sent to department-store training schools for salesmanship, issued a union card, and in general given the old merchandising needle until the gift and not the spirit has become the important thing. Not too many years ago, children did not slug Santa Claus—they waited by the fire for his miraculous coming, and they waited fearfully, breathlessly and, above all, happily. He did not punch a time clock, and nobody wanted to punch him, either.

It is our own fault, of course, this brutalization of a delicate and lovely tradition; In Hollywood, for example, Santa Claus shamefacedly parades down a street lined with crowds cheering for the movie idol who shares his throne. Perhaps this is necessary, since it is doubtful if anyone would line the streets to see good old St. Nick on a solitary ride, when his duplicates cavort in every store and on every corner in the land.

We would not have you think that we are purists advocating the abandonment of gift-giving or Christmas celebrations: rather the opposite, we think that the giving of gifts at Christmas and the gesture of good will toward all men that this symbolizes is by all means the finest impulse of the year. This issue is, in fact, sincerely and happily devoted to the spirit of gifts, big and little. But

we are wondering about the children and the slaughtering of the innocents' single version of old Santa by our mass-production methods.

Maybe it was bound to happen, but it is still a shame that the pure fun of it seems to be in a process of dilution, because Christmas ever was a time for rejoicing by young and old. True, Santa Claus is a recent invention comparatively, but the festival was always a high time. Long before the Little Child in the manger, wise men danced in the light of the winter stars. The ancients found their light and their calendars in the skies. They looked up in the days we now call October and November and they noted that the great sun, their warmth and their very life, was getting colder and dimmer every day. Their night was upon them as the dark hours lengthened. And then, one day—we call it the winter solstice—the wheel turned and the New Year's promise was made. The days lengthened again. The sun grew kinder. Life was good, and fear went into hiding for another year. The rejoicing that went on must have been something to see, something in the eyes and heart, enough to make a man dance out under the sky as the year's blackest and shortest day came to an end.

In Rome, before Christ, the festival was the Saturnalia, attended by the exchange of gifts and the lighting of candles; in cruder civilizations, in Scandinavia and in the pagan countries of western Europe, there were orgies of joy and exuberance around huge fires. In Anglo-Saxon England, there was a so-called "Mother's Night" in which certain group observances were made at the height of the festivities which bear very little resemblance to our own ways of celebrating Mother's Day, and with greatly differing results.

So many of our Christmas traditions go back those thousands of years. The mistletoe, for example, was venerated by the Druids in Britain because it then grew only on the bark of their sylvan deity, the oak. Their idea of a fine, jolly Christmas was to cut open a few bulls as well as the more unpopular members of their community as a sacrifice to the oak, and then detach the sacred mistletoe with a golden knife, only slightly splashed with blood. The mistletoe was then divided into small portions and distributed among the people, who hung up the sprays over the entrances to their dwellings, in order to propitiate and shelter any wood gods

Continued on page 8

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A Plug for Santa Claus

Continued from page 6

who might choose to dwell there.

The enterprising character who invented the custom of kissing any girl who stands beneath the mistletoe came through with this inspiration much later, but his contribution, of course, has been a boon to mankind ever since.

The yule log, the favorite of the Christmas-card illustrators, comes direct to us from Scandinavia, from the feast of Juul, on the winter solstice, in honor of the great god Thor. In feudal times, the bringing in of the great log into the manor hall was a moment for cheers; it had lain until now in the woods, and each wayfarer had raised his hat to it as he passed, for he well knew that it was full of good promises, and that its flame would burn out all old wrongs, and cause the wassail bowl to bubble, and bring a glint of friendship even to the eye of a stranger. Sometimes the charred remains of the log would be preserved carefully through the year in a remote cellar, to emerge on the next Christmas and start the new fire for its huge successor. In Devonshire, every time the yule log crackled, the master of the house was obliged to supply a fresh bowl of liquor. A party with a dry yule log was always sure-fire on every count.

The Christmas tree itself was an ancient custom in Germany, but it may be surprising to learn that not until good Queen Victoria's time did the custom find its way to England and America. Kris Kringle is also from old Germany, the Land of the Toy-makers, after the words *Christ-kindlein*, or Infant Christ. Christmas as a time for Christian veneration began only about in the fourth century A.D. From then on, the wild doings of the Saturnalia and the Juul calmed down somewhat and the holiday took on its present decorous and spiritual meaning. In England, the rite of the Christmas feast reached its great height with the bringing in of the boar's head, to the blast of trumpets and strains of high minstrelsy. Next in importance after the boar's head came the peacock. The bird had been first skinned, with the rare plumage left on, then roasted, and finally sewed up again in its feathers. The bill was gilded, the feathered body was sprinkled with gold leaf, and sometimes a piece of cotton, saturated with spirits, was placed in its beak and lighted as the magnificent bird was carried triumphantly to the table. Try it sometime yourself.

Christmas, then, as George M. Cohan might have said, was a grand old thing. And so we have taken up this much space with lack-of-malice aforethought: to give Santa Claus a gift, for a change, and to blow some warmth back into his blue cheeks. That was our simple thought in this issue, to look for the old, brave Christmas spirit of giving. "Was-

sail, wassail," we give the old, old cry on our opening page; Wassail All Over the Town. We give you Quentin Reynolds, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Hervey Allen, Henry Kane, Louis Untermeyer, Degas, Ben Stahl, Gustav Reberberger, Bischoff. We give you *The Flowing Bowl* by John Briggs, recalling all the secrets of the punch bowl, and the glorious image of Fish-House Punch, that favorite of George Washington and his Continental boys, sloshing gently in a silver bowl fashioned by one of his contemporaries. We give you an old-fashioned gift collection, new ideas ready to deck the old spirit.

We also give you—lest the old Esquire spirit fail—*A Corpse for Christmas* by the irrepressible Henry Kane, who claims that some holiday parties are those of the first part, and, as such, dead. We give, in fact, all that a publication could find by way of an overflowing of good will towards its readers and all men. Dance around the bonfires this Christmas, lads, we say. Bring in the yule log. Hang the mistletoe and kiss the girls. Put the boar's head on the table. Deck the peacock in gold dust, and light the brandy in his beak. Fill the flowing bowl. Give gifts to all, and a Merry Christmas all around.

And especially, a Merry Christmas to poor old Santa Claus himself. No punch on the nose for him: the punch, gentlemen, is in your glass. Raise it high to the old boy—a long life, and a merrier one than it has been, to him.

* * *

We owe more thanks than we were able to express in the brief spacing of a credit line to the generous owners of the Degas paintings which are reproduced in the feature starting on page 82. It was our intention to capture for this space the most breath-taking and fresh gallery of art that could be found, and we could not pass by Degas even after our scouts reported that it would entail a nation-wide trek to obtain them. We were limited by space to the reproduction of the color photos you see here, but we were gratified in the midst of our tentative collecting at the friendly permission offered by so many private possessors of Degas paintings to work with their precious prizes. We had far more offers of co-operation than we could accommodate: our thanks are due, too, to the people whose invitations we could not accept. Once the group had been decided upon, the photographs were taken directly from the originals. In one color photo, on page 83, we have even preserved the valuable ornamental frame, a thing of art in itself. We recommend to your leisurely inspection the Degas series, not because we have it here, a relatively simple thing in itself, but because it brings you the priceless gift of sheer beauty and quiet joy. #

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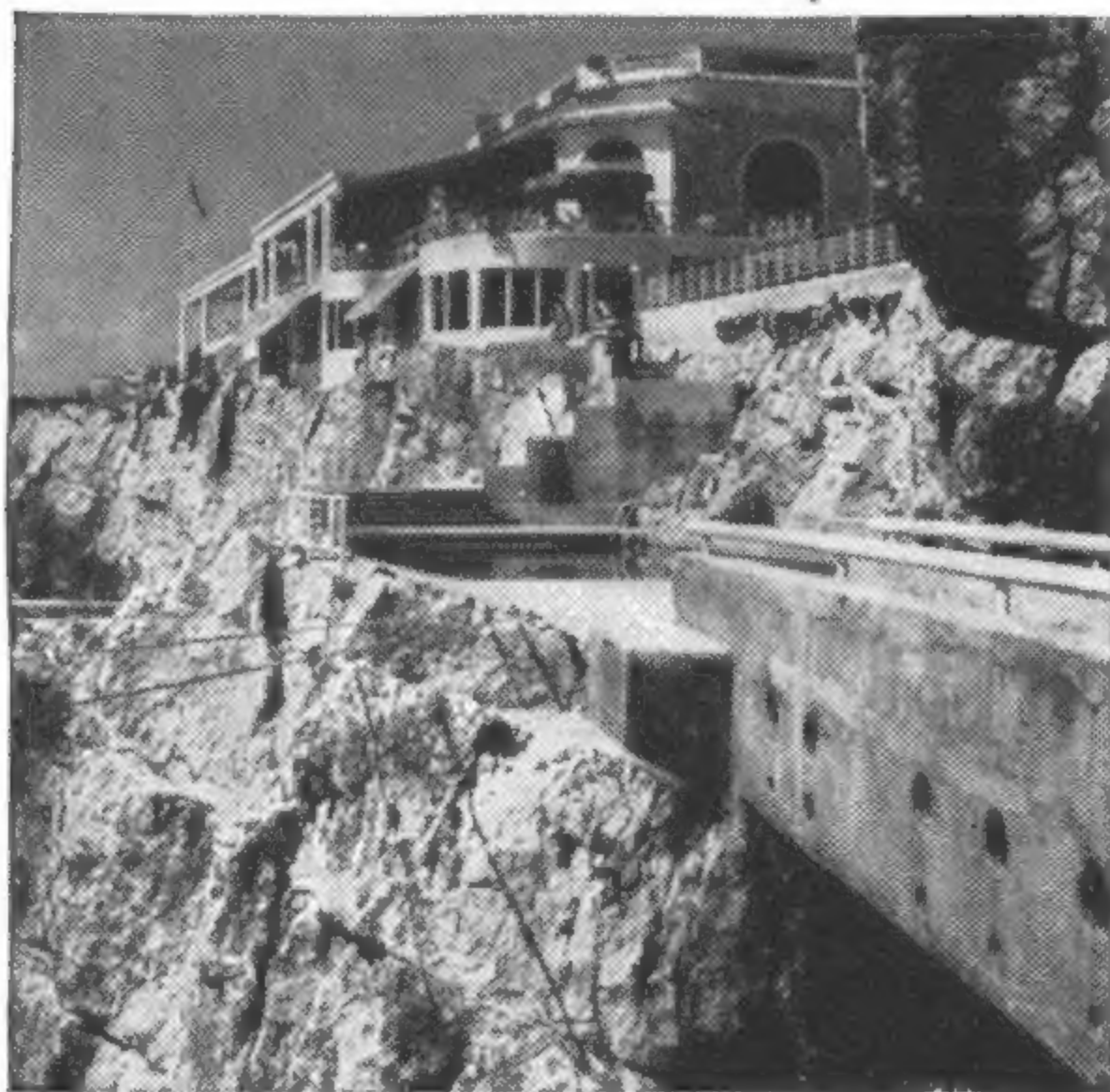


THE CARNIVAL AT NICE—the Riviera is fabulous for its gayety and diversion. Casinos, music, and all the sports.

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HEAVENLY RIVIERA: above, Promenade des Anglais, Nice. Hotels are comfortable, heated. Food is superb and prices moderate.

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UNDERSTANDING...THROUGH TRAVEL...IS THE PASSPORT TO PEACE

THE **SOUND** AND THE **FURY**

accolades for Alicia

Thanks to Al Moore. He finally got a woman off her behind. For months he's painted femmes sitting or reclining, but in September he got the *Perfectionist* up on one knee. . . . I was afraid he'd set a precedent with his squatting females. Perhaps now we'll see

ways look . . . happy. They don't have to play in the streets. There's no garbage in our gutters. We have a good school system, pleasant weather, pleasant surroundings with all big-city conveniences. Who cares about Mr. Friede's benzedrine people?

JOAN ASHER

Beverly Hills, Calif.

well, frankly . . .

I was told if I wrote to you, you might be able to give me the information I was seeking. I want to know if there is any magazine that covers the subject of "good taste in clothes for men," or "proper men's dress." What I have in mind is a "do and don't" book on the well-dressed man, like the etiquette books.

THOMAS IPPOLITO

Buffalo, N. Y.

an Esquire Girl draped over a sofa or even holding her own on her two feet.

JOHN G. BILLS, JR.
San Diego, Calif.

Orchids to Al Moore for his latest (September) Esquire Girl. The best yet. Looking forward to 1950 calendar with anticipation—now.

REID AUSTIN

Norwich, Conn.

Al Moore's Alicia, the *Perfectionist*, must have transposed her boy friends. Don Whan was no such stupid cupid. He would have thrown a little welcome-home party for Alicia, loved her, and left her. It's as simple as that before the knot is tied!

RAYMOND E. DENZ

Decatur, Ill.

suggestions here

Memo to busy editors: How about a fatter mag? More on modern architecture, more college stuff—by and about college men—more fiction. I tie a Windsor knot. . . .

DELYNN KEVER

Seminole, Okla.

pass the powders

Donald Friede needs his benzedrine. He should realize that Horace McCoy has the right idea about Hollywood (*Benzedrine or Oranges*, September).

I live on a tree-lined street in Beverly Hills in an apartment building more lovely than New York or Chicago homes. The people here are wonderful. We

imaginative mind. Stuff like this belongs in comic books only!

W. J. KALT

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agarland of roses for *Taming the Handgun*. Very informative and not a collection of crank ideas.

ERNEST G. BENTLY,
Sgt. U. S. Army

Camp Lee, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We agree.*

one touch of E. H.

Good God! Do you really mean it? Your blurb about the Hemingway story? I read it then and I've read it again now, and I still don't understand what it means. He has a bad leg. So he remembers, in italics. He remembers jumpily, ungrammatically (perhaps because he's sick). Nothing he remembers has anything to do with the story. They're just bore-some. He is vulgarly, intimately sexy. So in the end does he die? Or does he go to Kilimanjaro? Does the plane come? If he just

Continued on page 15



enjoy life. I know because I spent fourteen years in some place called hell and spelled C-h-i-c-a-g-o. I'm not starstruck. The kids here al-



Again this Christmas...
wouldn't you rather
give (and get) **FOUR ROSES?**

Four Roses has long been America's favorite gift whiskey. Fine Blended Whiskey, in attractive gift carton. 90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York City.





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2. Your initial in profile . . . in a modern *italic* capital . . . that seems to "float" on your belt, yet holds it firmly, securely in place.
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Take it along whenever and wherever

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ESQUIRE : December



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in Formal Wear*



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BY RUDOFKER

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**The Sound and
the Fury**

Continued from page 10

thinks it comes why isn't that in italics with the rest of his thinkings? . . . What does it all mean? Do you then mean all your ballyhoo? Or were you stuck with some space you had to fill? Are your readers to believe that the editors of Esquire really think this is a better story than the Macomber thing? Good God!

A. W. HENDERSON

Tampa, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Yes.

I have been a subscriber to Esquire off and on for a long while, following it closely in the ETO. Your latest issue, highlighted by the Hemingway story, is the best I have ever seen. I am a professional soldier and as far as I'm concerned, you really hit the jack pot on this one.

C. H. GERHARDT,
Colonel, GSC

Ft. Meade, Md.

Your September editorial, *The Last Mile*, is puzzling. When the Suez Canal was cut I believe it severed the only land link between Africa and Asia. If, therefore, Ernest Hemingway was frightening lions and tigers out of their wits in 1936, he must have done more than that. They must have been frightened enough to fly back to Asia—the only known habitat of the tiger. Or is your date wrong, for which suggestion my apologies to E.H.?

A. L. WALMSLEY
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Date is right, E.H. is right. We (and the tigers) are wrong. He did, however, scare hell out of the lions.*

beneath all: the basement

I enjoyed the article in your September issue, *The Store with No Front*. I have known Clark Hamilton for several years. I can state that he talks to salesmen in the same manner as he does to his customers. Had your writers been able to get into the basement



of his store, they could have written another full and interesting page on that subject. If you want something down there, Mr. Hamilton will gladly turn on the one light for you and you can find it and bring it upstairs the best way you can. Those who know him, call his store screwball; those who don't, call him a screwball. Regardless of the way he conducts his business, he is a fine fellow.

VERNON DAVIS

Boise, Idaho

King Kane and company

Read with interest Kane's *Until You Are Dead* in the August issue, but was surprised that a story in Esquire (Continued on page 16)

KAYWOODIE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

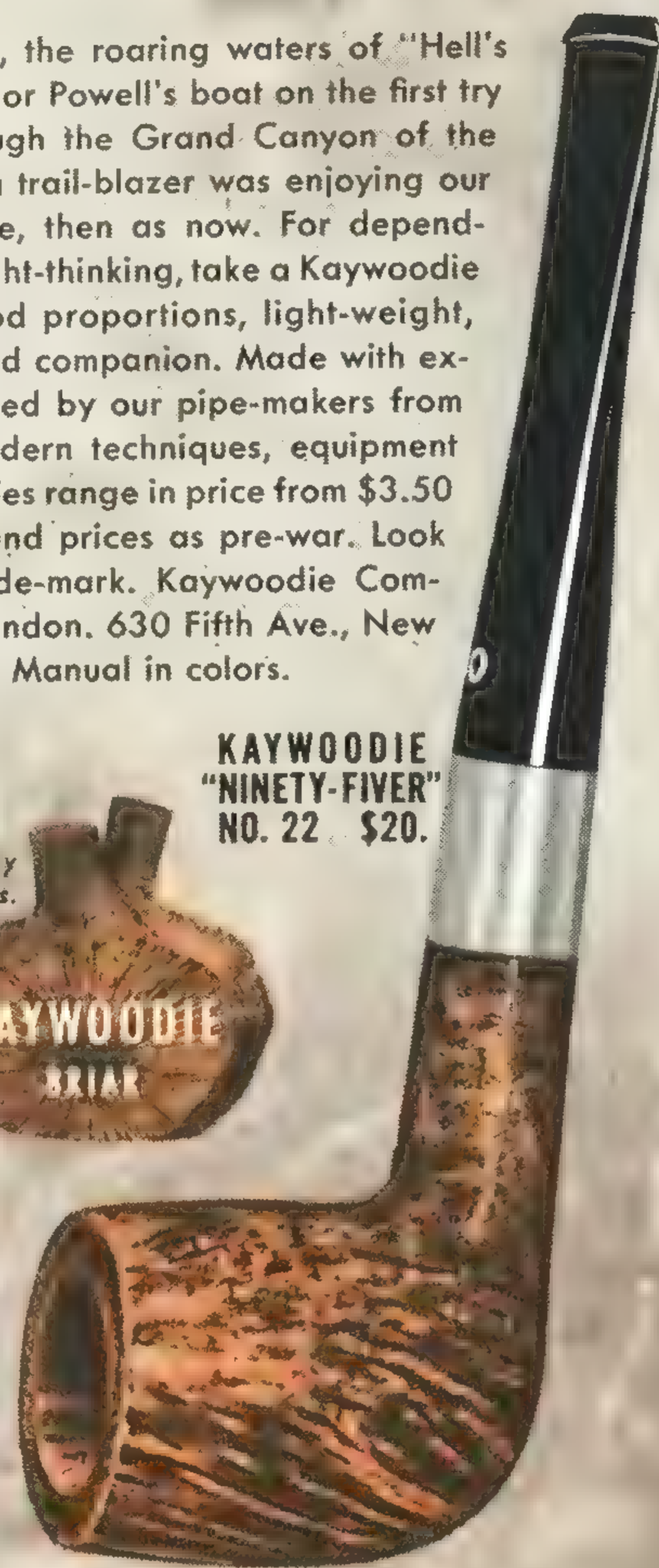
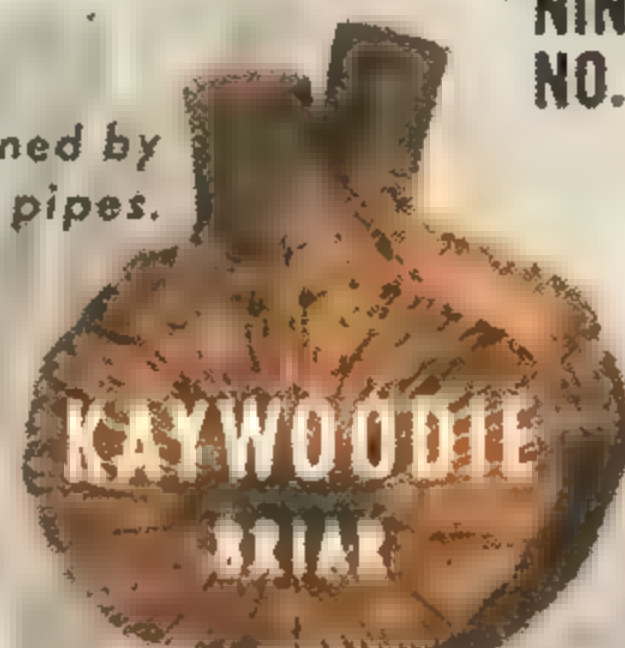
REMEMBERS WHEN -

In 1869, our 18th year, the roaring waters of "Hell's Half Mile" smashed Major Powell's boat on the first try ever made to get through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. Many a trail-blazer was enjoying our pipes over his camp-fire, then as now. For dependability, steadiness, straight-thinking, take a Kaywoodie with you. Balance, good proportions, light-weight, make Kaywoodie a good companion. Made with experience and skill learned by our pipe-makers from their dads; with all modern techniques, equipment and research. Kaywoodies range in price from \$3.50 to \$25., same quality and prices as pre-war. Look for Cloverleaf trade-mark. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20. Write for Pipe Manual in colors.

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Imported, selected, seasoned by
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T. M. REG.
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... 'twas the night before Christmas...



... and all through the house...



GENUINE
Ripon
Loafer Sox

for the entire family...

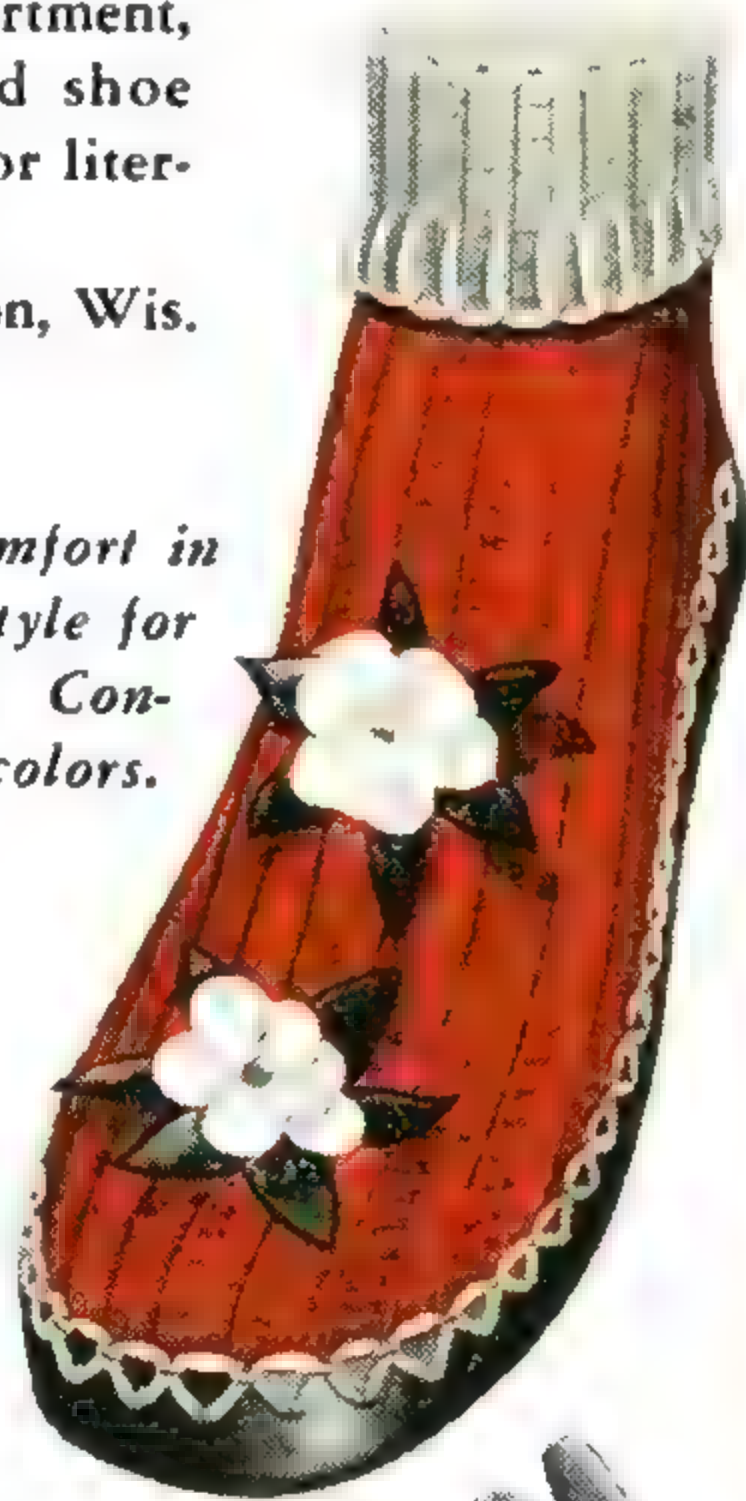
This year be sure to put these famous Ripon slip-ons at the top of your gift list! To your family, relatives, and friends you'll be giving luxurious year 'round foot comfort for loafing and relaxing at home, after a day outdoors, traveling, vacationing, at college, etc. Perfect for breakfast wear! They snuggle the feet in downy soft pure wool and cushion the step with glove leather soles. Full range of beautiful colors in styles and sizes for men, women and children.

Priced at only \$2.95 at department, men's, sporting goods, and shoe stores everywhere or write for literature. Individually boxed.
Ripon Knitting Works, Ripon, Wis.



Every youngster will prize these Ripons with their beloved Mickey Mouse knitted in bright contrasting colors.

Beauty and comfort in a gay, deluxe style for ladies and girls. Contrasting Tyrolean colors.



... and now the "World's Warmest Glove"

It's the amazing new Ripon Myro Glove-Mitt! Keeps your hands warm and cozy in the most severe cold. Zipp... and the mitt rolls back as a gauntlet over the coat cuff for moderate weather!



The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 15

would contain this passage on page 73: "I clicked the links on the cuffs of a button-down shirt." It would seem a shame to dandy-up the old button-down stand-by of casual collegiate days. Or am I behind the times?

ALFRED MIRANDA
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It's been done to some.*

... From under what rock comes the Esquire mystery writers corps? To date, the full-length novels would have been better off at half-speed. At least, it'd save space.

E. L. MARKENSON
New York, N. Y.

... Esquire is tops in mystery stories. Every one is perfect. ...

PAUL O. GILLIS
Yuba City, Calif.

If Duke Wallace (*The Brass Monkey*, September) was really sharp, he would have noticed that there were too many glass frag-



ments on the inside window ledge under the window supposedly kicked out by that luscious red-head. Or is it that your artist has no eye for detail?

SANDY GROSS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Or is it that Reader Gross is looking at the picture wrong?*

east is east, and west is west

We have a great deal to learn from the inhabitants of the East in matters of dress. During the hot summer months, the locals here wear long cotton or silk skirts. They appear cool, comfortable, and fairly smart. On the other hand, we wear our regular tight-fitting clothes. The letter on "bold look" skirts in your June issue interested me. Esquire could do a great service by taking the lead in changing our outdated dress.

GEORGE A. SWAIN
Bahrein, Persian Gulf

taps for a tape-breaker

I was very pleased to read the article by Budd Schulberg in your August issue, *Cornelius Johnson, U.S.A.* Being an old track man, I always wondered what happened to him. I saw him many times, but I especially remember the meet at Princeton. He arrived late by plane, tired, but still won his event. 1908 was my year.

GODFREY STEWART
New York, N. Y.

rehash with Rice

In answer to Joseph W. Musser's letter in September *Sound and Fury*, let me say that he is all wrong about the Mormons practicing polygamy. They have not practiced it since before Utah

Continued on page 18

Franklin
Simon



BLACK MIST

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How she'll love you for this gift! A nightie sheer as a shadow... exquisite as an evening dress. It's black sheer nylon, deeply flounced with net and lace. Easy to wash and needs no ironing. 32-38. **16.95**

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and notched welt. Bold and

sturdy in forceful style.

Thrill champ in wear, wear, wear.

Two for your money in top value

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MANSFIELDS START AT \$8.95

Mansfield

WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 16

became a State. I, too, come from an old Mormon family and no one on my father's side has had more than one wife at a time. The same on my mother's side. Polygamy is against the law in Salt Lake City and elsewhere in Utah just as it is in any other place in the country.

C. CHENEY
Salt Lake City, Utah

As an old lady of 38 (dammit) with two husbands in the past (both deceased, sincerely mourned), I find it difficult to accept Dr. Rice's statistical conclusions. I've been having the time of my life for the past several years. I enjoy the attentions (all strictly honorable—so they say) of more



than one (eligible, attractive, and somewhat spoiled, young) man, say from thirty to thirty-five years of age. The figures can't lie, or can they? My experience has been that even a plump (I hate to admit it) good-humored woman can choose from any number of men (say at least ten to one), omitting the creeps.

NAME WITHHELD
Kansas City, Mo.

... rather than get mixed up in any husband-sharing schemes, I'll remain one of the "six or seven million unwilling virgins" that Dr. Rice seems to be so worried about. ...

IMOGENE ANDERSON
Denver, Colo.

what do you know, Esquire?

... Is it proper to wear brown shoes with a grey suit and a blue suit?

H. McCrory
Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Brown is great with grey, but as in so many other things, black goes most naturally with blue. Dark brown, like Midnight Moroc, is a good second, however.*

Please let me know which is considered better taste—the two-button, single-chested jacket or the three-button? I have money on the latter.

JULIUS PASKUS
Portland, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *You win—almost. It is a matter of personal preference, with more men preferring the latter right now.*

... Say, are the sleeves of better suits creased or doesn't this factor bear any value on the quality of the suit?

W. S. EDWARDS
Tulsa, Okla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The sleeves of your suit should be pressed without creases. You can request that your new ready-to-wear be pressed with*

Continued on page 20



84 PROOF





Brazilian Onyx Set
\$17.50

Jet Crystal Set
\$48.00

Mexican Onyx Set
\$22.50
Without nameplate,
\$20.00

GIVE *SHEAFFER'S* *America's First Choice* (By Actual Sales Records*)

In a man's world, nothing you can give will ever be as proudly displayed as a genuine Sheaffer's "Triumph" Desk Set. It's a symbol of "arrival"...a gift of enduring usefulness and matchless writing pleasure...a perpetual reminder of the giver. Name plates may be suitably inscribed to keep the memory untarnished for years to come. Sheaffer's desk sets priced from \$8.75 to \$108.00.

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SHEAFFER'S
WHITE DOT OF DISTINCTION

Jet Crystal Set
\$35.00

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CREST DELUXE THREESOME
Pen, \$17.50 Pencil, \$6.00
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Complete Set, \$36.00; plus fed. tax
LADIES' TUCKAWAY SIZE. SAME PRICE



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Pen, \$12.50 Pencil, \$5.00
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*Based on latest annual report



ONE OF A DISTINGUISHED SERIES PAINTED BY RAY JOHNSON

One of the high-points of the Coronation Parade of King George V of England, in 1911, was the sight of "Canada's Finest", as they rode by in their handsome full dress uniforms.

Canada's FINEST

Says National I.G.A. Secretary



The International Geneva Association is a world-wide organization specializing in serving only the finest foods and beverages.

Otto Schatz, National Secretary of I.G.A., says: "After years of experience with various leading Canadian Whiskies, I consider HARWOOD'S to be Canada's Finest Whisky."



Harwood's Canadian

GOING TO CANADA?—Harwood's Can Be Purchased at all Provincial Stores in the Dominion.

This advertisement is in no way an endorsement by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY • 90.4 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 18

a roll sleeve, but don't use this as a basis for quality judgments.

My wife is forcing me into a new dinner jacket, though for the life of me I can't see what's wrong



with the one I have now. Could you tell me what fabric is best for the facings of the lapels of the dinner jacket?

GEORGE STETSON
Bronx, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Most men in dinner jackets have lustrous satin facings, but receiving an impressive number of votes recently have been dull grosgrain, ribbed silk, rayon.

Somebody gave me a plain white pleated bosom shirt with French cuffs. Can I wear it with a business suit?

P. C. WEBBER
Rochester, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Yes. But the men wearing them these days are few and far between, and very individualistic in their clothes.

... So tell me the proper length of trousers for a business suit. ...

CHARLES ORLOB
El Paso, Texas

EDITOR'S NOTE: Should be just long enough to break over the instep. This is, of course, post-college. But even a college boy, getting dressed-up for a change, should follow this rule.

How about the derby hat for wear with a dinner jacket?

MURRAY GOODRICH
Boston, Mass.



EDITOR'S NOTE: The derby hat, originally a sports piece and later accepted for business wear, still suggests spats and cane to us. Why not wear a midnight blue or black homburg with a center crease?

reading in bed

I have started a project to get magazines for South Wales hospitals. Entirely voluntary on my part, the project has been welcomed by the authorities. Many thousands of magazines have been distributed, but we still do not get enough. I would appreciate the co-operation of Esquire's readers. Could they send their old copies to me? I'll see they get to the hospitals promptly.

T. PHILLIPS
5, Dare Villas, Aberdare, Glam.
South Wales, Great Britain

Continued on page 234

if
it's
beautifully
perfect
and
perfectly
beautiful



it's
by
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PILCHER
PRECISION
POINTS

Exquisitely engraved designs on gold plate and satin silver finish. Interlocking lid eliminates powder sifting. Velvet-lined jewelers box for both. \$10.00 the set. No Federal Tax.

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said **ELIZABETH TAYLOR**

*when she learned of
the DuraPower Mainspring
in **ELGINS** that are
so beautiful they won the
Fashion Academy Award!*

Selected by the Fashion Academy of New York
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ELGIN

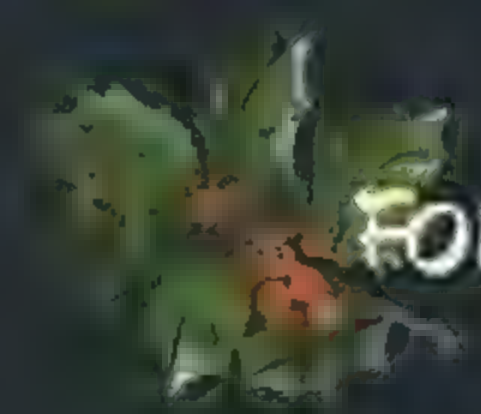
TIMED TO THE STARS!

The genius of America to wear on your wrist



From your jeweler's whole array of precious gifts there's none quite so certain to be style-correct as an Elgin Watch. "Best-dressed women" like Miss Taylor . . . and "best-dressed men" like Lou Boudreau . . . wear Elgins proudly, for they are conscious of the fact that Elgin holds the Gold Medal Award of the Fashion Academy!

And Elgins are equally distinctive *inside*. Superb workmanship in every detail . . . and, to top it all, the miracle DuraPower Mainspring. *No other watch in the world has such dependable power for accurate timekeeping!* Surely the one you love will be happier with an Elgin. See your jeweler.



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Better Cocktails with less work!



Why do it the hard way? Do it the Heublein way!
 Let "the barman in a bottle" solve your holiday
 entertainment and gift problems the easy, gracious way.
 He offers eight Heublein Cocktails — each correctly
 made of superb liquors by Cocktail Specialists since 1892.
 They are always ready, always right. Just add
 ice and serve. At your local liquor store.
 G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., INC., HARTFORD, CONN



HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

BACKSTAGE

WITH ESQUIRE

SOME writers are specialists, outstanding for their ability to recreate a certain period of history or a special town or a particular mood. When we saw GUS REHBERGER's roughs for *Christmas on the Old Post Road*, it became obvious that HERVEY ALLEN—author of the record-breaking best-seller *Anthony Adverse*, was the expert in creating early American moods that we needed. He had the unique background for it.

Beginning as a poet, Allen was published in minor publications during his schooldays and continued with his interests in poetry during a tour of duty with the Pennsylvania National Guard which took him into action on the Mexican Border, and later in France. He was wounded in 1918 at Fismettes. After the war, Allen published four books of poetry. Then in 1927, with his wife, he moved to Bermuda and started work there on *Anthony Adverse*, completing it in 1933. This was followed by *Action at Aquila* in 1938. Now working on a series of five novels about America's past (three have been published), Allen gives us a remarkable example of his special ability to recreate a scene from history on page 98.



Hervey Allen

When a writer, like Allen, has a special talent, a special fund of information, he can write about Anthony Adverse in Africa from Bermuda. Or, as in the case of ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, he can write about *Christmas in New England* in 105-degree weather at Houston, Texas. Master of a style as rich and concentrated as a Rockport fish chowder, Coffin is an eighth generation New Englander, born and raised in Maine. His family counts the whalers of old Nantucket as next-of-kin.

Winner of the Pulitzer Prize in poetry (*Strange Holiness*, 1936), he has written thirty-six books, ranging from biography to essays. Some of them are self-illustrated.



Robert P. T. Coffin

Besides being a Rhodes scholar, English teacher at Bowdoin, and a writer, Coffin has also devoted much of his time to reading his poems and prose to audiences up and down America. He has stopped at most of the colleges and universities from coast to coast. Vachel Lindsay hardly covered more territory.

He has a wife, four children, two farms, excellent fishing tackle, a baritone voice, and according to what he has written on page 75, an eloquent understanding of the spirit of Christmas. It would be interesting to know, with his multitude of interests, how Coffin manages to keep up with all of his work.

And it was this particular question (with reference to another author) that saved us this month. We had a real problem: what could we say about HENRY KANE? We could say that his latest murder mystery, *A Corpse for Christmas*, starts in this issue on page 132. But what then? We've had him in Backstage four times and in August we wrote a complete editorial about the Kane legend. In the nick of time, however, it occurred to us that many of the readers of this column are writers, young and old, published and unpublished, interested in how the Hurry-Kane man of the by-line did it. So we asked Kane himself, standing well back out of range of his flexing muscles. "I write as I please," said he, as we stood there with our backs against the deadline.

"Sometimes drunk, sometimes sober, sometimes broiled (by the sun), sometimes pallid, sometimes naked, sometimes dressed, sometimes handsome, and sometimes ugly as a dirty word. Handsome, I write best. Next best, naked." Henry blew dragon smoke through his nostrils and continued.

"I never use an outline, a diagram, a formula, or advice. Once a story is started and I begin to know what (Continued on page 24).

it goes to her heart!

LOVE IS IN THE AIR WHEN YOU GIVE
THE CHAMPAGNE FRAGRANCE

Intoxication
BY
D'ORSAY

PARFUM AND EAU DE TOILETTE FROM \$3.00 PLUS FEDERAL TAX

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Gorgeously Christmas Gift Boxed

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Trim as a well-turned ankle! Contrasting piping on cuffs, pockets and lapels . . . a tasseled sash . . . and an elegant embroidered motif on the lapel. The fabulous skirt has a 100-inch sweep! Of **NYLON** rayon crepe . . . washable, quick drying, and never needs ironing! Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.

Colors: Royal Blue, Maroon, Powder Blue.

NYLON RAYON CREPE PAJAMAS

Gorgeously Christmas Gift Boxed

\$ 5.99

Man-tailored . . . to a woman's taste! Comfortable, convertible collar . . . adjustable waistband (so she's sure of perfect fit!). Made of wonderful, wanted **NYLON** rayon crepe. Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Colors: Royal Blue, Maroon, Powder Blue.

Hint from Mrs. Santa Claus!

She'll be thrilled by either one. But for a really out-of-this-world gift . . . why not give her both!



At Jonas Shoppes throughout the country, or order by mail.

Jonas SHOPPES

Jonas Shoppes, Dept. L-703
6th Ave. at 14th St., New York 11

Please send me the following items. Add 16c for postage and handling on each item.

Item	Quantity	Size	Color	2nd Color Choice
Robe \$8.99				
Pajamas \$5.99				

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ C.O.D.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE WITHIN 5 DAYS

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 23

will happen, I drive through to the end (the drive might take months), notwithstanding the constant, but always welcome, interference of my characters. Characters first, and plot afterward, but plot, dammit, so all-fired important.

"Please place the picture with the cigarette adjacent to these



Henry Kane

words, because of all those you guys have, that one elicits the most fan mail. And fan mail, dear lads, I devour. Just between us, though, I think it stinks. The picture, not the fan mail." We got it.

Because it was Christmas we got a lot of things—including the right to reprint a selection from that royal volume *The Great Pierpont Morgan*, by **FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN**. Full of anecdote and insight, it is by far the most readable biography of the financial wizard yet written. As editor of *Harper's Magazine*, Allen also has become known as somewhat of a wizard. In spite of his full-time job, he has managed to write several best-sellers, serve as a trustee of Bennington College and an overseer of Harvard, and hold down a director's seat with the Foreign Policy Association.



Frederick Lewis Allen

Born in Boston, he was educated at Harvard ('12), taught English, and worked his way to the top at *Harper's* by 1941. In 1935, he produced *The Lords of Creation*, a popular history of finance in America since 1900. Inevitably, while preparing the

Continued on page 26

YOU MUST AVOID GREASY GOO

IF YOU WANT A CLEAN SCALP — HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR



Remember Water Is No Hair Tonic

On the other hand, don't plaster your hair down with greasy, sticky products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching scum. Healthy-looking hair *must* have a cleaner scalp. So use Kreml! It's never been duplicated to keep hair *perfectly in place*; it makes hair look naturally well-groomed. It *never* looks or feels greasy. And you'll like to feel Kreml working on your scalp to give it a 'wake-up' tingle. It always keeps hair and scalp feeling *so CLEAN*. Also excellent to lubricate a dry scalp—to remove dandruff flakes.

Have the 'clean-cut' Kreml-type hair that attracts



KREML Hair Tonic

SAVE MONEY—buy the new large 16-oz. money-saving size Kreml and save nearly 50%.

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

IMPORTANT: Don't fail to try the new Kreml Shampoo with its *natural oil base*. It will never dry your hair as so many cream and liquid shampoos which contain drying detergents do.

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Nylon Socks



A GIFT OF LUXURY AND LONG WEAR
FOR EVERY MAN ON YOUR LIST



SPUN NYLON

Knit of virgin spun nylon, these Westminster Socks feel like cashmere and—like all Westminsters—are long wearing. They will not shrink in size. Handsome ribbed patterns, anklet or regular length, in popular colors.

FILAMENT NYLON

Every man needs Westminster Socks like these for dress and business—flat-knit filament nylons, longs and shorts in solid colors or with clock, and 6x3 ribs of filament nylon. Anklet style has an easy fitting, elastic top.



PATTERNED NYLON

Westminster brings you the newest—spun nylon socks in colorful argyle and overplaid patterns. Luxuriously soft anklets for sport and business wear. Easy to wash... color fast... will not shrink.



AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE ASK FOR—



WESTMINSTER LTD., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Add New SMARTNESS to Your Wrist... DRESS-UP Your Watch... with a FLEX-LET WATCH BAND

- Guaranteed One Year
- Almost Unbreakable
- 1/20 12K. Gold Filled Tops and Ends; Stainless Steel Backs

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All expansion
\$5.95 tax incl.

Calvin
All expansion
\$8.95 tax incl.
Also in stainless
steel @ \$6.50

Slenderette De Luxe
Thin, slim, sleek.
All expansion
\$9.00 tax incl.

The Square
Rivets end links.
Expansion center
\$12.50 tax incl.

On and off in a jiffy!
Fit all wrists!

Featured by Jewelers Everywhere
FLEX-LET CORPORATION
E. Providence, R. I.
Canada: Arennes Inc., Montreal

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 24

book, he ran into the idea of writing at greater length about J. P. Morgan. On page 80 is *Pomp and Circumstance*, excerpted from the book which received loud cheers from the critics when published last March by Harper's. It should give you a thorough idea of J. P.'s regal scale of living and a representative look at the work of a top biographer.

Things were tough all over when Frederick Lewis Allen was working on his first book, *Only Yesterday*. About that time, mid-1930, HERMAN E. BISCHOFF was taking leave of the Cincinnati Art Academy. When Allen's book came out at the end of 1931, Bischoff was just telling everyone that he was a portrait painter. He wound up with a commission to put the likeness of Jane Froman, the singer, on canvas. Then one evening, in the Summer of 1933, a friend of Bischoff's met a nurse. The young lady had, as one of her patients, a department store art director who'd been kicked in the head by a horse. Whatever his condition, it seemed that he was still in need of a fashion artist, the nurse said, and Bisch got the job.

It took him six months to figure that he could make more as a free-lancer. In 1935, he started three treks: one from Cincinnati into Greenwich Village, one from bachelorhood to marriage, and the long uphill trudge as fashion and commercial artist, and magazine illustrator. His work ranges from those famous hosiery ads, to *American Locomotive*, to *Esquire*, page 72, whereupon you will find Bischoff's illustration for *A Present for Joel*.



Herman E. Bischoff

The story itself is about an artist, written by BEL KAUFMAN. Miss Kaufman is a Phi Bet from Hunter College. She taught English in New York's high schools up until 1947. She resigned then, to concentrate on her family and do a little writing. There are many writers who would envy her position, since she is able to devote daylight hours as well as the wee ones to her profession. But in spite of the fact that it is possible to turn out good material even with the "distraction" of a daytime occupation, writers seem

to do best when devoting their full energies to their typewriters.

For instance, C. HALL THOMPSON spent some time after high school selling books, then more time as a special investigator, and finally a lot of time as correspondent-portrait sketcher for a plastic surgeon. All through the years, however, his great love had been writing. One day he began making a living at it and he gave it his complete attention. To this day, Thompson describes the writing game as a "wonderful adventure." At the ripe old age of twenty-five, he is a well-established, quality-magazine fiction writer.



C. Hall Thompson

His simple, reportorial story, *The Reputation*, is a favorite with him, "an example of the kind of Western or historical writing that most interests me," he wrote us.

"It is an honest study," he said, "of the mores and psychology of those times. It strikes me that the U.S.A. of today might learn a great deal from the men who opened the old West. Those men, in their time, stood on the threshold of opening a new country. They had to unify it so they could live in peace. At this moment, the U.S.A. is in the same position: facing an opportunity to open a new world, comparable to the country they dreamed of and fought for—a world of peace."

"The old Westerners made mistakes; they also made strides, maybe we could learn from their mistakes and make even bigger strides."

Another writer who has been able to duplicate Miss Kaufman's feat, of getting away from routine to write, is GEORG MANN. A former science editor of the *World Book Encyclopedia*, recently turned full-time free-lancer, Mann contributes this month a valuable article on page 130, *It's No Trick to Relax*. Our Mann has his own private, preferred method of relaxation. He lives in Wheaton, Illinois, a commuter's suburb outside of Chicago (from whose University he graduated in 1934 and from where he sent and sold his first story to *Esquire* in 1936). He told us that he finds nothing quite so soothing as driving down to the station in time to meet the 5:48 and watching his trainmates

Continued on page 28

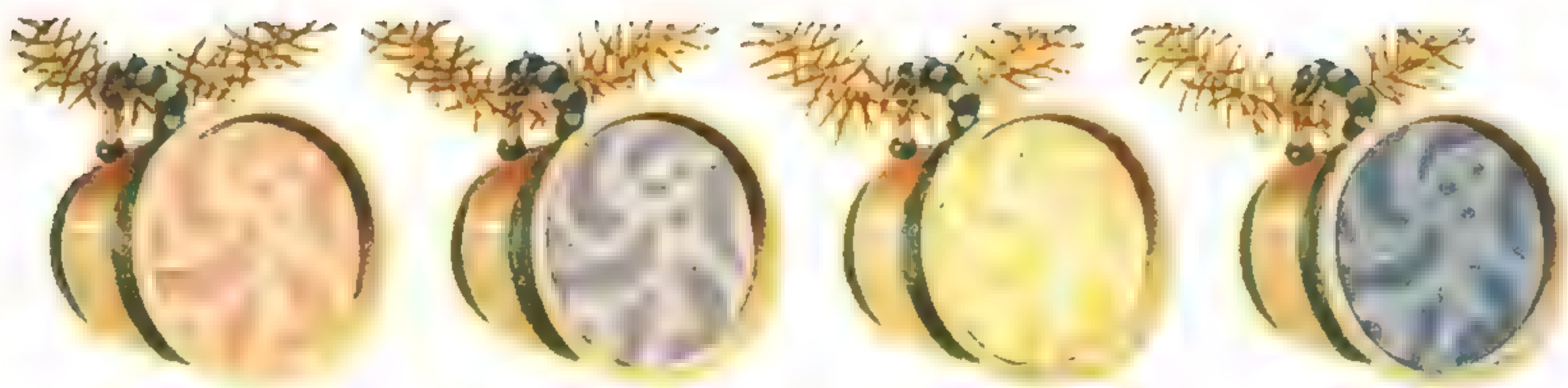


Obviously...
Welcome



Known by the
 Company it Keeps

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
 SIX YEARS OLD—86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y.



Here's to...the **REST** of his life

...in

**PLEETWAY
PAJAMAS**



Your gift has a future when you give him Pleetway pajamas. Night after night, he'll enjoy restful, refreshing slumber, thanks to Pleetway's exclusive patented features. Buy Pleetway pajamas for every man on your list who appreciates a good night's sleep.

At all good stores, or write to address below for name of your nearest dealer.

STADIUM MANUFACTURING CO., INC., Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

Swirlpool Pastels—handsome cameo-like scrolls on fine broadcloth. This new Pleetway pattern comes in dusty shades of sky blue, coral, seafoam green, maize and pearl grey. With notch collar as shown, or middie style. About **\$3.95**

Extra long sizes slightly more.



**PLEETWAY
PAJAMAS**

FREE: "How To Sleep Blissfully"—a doctor-approved booklet of hints for healthful slumber. Simply drop us a postcard.



No Binding. Underarm pleat banishes chest and arm binding. U. S. Pat. No. 1973419.



No Slip—No Strangle. 5 size adjustments, plus elastic inserts, for perfect, permanent waistline fit.

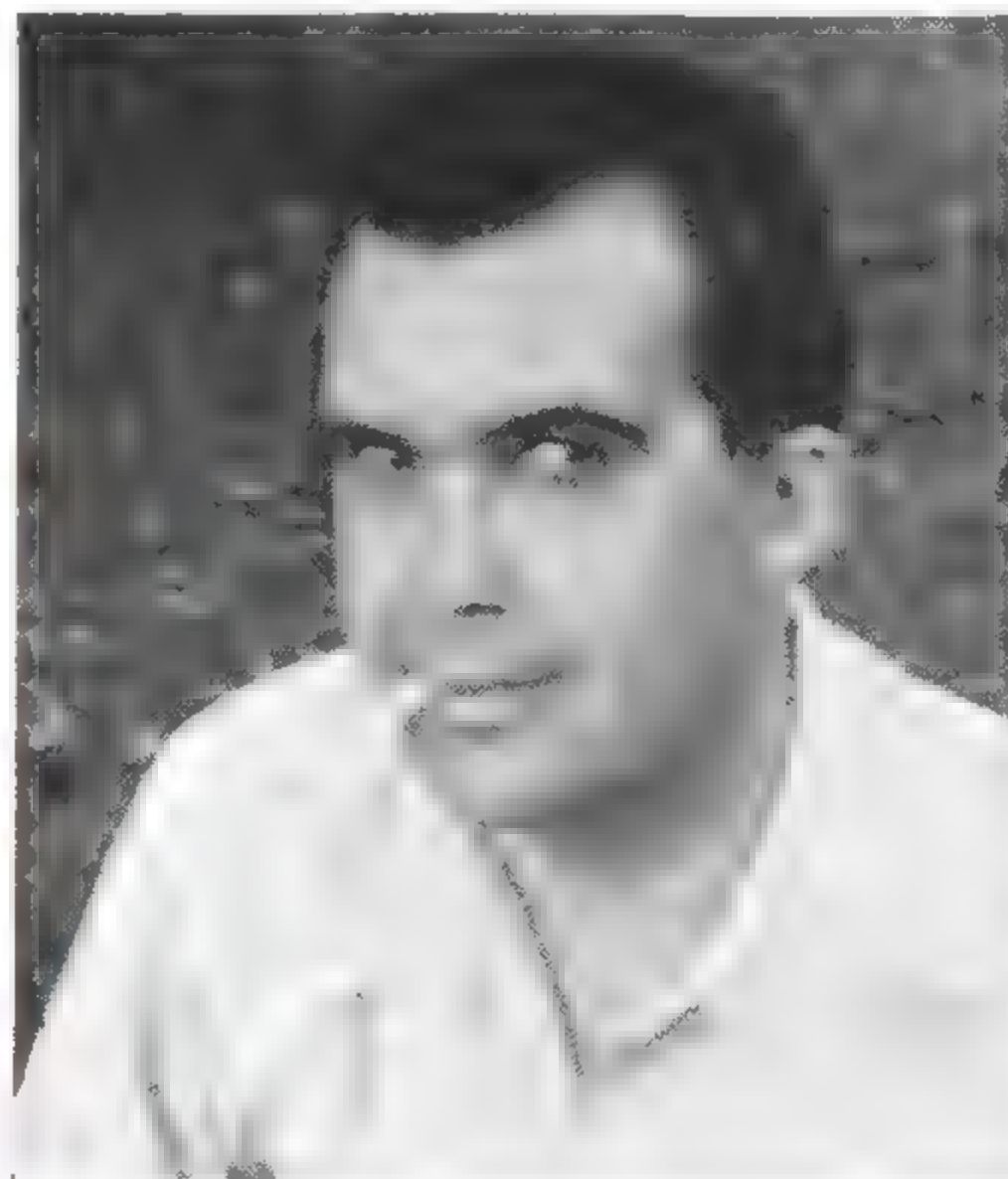


No Chafing. Roomy balloon seat eliminates crotch-cutting center seam. U. S. Pat. No. 1740554.

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 26

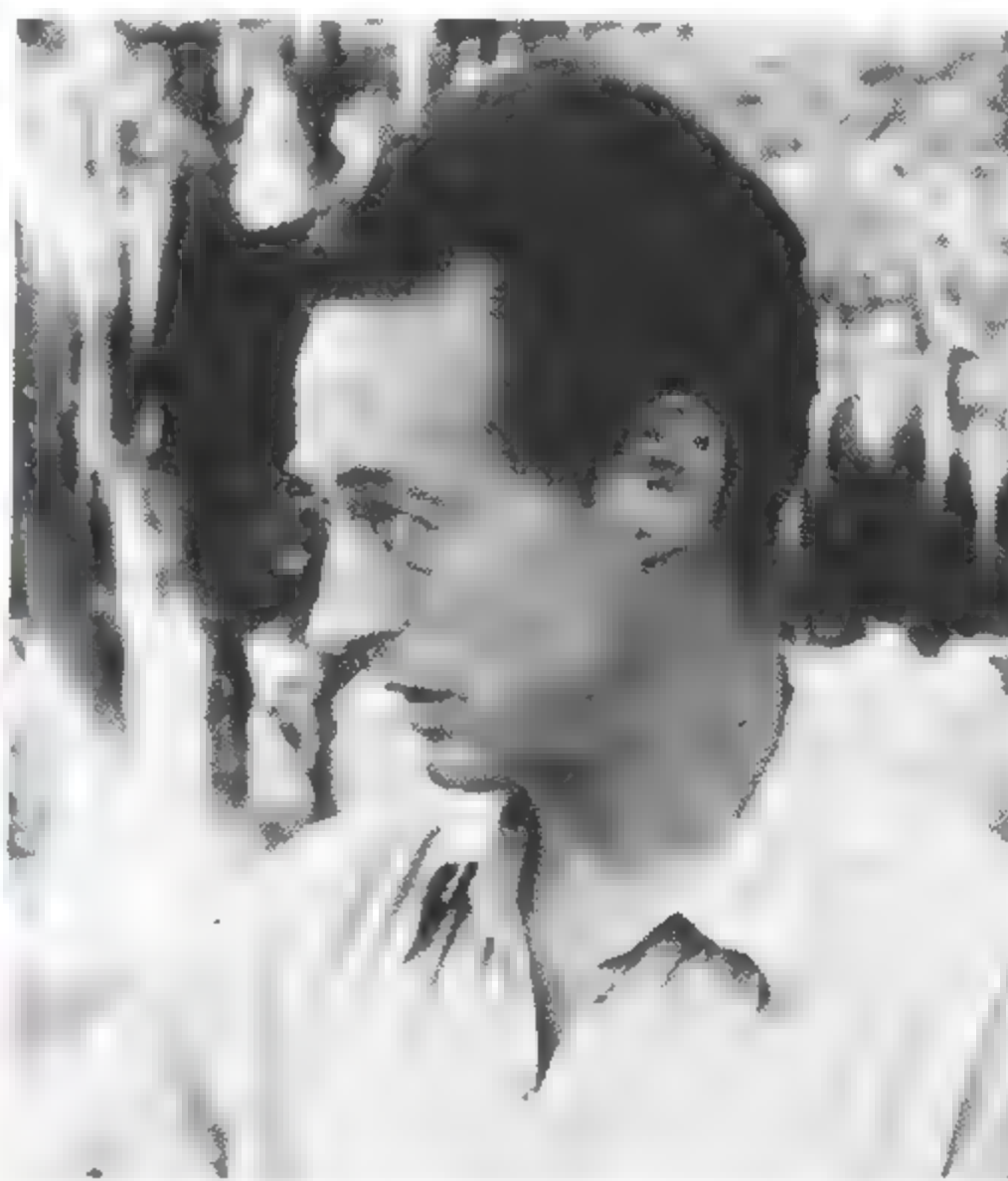
of yesteryear stagger out of the coaches. When working, he is usually writing articles about the impact of science on everyday life in words understandable to everyone. The last time we ran a picture of him, he was



Georg Mann

sporting a copious growth of hair on his face. Now the beard is gone and we can once again identify the subject.

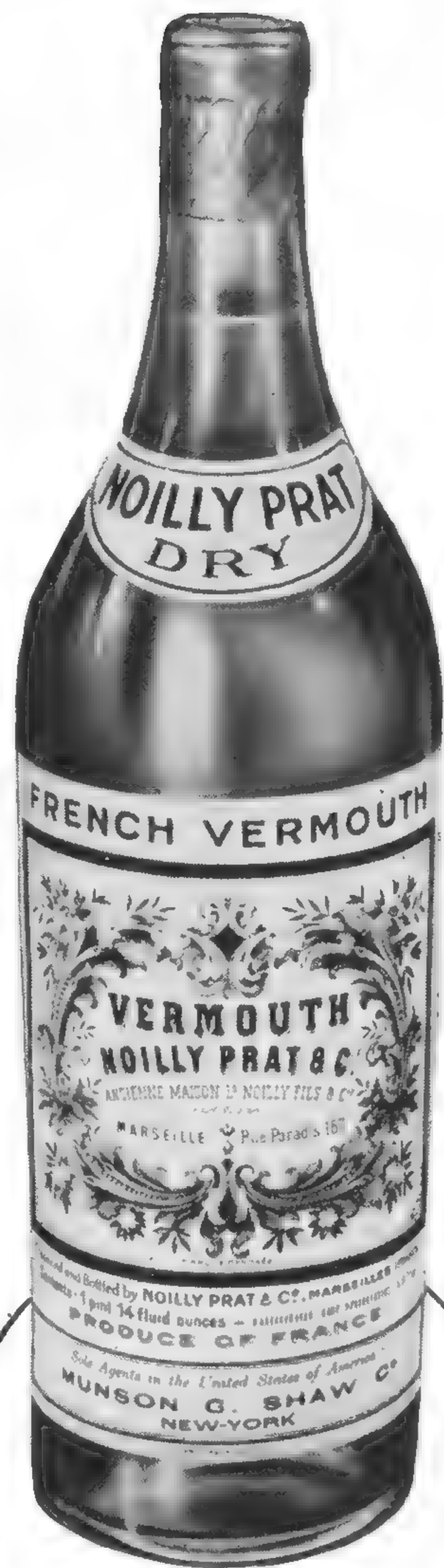
Speaking of pictures, this snapshot of HOWARD BAER was taken



Howard Baer

by a patient at Carville, Louisiana, Leper Colony. Artist Baer, who has been drawing cartoons and illustrations for Esquire ever since Volume One, Number One, was at the colony in the Summer of 1947 doing a series of paintings of the patients for Abbott Laboratories. The summer before that he did a group of paintings of the Ozark mountaineers on a Missouri project. Recently, he returned to the U. S. from an auto trip around Europe, having missed it during the war when he was an artist-correspondent in the CBI Theater of Operations.

For Baer, it all started back in the little mining town of Finleyville, Pennsylvania. He went to art school at Carnegie Tech, then came to New York. His first one-man show was in 1941 at the American Artist's Association Galleries in New York. His cartoons, however, have long been a one-man circus for Esquire readers. For example, turn to page 111. ‡



FOR THE
SMOOTHEST MARTINI...

**NOILLY
PRAT**

DRY French VERMOUTH

SOLE U. S. AGENTS **MUNSON G. SHAW CO. INC.** NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Sportsman ALWAYS RINGS THE BELL!



Upper left: Set of Shave Lotion, 4 oz. and Talc, 2½ oz.—\$2.50.
Same Set, larger sizes—\$3.75
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4 oz. size—\$1.50, 8 oz. size—\$2.50, 16 oz. size—\$4.50

JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC. • 663 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



Bill likes Foulards

Any man would be happy with his favorite

BOTANY

wrinkle-proof ties for Christmas.

But no matter what the pattern, everybody likes "Botany" Brand Wrinkle-Proof ties because they last longer...because wrinkles hang out over night...and because they never slip at the knot. They are truly the gift of a lifetime. \$1.00, \$1.50, and up.

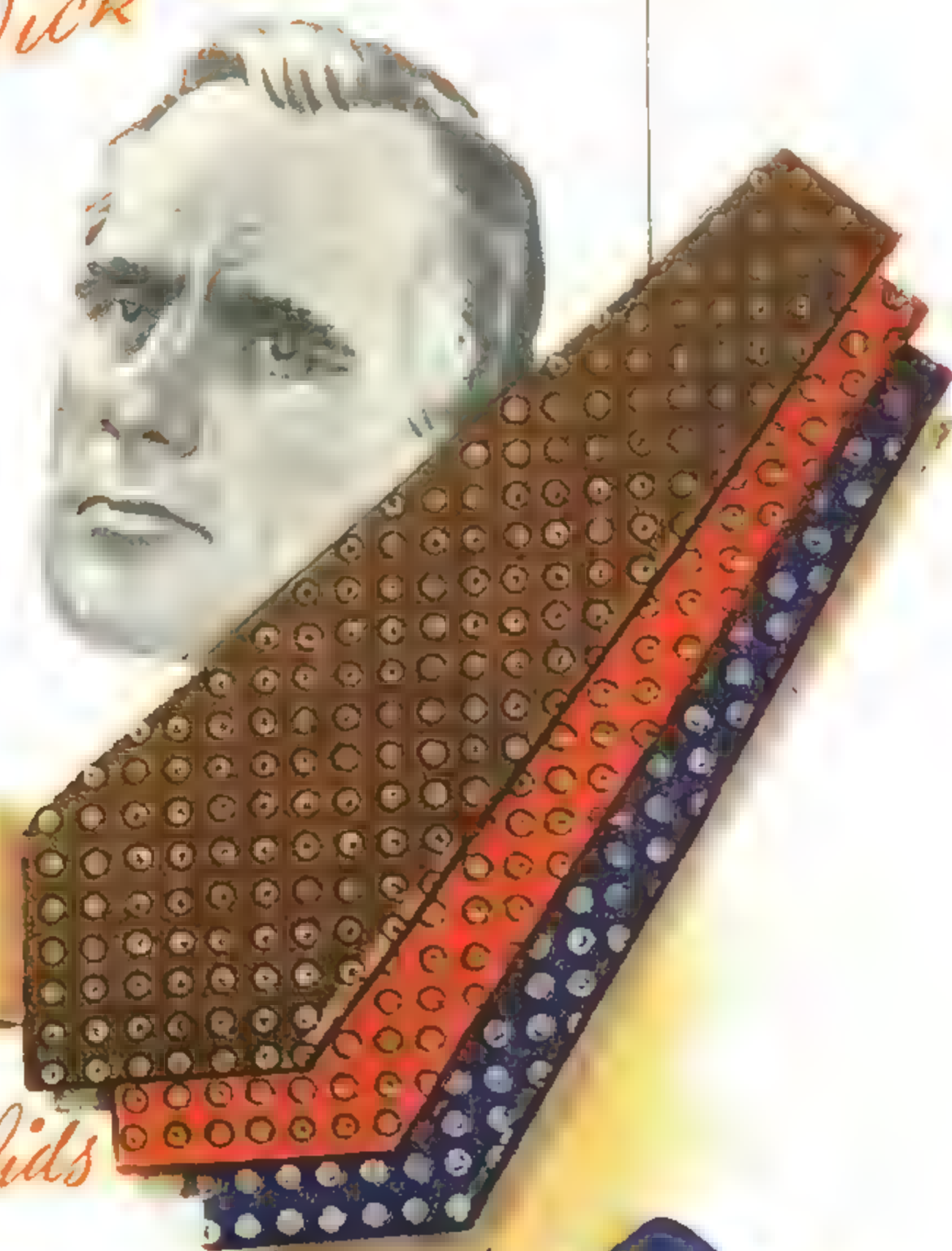
Tom prefers Stripes



Bud likes Bold Designs



Dick likes Neats



Alec favors Tartans



Bob favors Solids



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Esquire's Vacation

Travel Calendar

Disappear in December—you have the whole world for your playground

One Quick Look Around

DECEMBER vacation is a gift from the gods for the man who likes to go skiing before the crowds start jamming the slopes, or who wants to head south and pick up his winter's tan before it loses its novelty impact on his friends.

Skiing is good, generally, throughout the Rockies, since the base is usually set by the end of November and the ridges are powdered by the first December snows. Good early-season skiing, too, in the Laurentians of eastern Canada, if late November weather has been at all favorable. Early snows frequently start the ski season around December 1 at Vermont's Mt. Mansfield for eastern ski fans.

December skiing is easy on the wallet, as preseason rates are in effect at places like Sun Valley, Aspen, and other top resorts—giving you better accommodations at lower prices. This favorable financial climate prevails also for the sun-seeker. You'll get in some fine sailing, golf and tennis along the South Carolina and Georgia coasts and along the Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas shore lines of the Gulf of Mexico, and Florida is still pretty much in the preseason mood, when you can just about take your choice of accommodations at considerably lower rates than you'll have to pay later in the season.

All-year California, meanwhile, has finally declared it quits on its "second-summer" season, and admits that autumn comes shortly before Christmas on its calendar. Which means that all but the hardest souls give up their beach swimming for the season, concentrating on all the other sports which can be enjoyed in California throughout the year. This is the time when California hot-sun addicts move inland to Palm Springs and the other famous desert resorts, or a little further east to Arizona's Valley of the Sun and the Tucson area.

Caribbean Check List

(If sun and sea are your winter vacation pleasures, then chances are that the West Indies will see you sometime this winter, either as a passenger on one of the cruise ships, or on your own, via plane or ship, for a couple of weeks of fun and relaxation. Here's a quick roundup of some of the more popular Caribbean resorts.)

CUBA—The Queen of the Caribbean offers wonderful fishing, beautiful Varadero Beach, fine

sight-seeing and fabulous Havana, with its Casino, Hotel Nacional, Oriental Park, Sloppy Joe's, Bacardi and frozen daiquiris.

HAITI—New hotels are expected to be ready for Haiti's bi-centennial exposition this winter, celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Port-au-Prince, the capital. A gala time for a visit to this fascinating Afro-French island, completely different from all its Caribbean neighbors.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC—The three-million-dollar Hotel Jara-gua, one of the most beautiful in Latin America, has somewhat obscured the rest of the Dominican Republic's tourist attractions, which include magnificent scenery, fine year-round climate, excellent beaches, and Spanish colonial atmosphere.

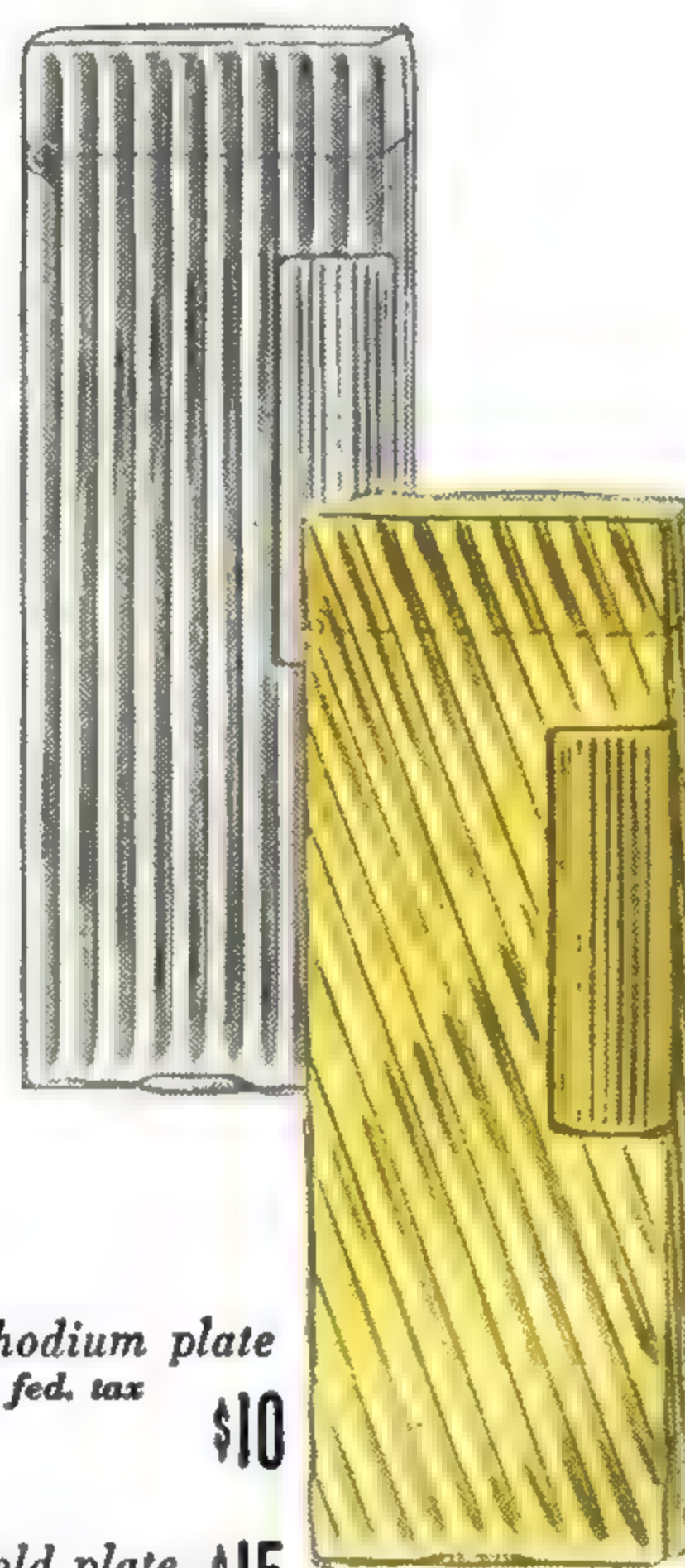
PUERTO RICO—For a perfect blending of West Indian and United Statesian environments, stop over at this largest of American possessions in the Caribbean. Fine winter weather, all sports, good hotels—and you have the comfortable feeling of being at home abroad.

VIRGIN ISLANDS—Also American, and completely captivating, are these three main islands of St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix, and fifty smaller islands and cays. Bought from Denmark in 1917, the islands show the Danish influence, as well as French atmosphere and relics of pirate days and the Spanish Main. Excellent new hotels and the shoppers' paradise of a free port.

JAMAICA—The largest island of the British West Indies features the top resort of Montego Bay, and one of the newest and most beautiful resort hotels in the Caribbean area, the Tower Isle. Every room is really a suite, with a private balcony or patio overlooking the sea or the hills. Mean annual temperature averages between 70 and 80 degrees.

BARBADOS—One of the bargain spots of the British West Indies right now, with hotels charging a minimum of \$10 to \$16 daily for double rooms with all meals. Most of the hotels are on the water front, or within a few minutes walk of sea-bathing. Excellent facilities for fishing and sailing.

GRENADA—This comparatively little-known British island has got into the tourist swing with the opening of the new Santa Maria Hotel, which goes far toward eliminating its only tourist drawback, shortage of accommodations. Grenada is lovely, unspoiled, (Continued on page 32)



Rhodium plate
no fed. tax

\$10

Gold plate,
plus fed. tax

\$15

Rhodium plate,
no fed. tax

\$10

Gold plate,
plus fed. tax

\$15

I'll dunhill

There is something in the luxurious feel of this superb pocket lighter, in its *balanced beauty*, that is superior to any other lighter in the world. A fine piece of jewelry and a magnificent mechanism. Nothing compares with its smooth roller action and simple flint refill... If you want to make someone *very* happy, give a Dunhill Rollalite!

Models for men and women at fine stores everywhere.

Alfred Dunhill, 660 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

For perfect service use Rollalite flints and Dunhill Benzique.

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 31

inexpensive, and accessible by daily plane service from the island of Trinidad.

TRINIDAD—Crossroads of the Caribbean, and the calypso island. Here is all the color, music and movement of the West Indian market place. Its melting pot of races reflects Trinidad's part in the development of the New World. Though only a few miles off the coast of South America, it's one of the most easily reached islands by air from either New York or Miami.

TOBAGO—Only twenty miles from Trinidad, yet worlds apart from the cosmopolitan island. Tobago is quiet, bucolic, undiscovered except for relatively few travelers who like to keep good things to themselves. Some people say this was Robinson Crusoe's island. It certainly looks as though it might have been. Inexpensive, too, with rooms renting for about \$5 per day, single, including four meals (the three usual ones, plus a British tea in the afternoon).

MARTINIQUE—This principal island of the French West Indies was the inspiration for Gauguin and the American writer Lafcadio Hearn, who described the local women as among "the most beautiful women of the human race, and they are . . . the best and sweetest persons in the world." Fort de France, with its cafés in the sunlight, is a mélange of provincial France and the colorful Caribbean.

CURAÇAO—This island of the Netherlands West Indies is as different from the rest of the Caribbean as Amsterdam is from London or Paris. Willemstad, its capital city, is a combination of scrubbed-Dutch and boisterous West Indian. Narrow, brightly painted gabled houses; blue canals and windmills are flanked by native water-front scenes as colorful as any you'll find in a Caribbean harbor. A low-duty port, Willemstad is a shopping center for tourists who find the products of all the world in the narrow little stores.

THE BAHAMAS—Not of the West Indies, but usually considered with them by sun-seekers scheduling a winter vacation. The Bahamas and Nassau, their chief city, are tops with sports fishermen and men seeking quiet beauty as a change from the pace of city life these blustery December days. They have excellent hotels and guest houses; beautiful, uncrowded beaches and well-kept golf courses.

BERMUDA—In the North Atlantic, more than a thousand miles from the West Indies, yet offering some of the same attractions, thanks to the Gulf Stream. Not so warm, of course, but you'll enjoy the beach most winter days. And fine golf, fishing, sailing, bicycling and lazing. Closest sun

Continued on page 34

Unusual!

Give her a
DeVilbiss
PERFUMIZER

Useful!

She'll love this golden, lipstick-size atomizer that lets her carry . . . and apply . . . her favorite perfume wherever she goes.

A wispy mist of perfume at a finger's pressure. No evaporation, no leaking. A thing of beauty, precision-made.

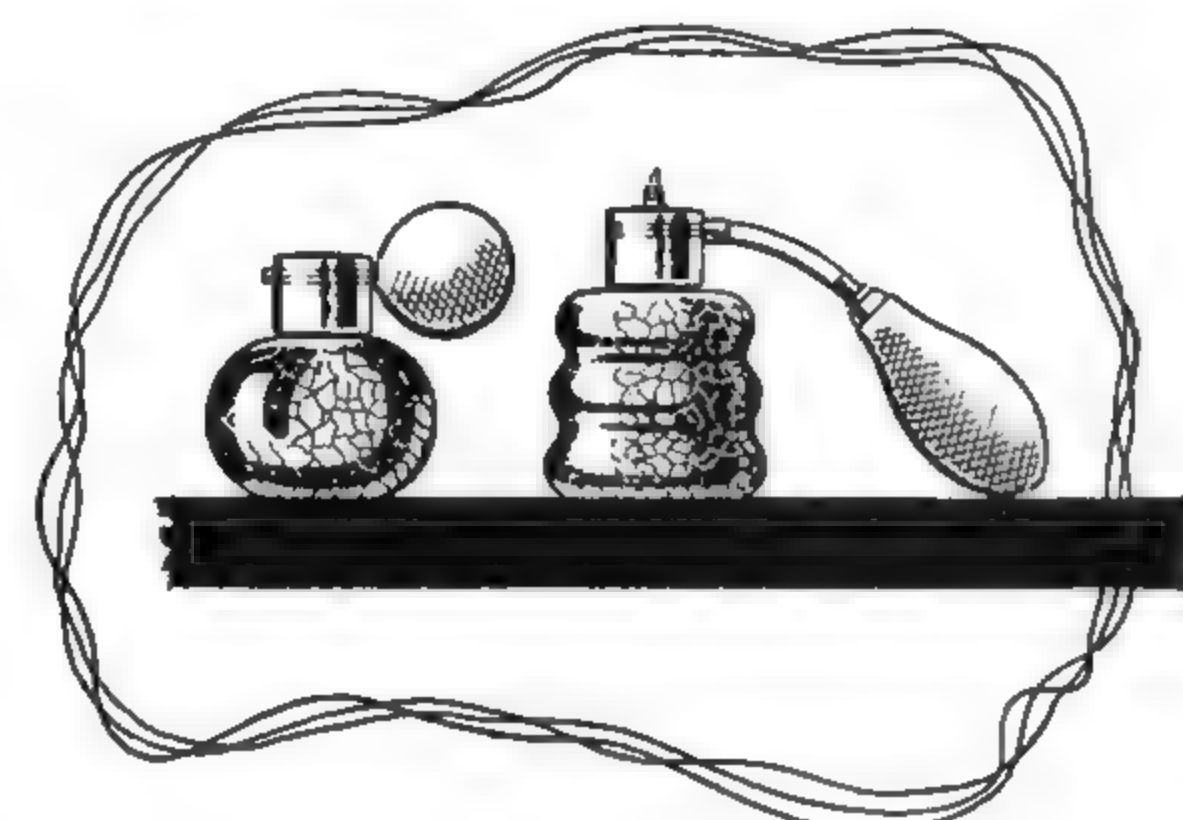
Two modern styles.
Handsomely gift-boxed.

At all leading
cosmetic departments.



and a DeVilbiss Atomizer
for her Dressing Table...

beautiful styles in crystal and metallics
to complement her toilet accessories.



Be sure it's
DeVilbiss
... FINEST STYLING, PRECISION-MADE,
YEARS OF SERVICE

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BELLOWS & Co, New York • 86.8 PROOF • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

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Merry Christmas
Try this out - if it doesn't shave
better than your old razor, we
can get our money back and -



YOUR NEW SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER MUST OUTSHAVE BLADE RAZORS or YOUR ^{Xmas} MONEY BACK

**ON ALL SCHICK SHAVERS BOUGHT FOR
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, THE TRIAL OFFER
PERIOD IS EXTENDED UNTIL JANUARY 10**

You can buy a Schick Electric Shaver today and hide it away until December 25. Or you can mail it with a big "DO NOT OPEN UNTIL CHRISTMAS" on the package.

The money-back trial offer period doesn't start until December 25 on any Schick Electric Shaver

bought this month . . . and we've added five days to our 10-day trial.

If at any time before January 10, 1950, your dad, brother, husband, sweetie-pie, or other lucky male isn't convinced the Schick you've given him can outshave his blade razor, either you or he can return it to the store and get your money back.

By "outshave" we mean getting a *faster*, more comfortable shave that's just as *close* as he wants.

You can stop worrying about what to give him for Christmas. Your Schick dealer has the answers. Schick Incorporated — Stamford, Conn.



The Schick Travel Kit is the gift of gifts. A Schick Super in genuine leather case by Rumpp, with zipper closure, luggage-cloth lining. Has nylon brush, comb, mirror, toothbrush container, nail file.

Schick Super (illustrated above) . . . \$22.50
Schick Colonel (not illustrated) . . . \$17.50
Complete Travel Kit, (Incl. Fed. Tax.) \$34.50

The gift of Wise Men

*Tommies**

SLEEP PACKAGE*



Eleven Costumes
In One Magic Box!
Only
\$17.95
the set
beautifully
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Want a kiss? Just give her this gorgeous Tommies Sleeppackage*—and you've got it! Tommiecoat*, Bra-and-Shorts, and Tommies* pajamas mix and match to make eleven different sleeping, lounging, and playing costumes for all year-round. Luscious Ruby rayon satin Tommiecoat*, Sky-blue Bra-and-Shorts, and Whipped Cream pajamas in Bur-Mil rayon crepe. Proportionettes* to fit HER height—so find out how tall she is. Bust measurement, 32 to 38.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © Kaylon, 1948

Bradshaw Diehl

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BRADSHAW-DIEHL CO., Huntington, West Virginia

Please send me _____ Tommies Sleeppackage,* at \$17.95

Her Height in stocking feet is _____ Her Bust measurement is _____ (Tommies are generously cut; be sure to order ACTUAL Bust size).

Name _____

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Payment Enclosed _____ C. O. D. _____

West Virginia residents add 2% state sales tax.

Postage Prepaid Except on C.O.D.'s

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 32

spot to New York, only three hours and fifteen minutes from New York by plane, or a week end's sail by cruise ship.

Packaged Winter Vacations

(While most all-expense tours are run in the summer season, you do have your choice of a number of attractive winter itineraries, most of them heading south into the sun. The following, while not a complete listing, should give you a good idea of what's available. Rates are those in effect at the time of writing; they're subject to change, of course.)

MEXICO:

Seven days in Mexico. Escorted. Tour starts at Mexico City. You travel independently to and from the United States, and at your own expense. Rate for the seven days in Mexico is \$100.

Varied and interesting fourteen-day itinerary on above basis, \$275.

Ten days off the beaten path. Travel to and from Mexico City by plane. Independent travel (unescorted). All expenses, \$566, plus \$30.89 tax, from Chicago.

Sixteen days in Mexico. Travel to and from the capital by plane. Independent travel. \$441, plus \$30.89 tax, from Chicago.

Sixteen days. Train to San Antonio, car via Pan American Highway to Mexico City. Escorted. \$289.90, plus \$13.87 tax, from Chicago (this rate covers lower berth).

Seventeen days. Train to and from Mexico City. Within Mexico by car. Escorted. \$370 (lower berth) plus \$25.31 tax, from Chicago.

A week in and around Mexico City. Independent travel. \$198.50 by air from Dallas. An eleven-day itinerary and two-week trip including sight-seeing by bus are available at \$246.85 and \$292.85 respectively.

Fourteen-day budget vacation by bus from Chicago to and from Mexico City. Escorted. \$157.50, plus tax.

GUATEMALA:

New Orleans-Guatemala-Yucatán itinerary. Part-escorted, part independent travel. The tour is by train from Chicago to and from New Orleans, and by plane to and from Mérida and Guatemala City. Fourteen days, \$419 plus tax.

Mexico and Guatemala. Fifteen days; seven in Mexico, six in Guatemala. Independent travel. \$473, plus \$35.50 tax, from New Orleans.

WEST INDIES:

Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Dominican Republic, Haiti. Ten days. All travel by plane. Independent. Rates from \$331 to _____
Continued on page 36



*it's bottled • it's bottled in France,
it's bottled in France by Bénédictine*

For a drier liqueur of superb flavor, ask for and insist on getting bottled B & B. . .

Genuine D.O.M. Bénédictine and selected Cognac Brandy in one bottle...blended in France for uniform excellence.



86 Proof
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y.
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Shulton GIFT STARS



OLD SPICE for MEN — Shave Soap in Mug 1.00;
After Shave Lotion 1.00, 1.75;
Mug, Lotion and Talcum in set 3.00

FRIENDSHIP'S GARDEN — Tissue Box with Dusting Powder,
Toilet Water, Body Sachet 3.00;
Bath Bounty Box with 10 individual Bath Salts 1.00

DESERT FLOWER — Purse Perfume 1.50;
Toilet Water and Dusting Powder in set 2.50

OLD SPICE TOILETRIES — Toilet Water with atomizer 1.50;
Purse Perfume in Christmas Dress 1.00;
Treasure Chest with Toilet Water, Dusting Powder,
Body Sachet, Toilet Soap, 3 individual
Bath Salts, atomizer 4.50

Now, you can choose at leisure, from the whole galaxy of 83 Shulton Gifts, .50 to 8.00. Ask for color leaflets at your favorite Toiletry Counter or write to Shulton, Dept. 6, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

PRICES PLUS FEDERAL TAX, EXCEPT SOAP

The Internationally Famous Blend

Sir John Schenley



A Schenley
Mark of Merit
Whisky

Give the only whisky gift of its kind!

Here's something special for someone special—Sir John Schenley in a PERSONALIZED decanter. Your choice of 3 golden initials and the special gift carton makes Sir John Schenley the most welcome of gifts.



INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS BLENDED WHISKY 86 PROOF. 62 3/4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1949, SCHENLEY DIST. INC., N. Y. C.

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 34

\$451, plus \$21.87 tax, from New York.

BERMUDA:

Seven days. Independent. Air from New York. From \$170 plus tax, depending on the type of hotel accommodations that you select.

SOUTH AMERICA:

Brazil, Puerto Rico and Trinidad. Fourteen days. All travel by plane. Independent. From \$1063 to \$1318 (no tax payable) from New York.

Grand tour of Latin America. Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Trinidad. Sixty days. All long-distance travel by plane. Independent. Leave from Houston, Texas, arrive New York. Rates from \$2260 to \$3071 plus \$6.48 tax.

HAWAII:

Nine-day tour, eight days in Hawaii visiting islands of Oahu and Hawaii. Travel to and from Los Angeles or San Francisco and between islands by air. Independent. \$484.85, including tax and American-plan accommodations at Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu.

Twenty-three day tour, twelve days in Hawaii, visiting islands of Oahu, Maui and Hawaii. Sail from Los Angeles or San Francisco by *S. S. Lurline*. The travel between the Islands is by air. Independent. \$633.05, including tax and stay at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

DOMESTIC:

California, the Southwest and New Orleans. Three weeks. Escorted. Travel by train from Chicago, motor through the West. \$661, plus \$39.31 tax (lower berth).

California and the Hawaiian Islands. Sixteen days of independent travel by air. Rates from \$1325, plus \$134.80 tax, from New York.

California. Twenty-one days. Travel by train, sight-seeing and shorter trips by motor coach. Escorted. \$552.12, plus \$42.38 tax, lower berth from Chicago.

Texas ranching and New Orleans, including a week of ranch life. Fifteen days. Independent. Train travel. \$307 up, from New York.

For the Skier with a Long Stride

FRANCE—The South of France is one of the few places on earth where you'll find snow and sun sports within a few miles of each other. You can enjoy excellent skiing in the lower Alpine resorts of Beuil, Valberg, Auron or Peira Cava in the morning, then drive down to the sea for sunbathing at Nice in the afternoon. Skiers who prefer their snow sports free

Continued on page 39



*svelte, suave,
sumptuous suede...*

... has been skillfully fashioned into a superbly casual coat in the Beau Bachelor. Cresco craftsmen select only the choice hides for the Beau Bachelor, work them artfully until the soft, supple leather drapes smooth and straight in simple, clean style lines that mold themselves into a perfect fitting coat!



Luxury in Leather

Handsomely lined with lustrous rayon, beautifully tailored of genuine suede finished to a silky, even nap. In Buck Tan, Dove Grey, or Penny Copper. The Beau Bachelor by Cresco is one of the better things of life—a Christmas gift worthy of the man in your life! And it costs only \$29.95...

If None at Your Dealer
Order Direct. State Size,
Color and Dealer's Name.

CRESKO
ASHLAND, OHIO



Textron's newest in cotton Pajamas with matching Lounge 'n Sleep Coats. Only \$4.95 each.

Matching Boxer Shorts
... only \$1.65



Give him *Gold* Sleepwear

ONLY \$4⁹⁵

Rich metallic Paisley pattern . . . Golden buttons

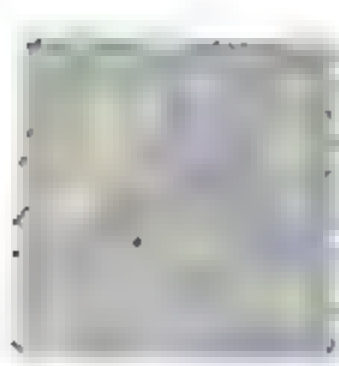
Completely washable . . . Won't tarnish or rub off

Designed for comfort . . . Roomy, non-binding, easy-fitting

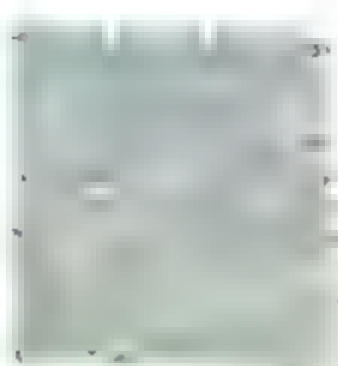
For luxurious sleeping . . . For elegant lounging

Featured by leading stores throughout the country

Pajamas, Lounge 'n Sleep Coats and Shorts come in these 5 colors as well as White



Blue



Aqua



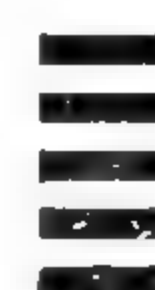
Gray



Light Wine



Black



TEXTRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
MENSWEAR

American Favorites

P&T
FOUNDED IN 1840
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY

P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND

P&T
FOUNDED 1840
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY

P&T
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Mild and Mellow.
"The blend of experience". The finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America — and the best value.

Rick and Mellow
A superlative blend of ALL whis-kies. Definitely America's luxury whiskey — yet its price is moderate.

PARK & TILFORD

Fine Whiskies Since 1840

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • PARK & TILFORD "RESERVE" 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86 PROOF • PARK & TILFORD "PRIVATE STOCK" 86 PROOF



Sun & Fun for Everyone at *Sun Valley* IDAHO

Selecting a vacation resort should not be a matter of guesswork. Compare these features . . . and your logical choice will be the incomparable *Sun Valley*!

Eight electrically-powered chair ski lifts—providing a wider variety of concentrated skiing than any other area in the world. The internationally known ski school, with *Otto Lang*, Executive Director and *John Litchfield*, Head Instructor. Two outdoor warm water swimming pools. Ice skating on two smooth, natural rinks. Dancing and evening entertainment . . . all in the healthful, scenic setting of Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains.

Rates from \$6.00 single.



and information, write or wire W. P. Rogers, Gen'l Mgr., Sun Valley, Idaho, or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 1379, Omaha 2, Nebr., or see any local travel agent.



Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 36

of such distractions might prefer Chamonix, with its world's highest funicular (11,860 feet), Megève or Val d'Isère in the heart of the Alps.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN—Christmastime skiing is at its best in these northern lands. Winter sports include ice-yachting, curling, skating and some of the world's most spectacular ski meets, cross-country races and hockey matches. Scandinavian hotels are noted for their cleanliness and excellent food. Average rate at a good hotel, with meals, is \$5 per day.

SWITZERLAND—The Swiss winter-sports season gets under full swing on the first of September. St. Moritz, winter capital of international society, is the European cradle of winter sports. It was here that the first skis were manufactured, the sport of curling was developed, first artificial toboggan run was built and first horse races on frozen snow were run.

SICILY—Fabled Taormina is another place where you can enjoy both snow and sun sports in winter. Skiers schuss down the slopes of Mt. Etna, then cool off from their exertions with a swim in the warm Mediterranean!

AUSTRIA—Practically all of Austria's famous ski hotels in the Tyrol are open, including the Post in St. Anton-am-Arlberg, the White Horse Inn in Kitzbühel and the Zuercher Hof in Zuers-am-Arlberg. New ski lifts and other improvements have been installed in some of the most popular ski areas. Rates are reasonable, with hotel rooms renting at \$4 to \$8 per day per person, with four meals. Ski schools are charging about \$5 per week.

Cruise News

(Many crack transatlantic liners make special cruise runs to the Caribbean and other southern waters during the winter season. Check your travel agent for special cruise announcements. Right now the Cunard White Star Line has announced that the *Britannic* will sail from New York January 28 on a 54-day voyage to nineteen ports on the Atlantic and Mediterranean and in the Near East. Rates start at \$1350. The *Caronia* takes off January 12 on an 80-day voyage to South America, Africa, Asia, Europe and the Mediterranean. Rates begin at \$2400. By the time you read this, the Farrell Lines will have released details of their new cruise service to South African ports on their newly acquired *African Endeavor* and *African Enterprise*. Following is a list of the regularly scheduled cruises for the winter season.)

AROUND THE WORLD:

American President Lines—*President* (Continued on page 40)



"...and it's got **NYLON**
in it for longer
wear!"



it's the
perfect
'Xmas gift...
individually
boxed

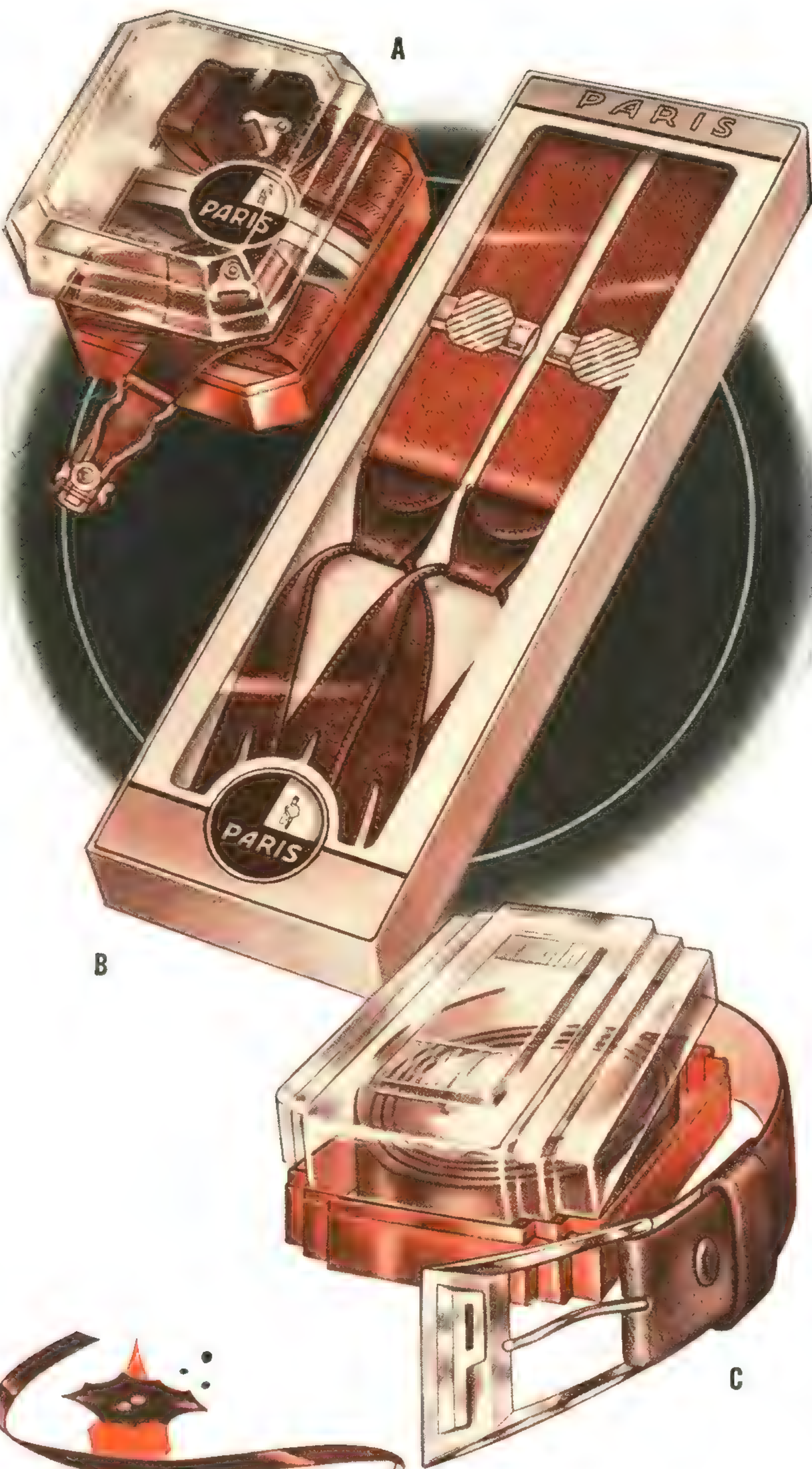
Lion of Troy skillfully blends acetate
with the magic of DuPont nylon to give you
unprecedented luxury in a practical, long-
lasting shirt. This remarkable fabric washes
beautifully, dries rapidly . . . looks and feels
like silk. Tailored with the clean, masculine
look of all Lion of Troy shirts.
Dress shirt and sport shirt approximately **5.95**

Choose from 5 new masculine dusty tones plus white

Ask for Lion of Troy acetate and nylon shirts by name at any fine store or write

Lion of Troy
SHIRTMAKERS SINCE 1862

M. NIRENBERG SONS, INC. • 1140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



For Christmas

Head your list with a Paris Gift

Every man is proud to own a fine wardrobe of "Paris" Belts, Suspenders and Garters, so express your thoughtfulness with a smart "Paris" gift. There is a style for every need and you can't miss when you give the brand that men demand. Choose his present from a wide selection of "Paris" Gift Sets at your favorite men's store. Gifts illustrated

- A. Soft stretch, long wearing Nylon "Paris" Garter with leather pad to match—packed in attractive plastic gift box—priced at \$1.50.
- B. Smart Nylon Suspender with unusual jewelry buckle—in popular solid colors. Suspenders illustrated \$3.50—other "Paris" Nylon Suspenders \$2.50 and \$5.00.
- C. Beautiful Cordo Finish High Luster Selected Cowhide Belt in smart new colors—clever two-tone bright and satin Gilt Initial Tongue Buckle—in modern streamlined plastic gift package—the Belt \$2.00—the Buckle \$1.50. Other "Paris" gifts 65¢ to \$15.00. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Product of A. Stein & Company • Chicago

PARIS BELTS • SUSPENDERS • GARTERS

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 39

Polk and President Monroe from New York or San Francisco. 112-day cruise, single class, from San Francisco to San Francisco. Rates from \$2716 to \$3201.

ORIENT:

American President Lines — *President Cleveland* and *President Wilson* from San Francisco. Forty-three-day and 47-day cruises, two classes, rates from \$1145 to \$1985.

MEDITERRANEAN AND MIDDLE EAST:

American Export Lines—*Excalibur*, *Exochorda*, *Exeter* and *Excambion*, from New York. Forty-five-day de luxe Yankee Cruises, minimum \$850.

BERMUDA:

Furness Bermuda Line—*Queen of Bermuda* from New York every Saturday. Six days, including a two-day stopover in Bermuda at passenger's expense, \$125 to \$400. Ship will run on two cruises from New York to Bermuda and Nassau, December 1 and December 15. Minimum rate for a seven-day cruise \$160.

CARIBBEAN:

Alcoa Steamship Co.—*Alcoa Cavalier*, *Alcoa Clipper* and *Alcoa Corsair*, luxury cruise ships, from New Orleans to West Indies and Venezuela. Seventeen-day cruise, one-class, \$495 minimum. (After December 9, the minimum will be \$545.)

Alcoa Ranger, *Alcoa Roamer*, *Alcoa Runner*, freighters with accommodations for 12 passengers, leaving every two weeks from New Orleans and Mobile, stopping at the ports of Venezuela and the Netherlands West Indies. The trip takes twenty-nine days, costs \$520.

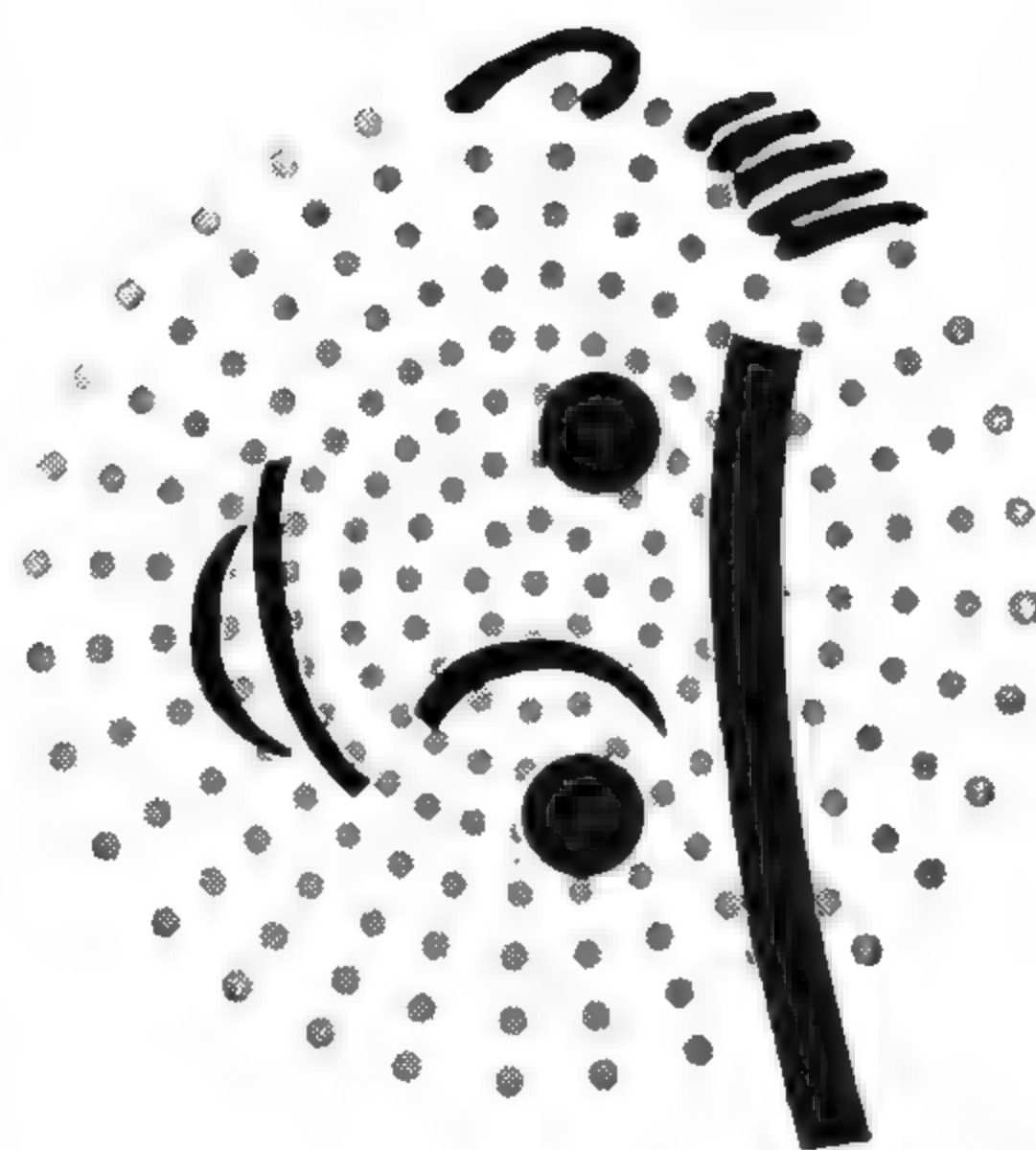
Bull Insular Line—*Puerto Rico*, completely reconditioned and re-decorated, accommodations for 150 passengers, leaving New York every other Thursday for Puerto Rico and Dominican Republic. Eleven-day cruise, \$297 minimum.

Grace Line—*Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula*, from New York every Friday. The twelve-day voyage, among the most popular of cruise itineraries, minimum, \$435.

Santa Monica, *Santa Clara* and *Santa Sofia*, 52-passenger cargo ships, from New York. Eighteen-day "casual cruises" (the schedules are dependent to some extent upon freight demands) \$435 to \$460.

Panama Line—*Ancon*, *Cristobal* and *Panama*, 10,000-ton sister ships, each accommodating about 215 passengers, New York to Cristobal. Fourteen-day cruise, minimum fare \$288, with four days at your own expense in Panama.

Standard Fruit and Steamship
Continued on page 42



the Hitting season
is on... you live to
tell her you'll like the
lasting Pleasure of...

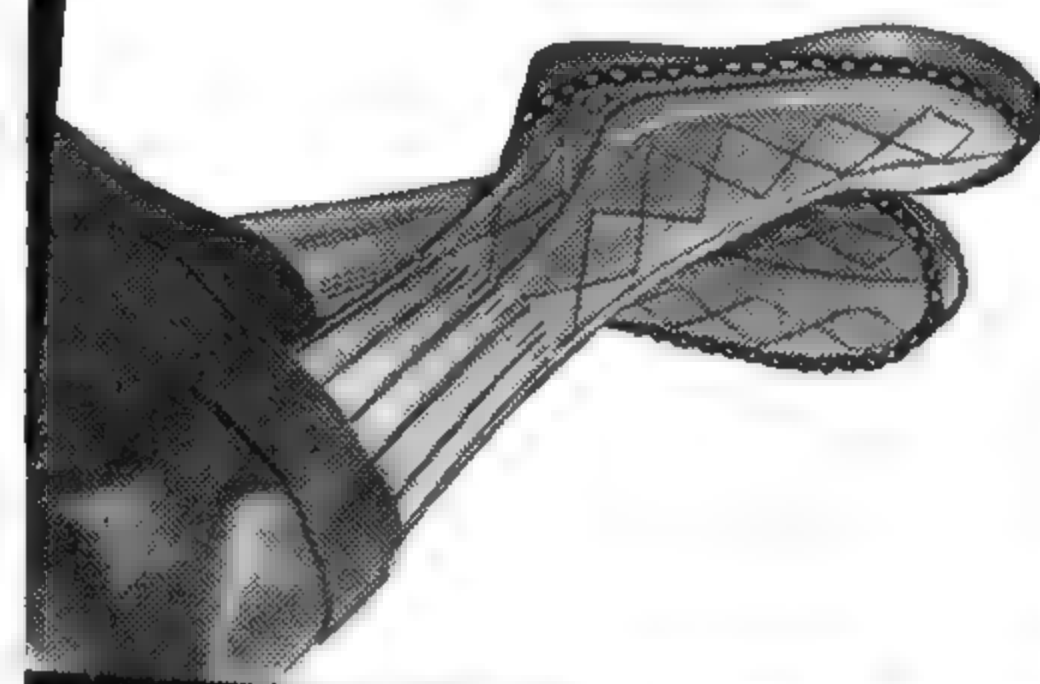
SOCKS THAT WON'T SHRINK!
ADLER
WOOL SOCKS
Now... fortified with nylon
throughout for 2½ times
longer wear than other
wool socks!
Wash SC's any way
you like... we GUAR-
ANTEE the SIZE or
your money cheerfully
refunded!



Olympic White
PAIR
95c

and

ADLER
SLIPPER SOCKS
100% wool socks with
natural rawhide soles and
sidewalls.
Bold colors with con-
trasting lacing.
2 Smart Styles
\$2.50 and \$2.95



At better stores everywhere or write The Adler Company, Cincinnati 14, Ohio



Largest-Selling 8 and 12 YEAR OLD Scotch Whiskies in America

Wm. Grant and Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, famous throughout Scotland for the excellence of their whiskies. Every drop in every bottle of Grant's Scotch whisky is at least 8 or 12 years old. 86 Proof.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS.

Austin. Nichols & Co., Inc.

BROOKLYN-NEW YORK.

ESQUIRE : December

EXCLUSIVE

WITH REMINGTON Contour Shaving

- 240 cutting blades, *Diamond-Honed* for super-sharpness.
- More than twice as many cutting blades as other shavers.
- Blue Streak twin shaving heads that trim both long and short hairs...get whiskers in the hard-to-shave places.
- Cleaner, faster, more comfortable shaves because the Remington Contour Shaver fits your type of face.

SHAVES DRY
NO LATHER
NO BLADES



DIAMOND-HONED

Remington
Contour 6

ELECTRIC SHAVER

These exclusive features—the extras you get with a Remington Shaver—tell why more Remington Shavers are sold than any other make. Try a Remington today at your dealer's... you'll prefer Remington, too.

Remington Rand Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut — with Shaver Branches in 106 cities. See your telephone directory.

A PRODUCT OF *Remington Rand*

THIS CHRISTMAS GIVE HIM A REMINGTON The Shaver More Men Prefer

Every man on your Christmas list wants a cleaner, faster, smoother shaving Remington Contour Electric Shaver... it's the gift that combines the things you like to give with those he likes to receive!

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 40

Co.—*Contessa* and *Cefalu*, single-class cruise ships accommodating 62 passengers. New Orleans to Havana and Honduras. Ten-day cruises, \$200 up.

Freighters with limited passenger accommodations sail every two weeks from New York to Haiti, Cuba and Jamaica. Twenty-three-day voyage, \$365 minimum, round trip.

United Fruit Co.—*Jamaica*, *Talamanca* and *Veragua*, each accommodating 99 passengers, from New York to Havana and Puerto Barrios. Seventeen-day cruise. \$375 minimum, 24 days (including Guatemala tour) \$520 minimum. Another seventeen-day cruise is called the Guatemala City Cruise. It also is from New York to Havana and Puerto Barrios, where passengers leave the boat and spend some time in Guatemala City. The minimum rate is \$415.

Quirigua, *Chiriqui*, modern one-class ships accommodating 99 passengers, from New Orleans to Havana and Puerto Barrios, 11-day cruise, \$220 minimum. *Antigua*, sister ship, sails from New Orleans to Canal Zone and Puerto Barrios, same rates.

Waterman Steamship Corp.—Freighters with accommodations for 12 passengers. New Orleans, Puerto Rico, Mobile. Round trip of about three weeks, \$180.

SOUTH AMERICA:

American Republics Line (Moore McCormack)—*Argentina*, *Brazil* and *Uruguay*, famous sister ships, from New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Trinidad. Thirty-eight-day cruises, \$1165 minimum, first-class, including shore trips.

Delta Line—*Del Sud*, *Del Norte* and *Del Mar*, luxurious new cruise ships, from New Orleans to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Forty-seven-day cruise, \$940 to \$1741.

Grace Line—*Santa Barbara*, *Santa Cecilia*, *Santa Margarita*, *Santa Maria*, *Santa Luisa* and *Santa Isabel*, 52-passenger cargo ships. Thirty-six- to thirty-eight-day round trip from New York to Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile, minimum rate \$972.

Westfal-Larsen Co.—Cargo ships with accommodations for 8 to 12 passengers sail monthly from San Francisco and Los Angeles to South and Central America. Round trip takes about 90 days, with layover at Buenos Aires at your own expense, fare \$800. ‡

(If you wish further details or other information relating to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.)



for the MEN
on your list



give an
Ash-Away
for year-round enjoyment

Just picture Dad, for example, in his favorite lounge chair, with his new Ash-Away smoker conveniently at his side. At a press of the button, stubs and ashes drop safely away...no smoke, no smudge, no odors, no fire hazard. There are seven different Ash-Away styles in all, to fit every taste, every purse. All beautifully designed, sturdily made. At leading stores everywhere. Ash-Aways are made by Chicago Metallic Mfg. Co., Chicago 9.



Ash-Away

America's Favorite ALL-METAL SMOKERS

MEN LOVE THESE
SOX
by **COOPERS**

FOR DRESS UP! Smart genuine wrap pattern all-nylon body with extra nylon reinforcement in heel and toe. Anklets or regular length.

OH-SO-SOFT! Heavy cotton casual in bold cable design. Super-soft, comfortable, but wears and wears.

GOOD LOOKER! Argyle for sports or leisure wear. Available three ways: Nylon, Durene® mercerized cotton, or wool.

ALWAYS RIGHT! Genuine English style ribs available three ways: nylon, cotton, or wool. All popular colors in ankle or regular length.

GEN-U-WINE! Imported hand framed Argyle. Virgin wool, nylon reinforced toe and heel, to above shoe level, for extra wear!

Smart-looking on the fireplace or on the leg, they're always right, always bright.

And shown here are just six of the design-leading socks in the line that bears the famous Coopers label.

See them now at your Coopers dealer . . . buy a supply of each. To give or to get, there are none finer. And priced low . . . from 55¢ to \$3.95 a pair.



GRAND GIFT! Coopers' "Sierras": all-wool hose, genuine top-grain leather sole and welt. Like shoes, made in left and right! Buy by hosiery size. Also available in fancy cotton.

GENUINE TOP-GRAIN LEATHER WEARS LONGER

AMERICAN'S

Finest Whiskies!



THESE fine American whiskeys, each with its own distinctive taste and appeal, share the same rich heritage. Each was carefully and expertly distilled in the proud American tradition — a tradition that matches consistent high quality with down-to-earth price. Choose from the American line. You'll find a whiskey to suit *your* taste...*your* budget. You'll buy wisely ...serve proudly—with All American brands. They are quality whiskies, of excellent character and flavor, backed by a distilling company with more than 50 years' experience in the production of fine American whiskies.



THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK ★ PEKIN, ILLINOIS ★ SAN FRANCISCO





*A whiskey for every
taste and every purse*



GOOD OLD GUCKENHEIMER
Whiskey — A Blend 40%
Whiskey, 60% Grain Neutral
Spirits, 86 Proof.

BOURBON SUPREME. A
Blend of Straight Whiskies.
90.4 Proof.

STILLBROOK. Straight Bour-
bon Whiskey, 90 Proof.

OLD AMERICAN. Straight
Bourbon Whiskey 85 Proof.

BURTON'S 51. Bourbon
Whiskey — A Blend 51%
Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral
Spirits, 85.8 Proof.

Christmas Giving MADE MERRY

Our Selection of "GIFTS SURE TO PLEASE" for this season...in which we celebrate 15 years of making YOUR Christmas shopping easy

The Joy of Giving, the Thrill of Receiving a Gala Gift of America's Finest Fruits and Delicacies in gaily decorated packages, will mark you as most generous and thoughtful by Friends, Business Associates and Loved Ones... Make your selections from the Gifts shown... Send us the names of those to whom you wish Packages delivered. We will enclose your card (or ours if requested) and ship to arrive before Christmas. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! More than Two

Million Gift Packages have been enthusiastically received... Many leading Business Executives prefer COBBS Gifts for conveying Christmas Greetings... We prepay Delivery Charges. No shipments to Foreign Countries with exception of Canada. (For Canadian shipments add 15% to printed prices.) Orders must be accompanied by Check or Money Order... References: Any Bank in the U.S. WE ARE THE WORLD'S LARGEST IN THIS TYPE OF BUSINESS.



Ponce de Leon discovered the real "Fountain of Youth" in the Fruits of Florida.



GIFT No. 15 • \$15.64

Approx. 90 lbs. Giant box of Mixed Oranges and Grapefruit decorated with Kumquats, Persian Limes and Tangerines, a large Sugar-Loaf Pineapple, also a Handmade Colored Jug of Florida Honey, a Crock of Florida Fruit Jam, a Jar each of Guava Jelly, Pineapple-Cherry Jam, Tropical Fruit Conserve, Orange Marmalade, Grapefruit Marmalade and a Bag of Papershell Pecans.

GIFT No. 8 • \$12.74

Same as No. 15 above except does not contain any delicacies—ALL FRUIT.



GIFT No. 7 • \$10.94

Approx. 54 lbs. A beautiful basket full of Holiday Happiness—Mixed Oranges and Grapefruit decorated with Kumquats, Persian Limes and Tangerines, also a Handmade Colored Jug of Florida Honey, a Jar each of Guava Jelly, Tropical Fruit Conserve and a Box of COBBS Famous Chocolate Coated Coconut Patties.

GIFT No. 4 • \$7.89

Same as Gift No. 7 above except does not contain any Delicacies—ALL FRUIT.



GIFT No. 11 • \$10.96

Approx. 45 lbs. A Handwoven, gaily colored Imported Wicker Reusable Hamper of Assorted Oranges and Grapefruit decorated with Kumquats, Persian Limes and Tangerines. Boxed for safe delivery. A very popular gift.

GIFT No. 35 • \$6.46

Same as Gift No. 11 above except HALF THE SIZE AND WEIGHT.



GIFT No. 20 • \$17.84

Approx. 45 lbs. A Handwoven, Imported Wicker Reusable Hamper of Assorted Fresh Fruits, a large fresh Sugar-Loaf Pineapple, three jars of Tropical Fruit Preserves, a Jar of Assorted Tropical Fruits mellowed in Genuine Brandy, a 1 lb. Basket of Fruit Candy, also a delicious Pecan Log.



GIFT No. 2 • \$5.92

Approx. 27 lbs. A tasteful basket containing mixed Oranges and Grapefruit decorated with Kumquats, Persian Limes and Tangerines, also a 16 oz. jar each of Tropical Fruit Conserve, Guava Jelly and Pineapple-Cherry Marmalade. A typically tropical delight.

GIFT No. 1 • \$4.94

Same as Gift No. 2 above except does not contain any Delicacies—ALL FRUIT.



FREE BROCHURE

COBBS

Box 3-D2, Little River (Miami), Florida

SEND ME, FREE, FULL-COLOR BROCHURE, PICTURING 28 PAGES OF OTHER WONDERFUL FRUIT GIFTS. ☐

Enclosed is check or money order for \$_____ for gift packages to be shipped to names on ATTACHED list.

MY NAME _____
ST. AND NO _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

• Don't forget to attach list of names to whom gifts are to be delivered!

From all over America, year after year, comes praise for COBBS Gift Boxes

Our slogan is "Ask the man who owns one,"—yours could easily be "Ask the one who uses COBBS" . . . W.H. K.—Packard Motors

"Fruit very delicious, arrived perfect condition. Enjoyed immensely." T.H.S. MD—
"It was a pleasure to do business with you" . . . J.K.

"Thank you very much for taking care of my Christmas shopping most satisfactorily!" . . . H.R.P.—Northern Insurance Company

"Baskets are put up so beautifully" . . . D.W.P.—Meyers Make Gloves
"Have enjoyed the fruit very much." Congressman C.A.P.



Shaving
Mug and
Lotion
\$2.10

Give him that
WONDERFUL
Seaforth
FEELING!

Creamy Shaving Soap... soothing Shaving Lotion... to give him months of shaving pleasure! Both with the bracing air of the Scottish Highlands, the cool masculine fragrance of heather and fern. In polished handmade stoneware, gift-boxed... only \$2.10. At best department, drug, and men's stores. Other handsome gift sets... \$1.25 to \$7.20.

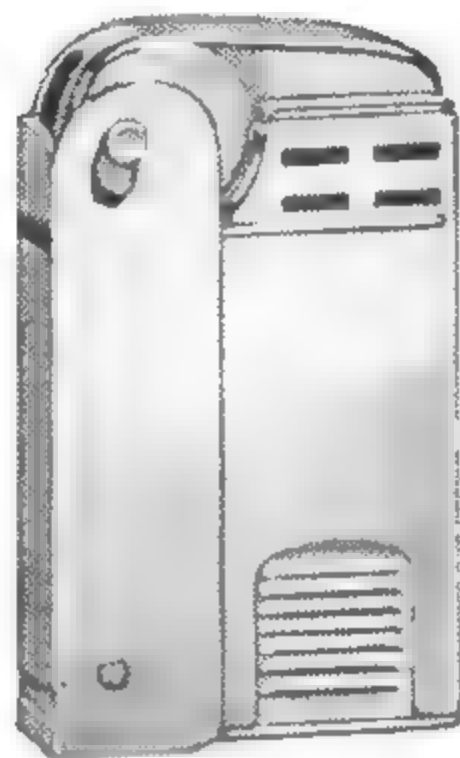
Seaforth!
FOR MEN

Stocking Present—only 10¢! For 23-day supply of famous Seaforth Lotion, send name, address, and 10¢ to Seaforth, Dept. 12, 711 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



That's nothing!
My **REGENS** is completely
automatic, too!

- Single motion ●
- lights and closes
- "Slide-out" tank ●
- lights pipe, too
- Windproof "weather-guard" design ●
- Easy-filling
- removable tank
- Precision made ●
- of solid brass
- Guaranteed for ●
- one full year



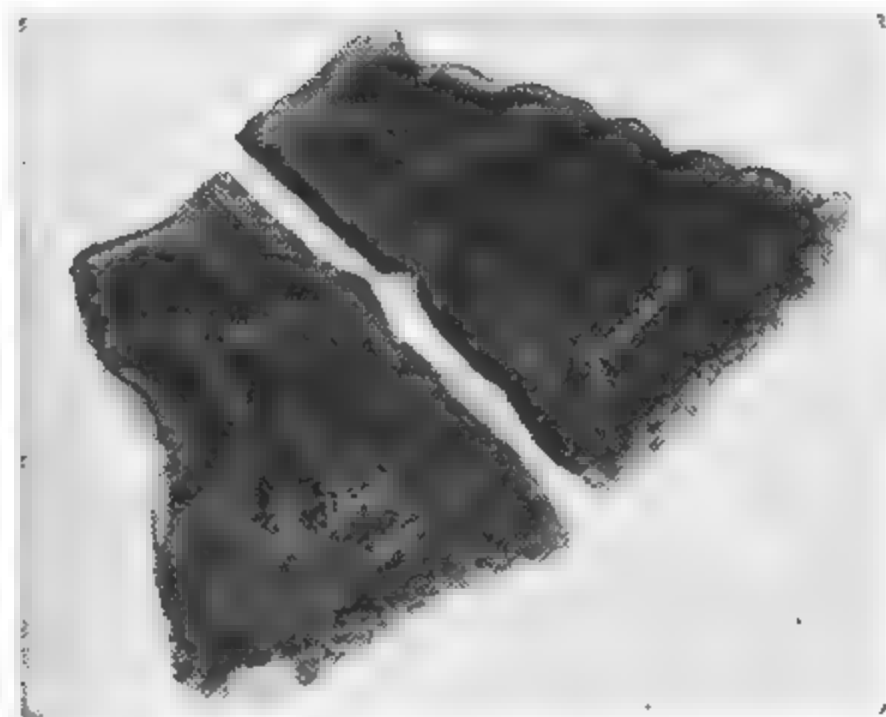
STILL THE BEST LIGHTER BUY

In nickel, chrome, enamel, \$1.50 to \$5.00
etched or rhodium finish

REGENS
FULLY AUTOMATIC

For best results with any lighter use
Regens Yellow Flints, Regens Lighter Fluid
AT BETTER JEWELRY, DRUG, TOBACCO AND DEPT. STORES!
Regens Lighter Corporation
2 East 46th Street, New York 17.

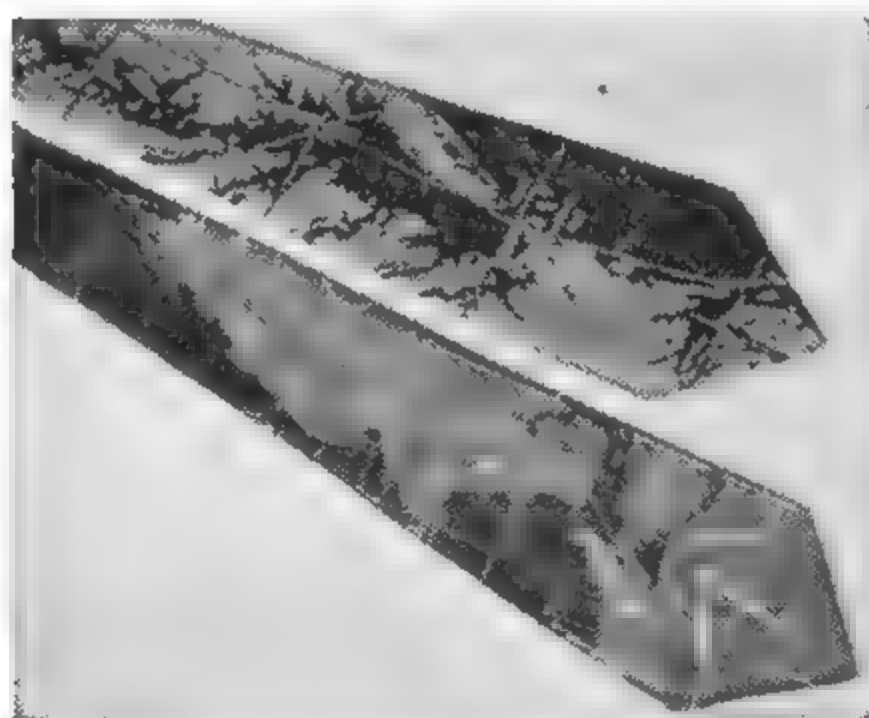
TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



SHEER BLACK panties have "Jam-ais", French for never, embroidered 3 times: first bold and definite, then smaller and weaker, then trailing off. Free translation: Never, hardly ever, well maybe... The other pair says "Faiblaiss Oblige". The pun on "Noblesse Oblige" (nobility or rank imposes obligation) changes nobility to weakness.



ONCE IN A BLUE MOON someone gives a girl stockings of such special elegance that she long remembers them. These wispy Nylons are made with a delicate clock running up over the ankles. The colors are excellent: Midnight Mist is dark and just what it sounds like. Starlight Taupe blends beautifully with whatever color of costume she wears.



NEXT TIME you cruise around Chesapeake Bay, up the New England coast, around Long Island Sound or the Florida coast, you can wear the map around your neck. The designs on these Navigation ties are waterway charts. Silk screen, hand blocked and in interesting colors, they make a unique and appropriate gift for the skipper.



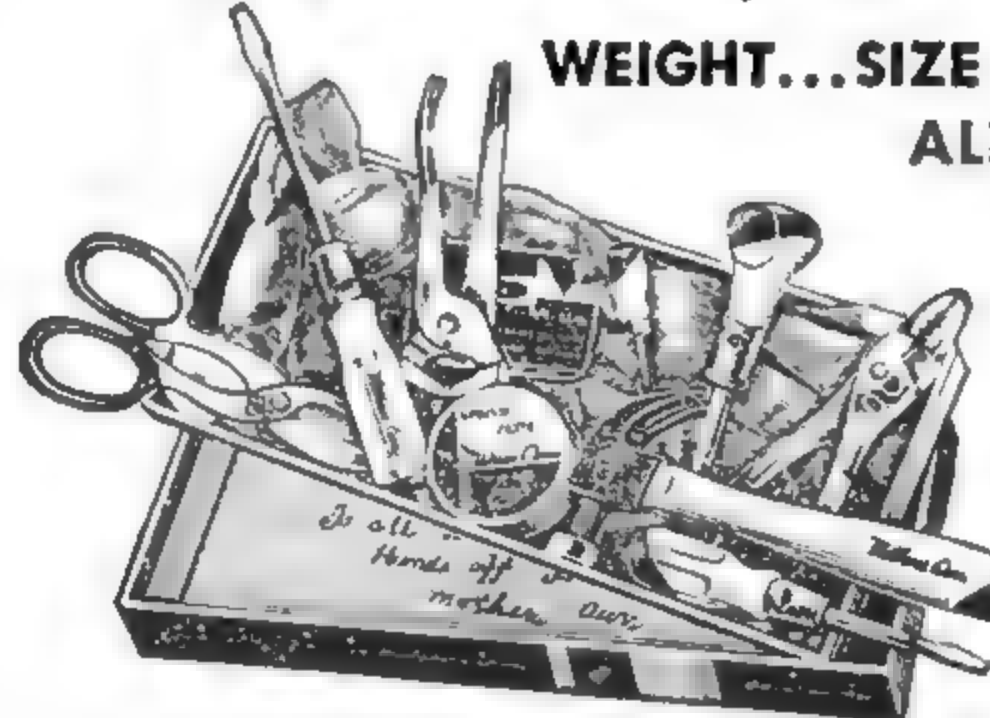
SCIENTISTS, HUNTERS attention! Here is a fine precision watch with a telemeter division that enables you to measure distances based on the speed of sound. 17 jewel in a 14 karat gold case, it has 14 karat numerals and hands. Three little dials are second, minute and hour recorders. The strap is alligator. Less expensive in stainless steel.

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Ranger

Tools For Mother

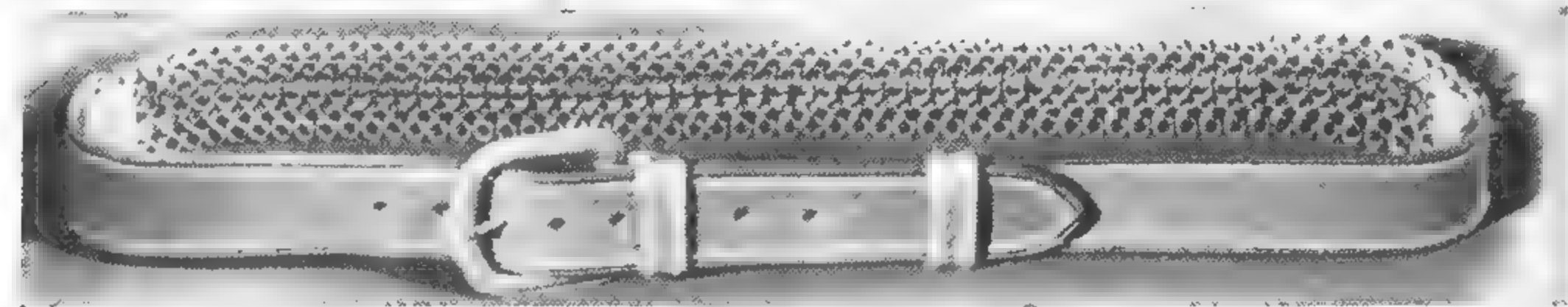
WEIGHT...SIZE...GRIP—FASHIONED FOR WOMEN
ALL HIGHLY POLISHED, FORGED STEEL



Here's a set of tools sure to answer all Mother's household needs. Packed in a sturdy blue and silver box, the kit includes 8 highly polished tools with blue and ivory handles. Also assorted nails and screws. All guaranteed under Pexto brand. Makes a perfect gift. Send \$8.95 check or money order... \$9.45 in or West of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico.

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BUCKS COUNTY
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MARTIN'S EXPANDING SPRING BELT for sports and every-day wear, the patented spring action "gives" comfort with every motion. Eliminates pressure and strain, yet holds trousers "true" with graceful drape. Will not rust, stain or lose its spring. Sent post paid.
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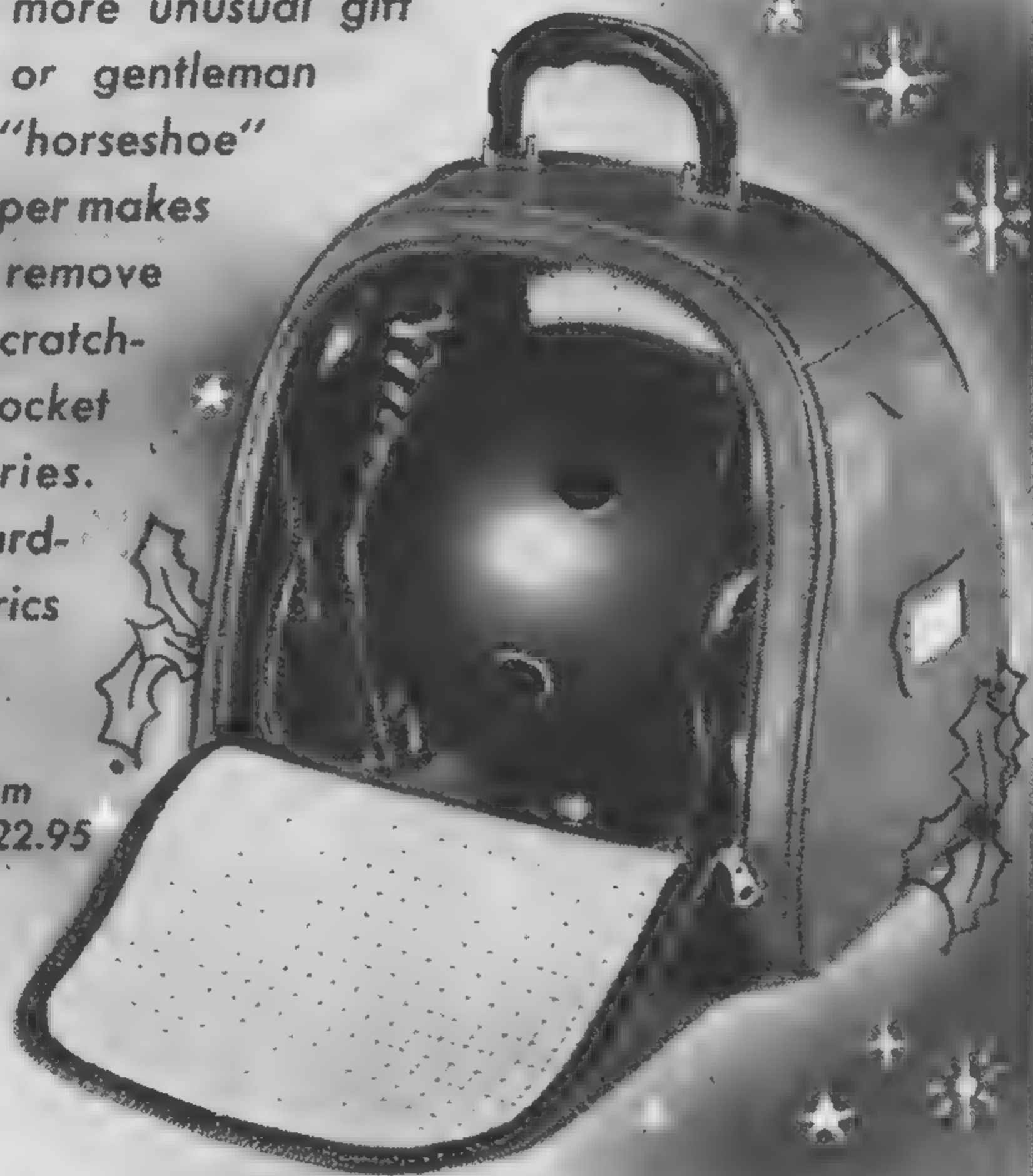
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with MONOGRAMS

Brown and tan, blue and grey, maroon and grey, hand monogrammed with the initials of your choice.



with MIRRORED NAMES

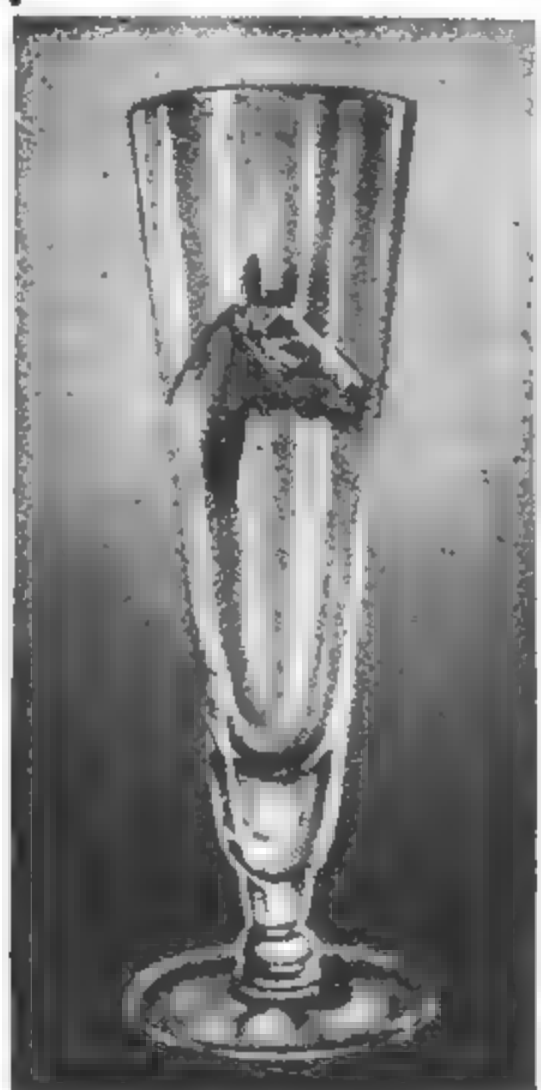
Maroon and grey, brown and beige, blue and teal. Any name written in an attractive mirror pattern.

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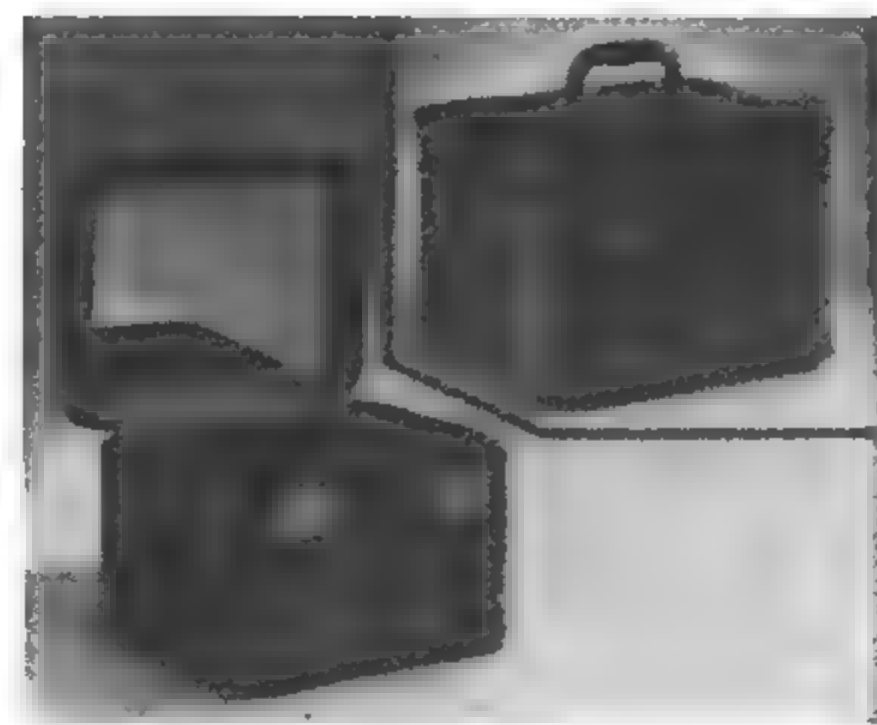
TINSLEY LABORATORIES

158 Tinsley Bldg.

Berkeley, Calif.

TALKING SHOP

STATION WAGON LUGGAGE, newly introduced on the market, is really remarkable. It is very handsome, uncovered polished plywood—birch, oriental walnut or tigerwood—with light or dark cowhide binding. The smallest piece in the ladies' line is an attractive overnight or "Party Box" equipped with water repellent lining and full view mirror.



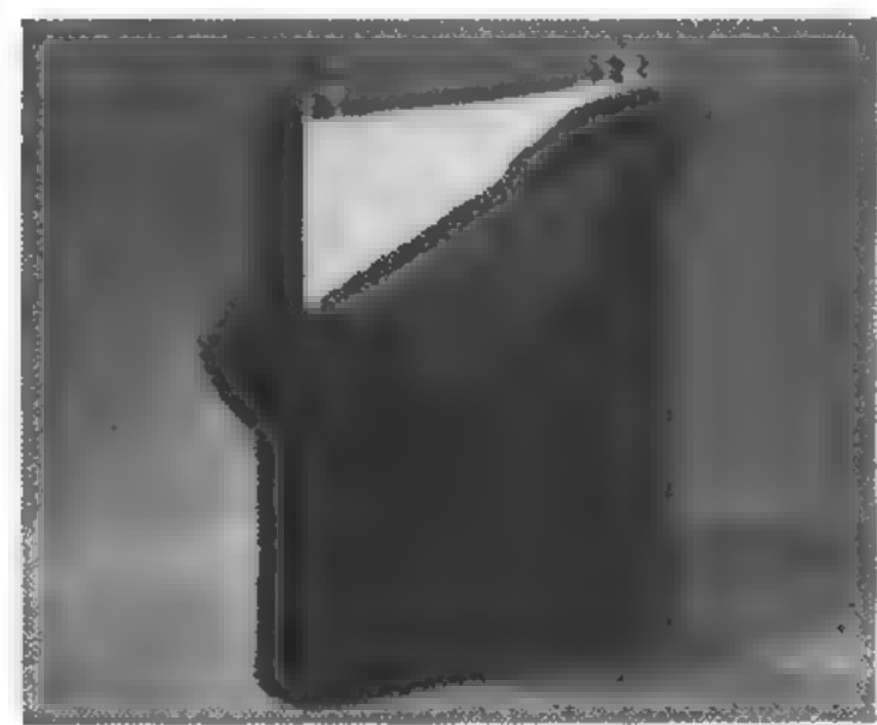
FOR THE TRAVELING MAN, station wagon luggage is very light in weight yet exceptionally durable. The plywood is extra strong and the cases are very well made. This dark brown 26" Pullman is beautifully grained oriental walnut bound with deep brown cowhide. Spacious enough for 2 suits and 8 shirts, and all else that usually goes along.



PACKING IS A PROBLEM. At the last minute there are usually a dozen things forgotten. This catch-all piece of luggage fills to the brim, serves as hand luggage on a plane or as the last bag to toss into the car. Hand-boarded hide, it is saddle-stitched and tied with a firm leather thong. 16" or 14" in black or natural.



THE MAIN POINTS about this double-sized flask is, first, that it is Britannia metal and will never ruin the taste of your liquor as will some other kinds of flasks. Second, it has two separate chambers and openings—each chamber holds 1 1/2 pts. Flat, square-cornered (7" x 10" x 1 1/4") and in a zippered brown suede cover or shoulder-strap case.



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WHOOOEEEEEE!!

The original Hollywood Wolf leers from a lamp post at Hollywood & Vine. Patterned in red, yellow and black.

Flaming Red Matches to keep that man warm.

Big Red Padlocks for safety and security.

\$2.50

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SURPRISE THAT MALE WITH A NEW SHORT STORY!

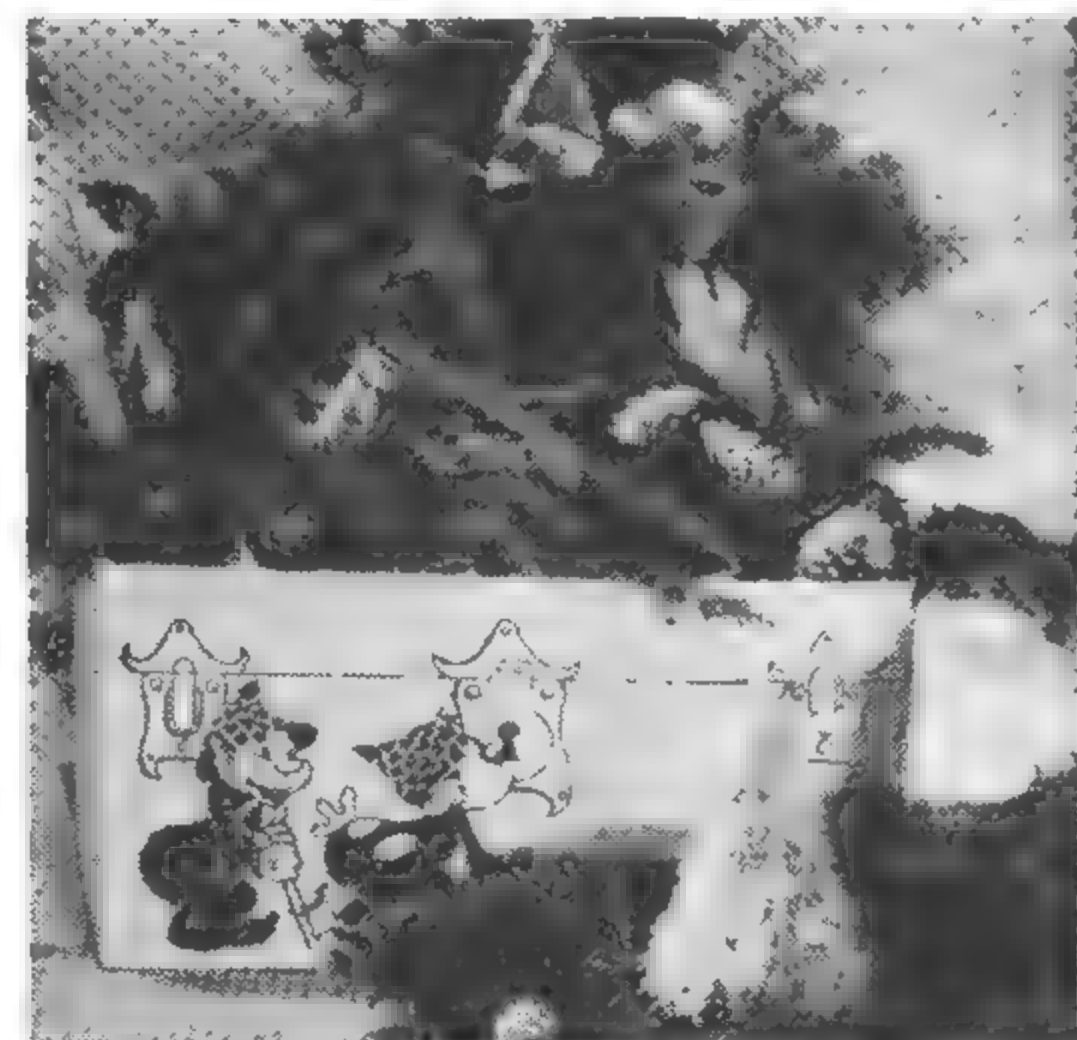
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\$2.50 A PAIR—or—

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Decorative chest chock-full of selected evergreens... Ideal for gifts... grand for your own Christmas use.

- 30-inch "Door Charm" with red ribbon and huge cone.
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Complete "Treasure Chest" prepaid in U.S. . .

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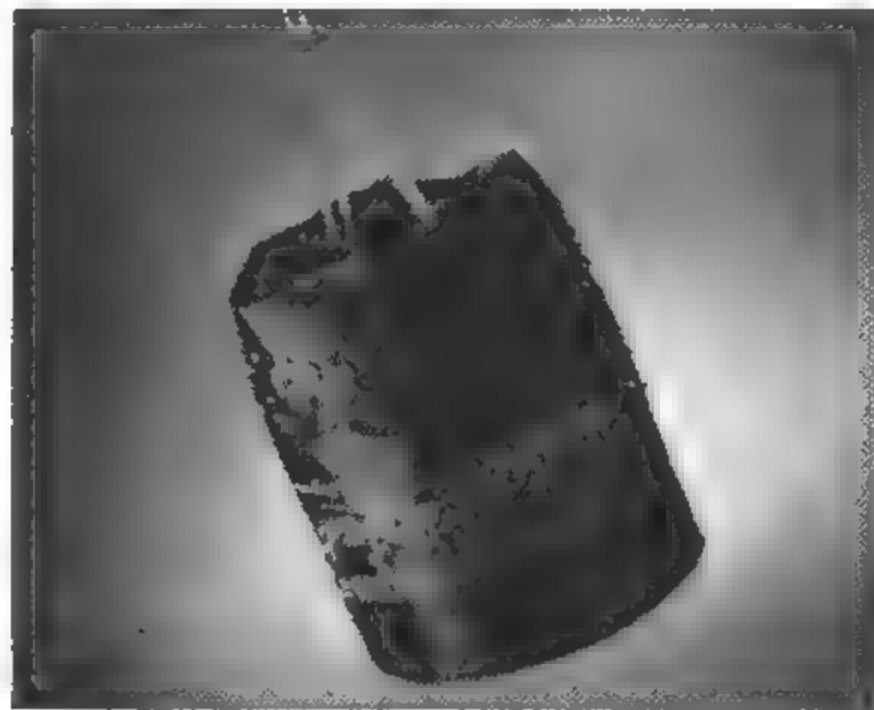
"Home Decorator" box of hand-made decorations and loose greens, chosen for beauty. Box 6x16x26. . . . \$6.80

English Holly with bright green leaves and brilliant red berries. Box 3 1/2 x 12 x 24. . . . \$2.95

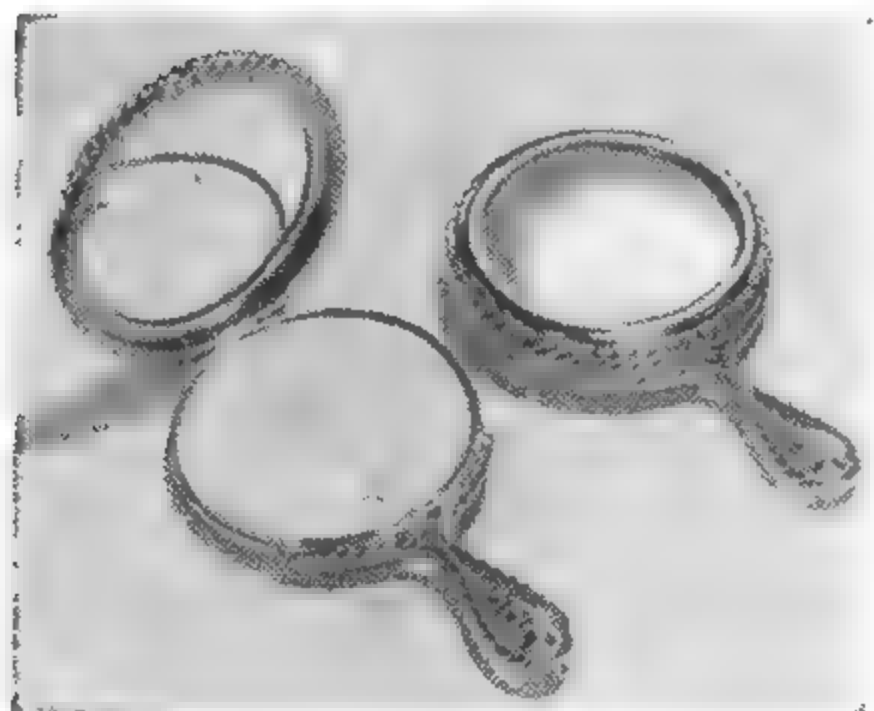
Large "Door Charm" (described above). . . . \$3.50

Send names and money order or check (no C.O.D.'s) to
KIRK'S EVERGREENS, Dept. 12, Tacoma, Washington
America's largest shipper of Christmas Trees and Florists' Greens

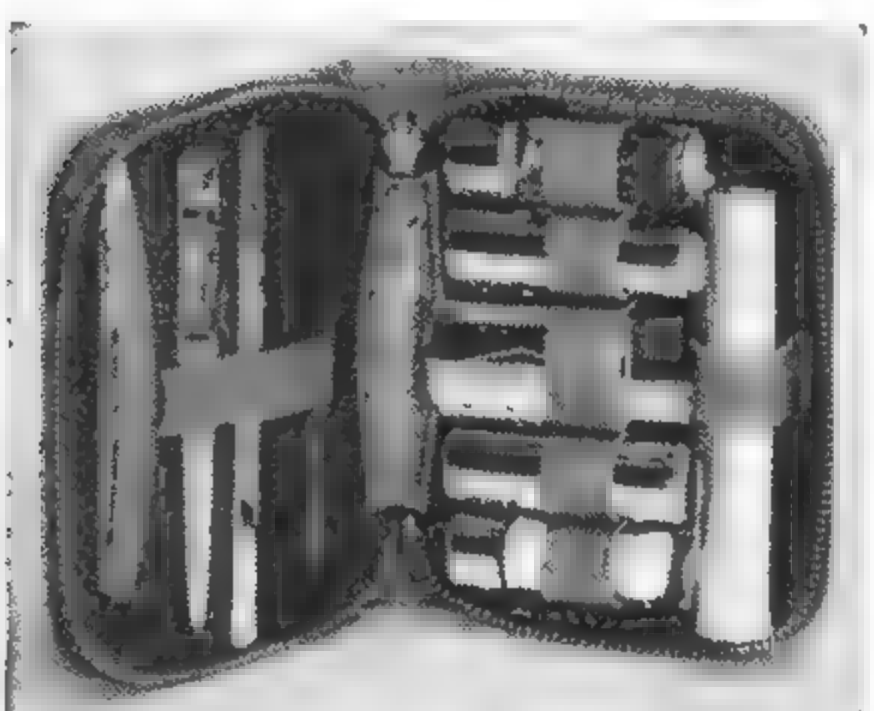
WITH ESQUIRE



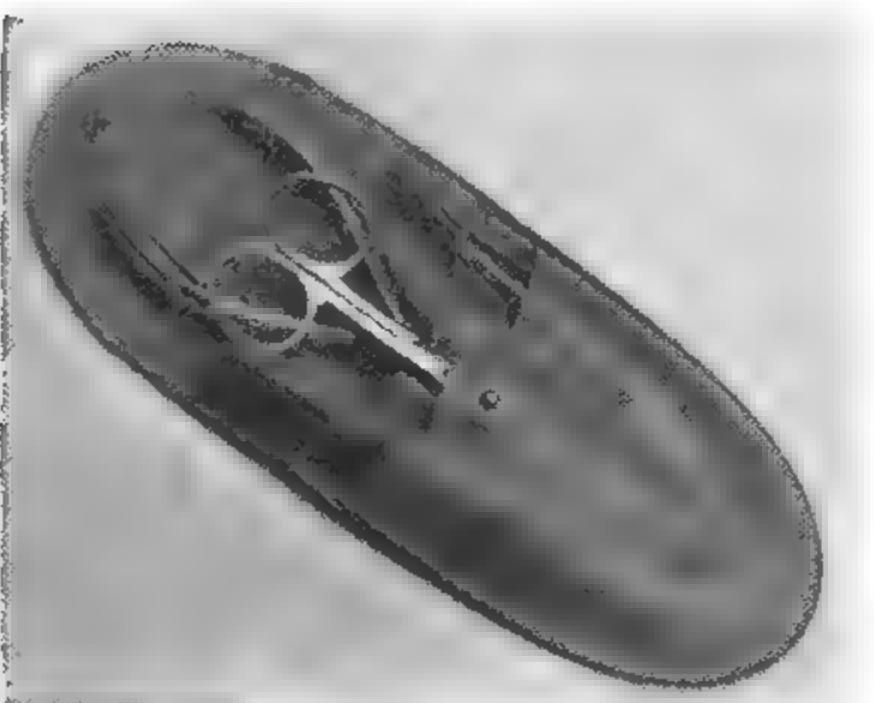
SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC wherever she goes if you give her this black satin draw-string dress bag from Paris. Painted in gold around it and with tiny pearls and gold beads, it has a theme of music. The tempo indicated, "Poco Allegro" is on the lively side. The bag itself is suitable for her to take along when she's dressed for dinner and dancing.



SMALL AND DAINTY and made in the style of a Marie Antoinette hand-mirror, this compact has 3 convenient features: it has a handle—the better to hold it by, it has an extra mirror on the outside cover—easy for the quick glance or the repair job on her lipstick and it will take little room in her handbag. It's 3 1/2" from end to end.



EFFICIENTLY PACKAGED in one (3 1/4" x 4 3/4") zippered leather case is everything a man needs for good grooming while away from home. It has a standard blade razor, shaving brush, shaving soap stick, after-shave lotion, after-shave powder, toothbrush, tooth paste, comb, nail file, two razor blades and styptic sticks. All refills are easily available.



NOTHING SUPERFLUOUS clutters this pocket-sized kit for the traveling man. Pedicure nipper doubles as a regular nail nipper; utility scissors is for trimming his nails or mustache or clipping the odd hairs from ears and nostril. Nipper, scissors, file and tweezers are reliable, precision instruments. The 5" case is saddle-stitched cowhide.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Ranger

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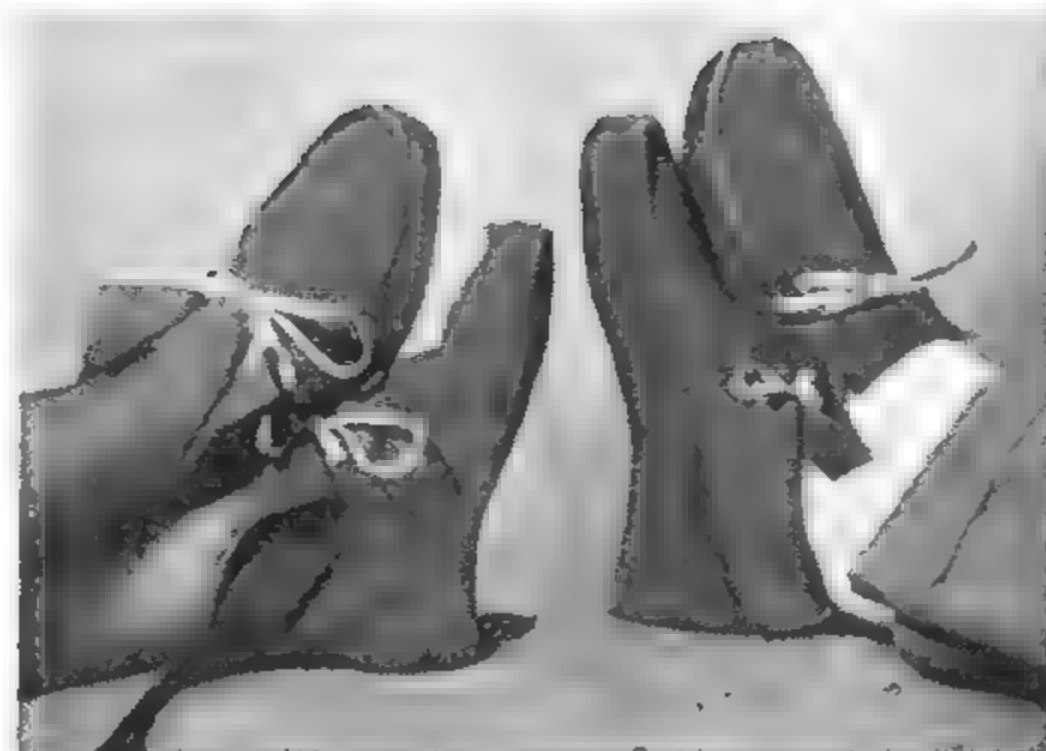
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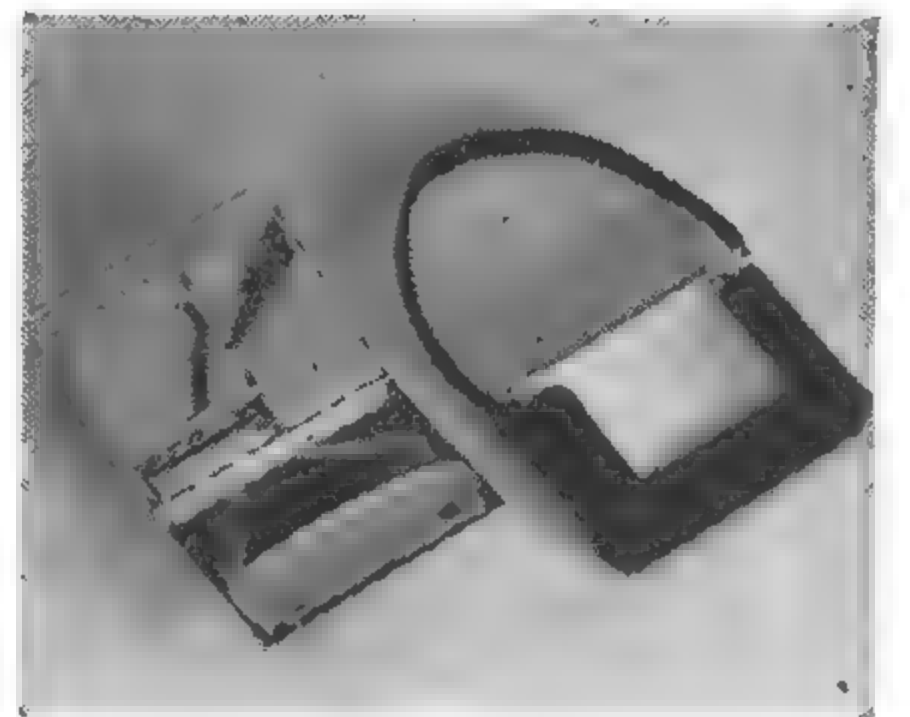


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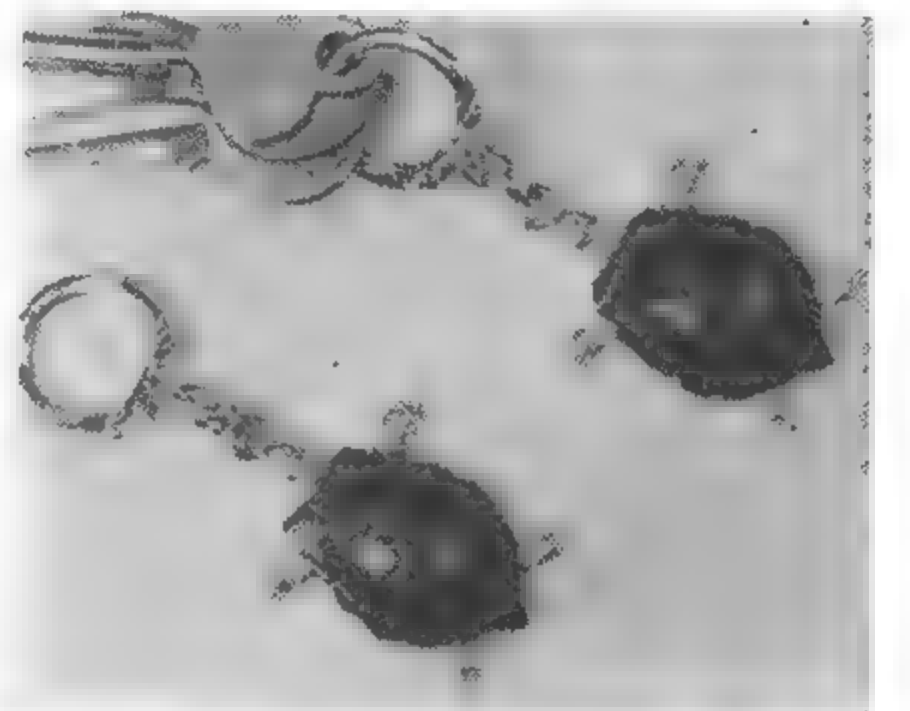
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TALKING SHOP

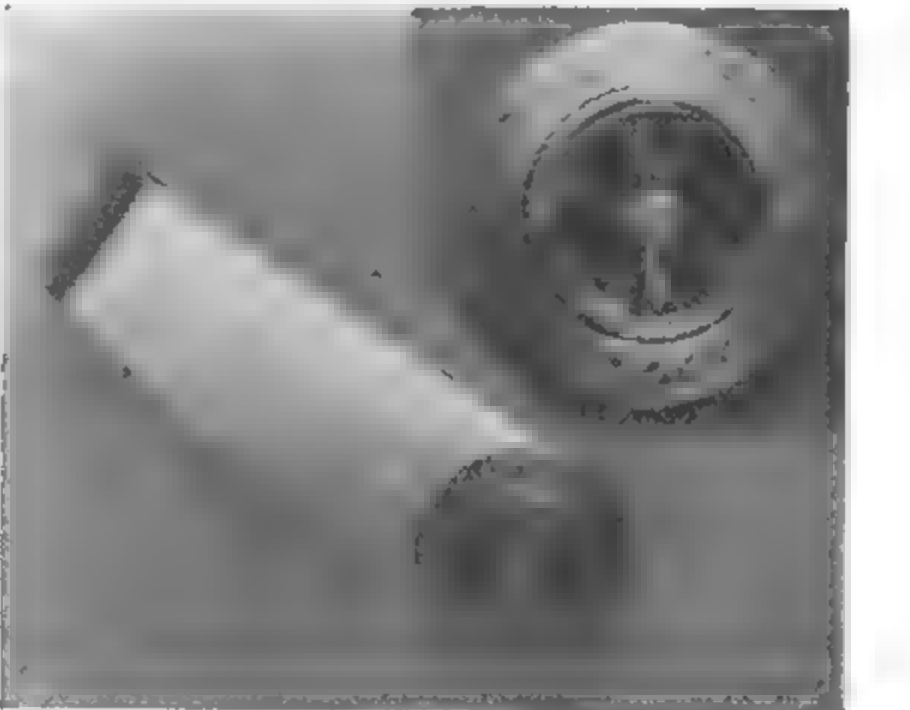
GLAMOUR PIECE. In a well-planned gold metal case, 3" x 4", she can carry all her necessary equipment for the evening. It has a full-sized mirror, a comb, a lipstick holder to be filled with her own choice of color, a place for powder and one for cigarettes. A smart black suede cover with a handle makes it easy for carrying.



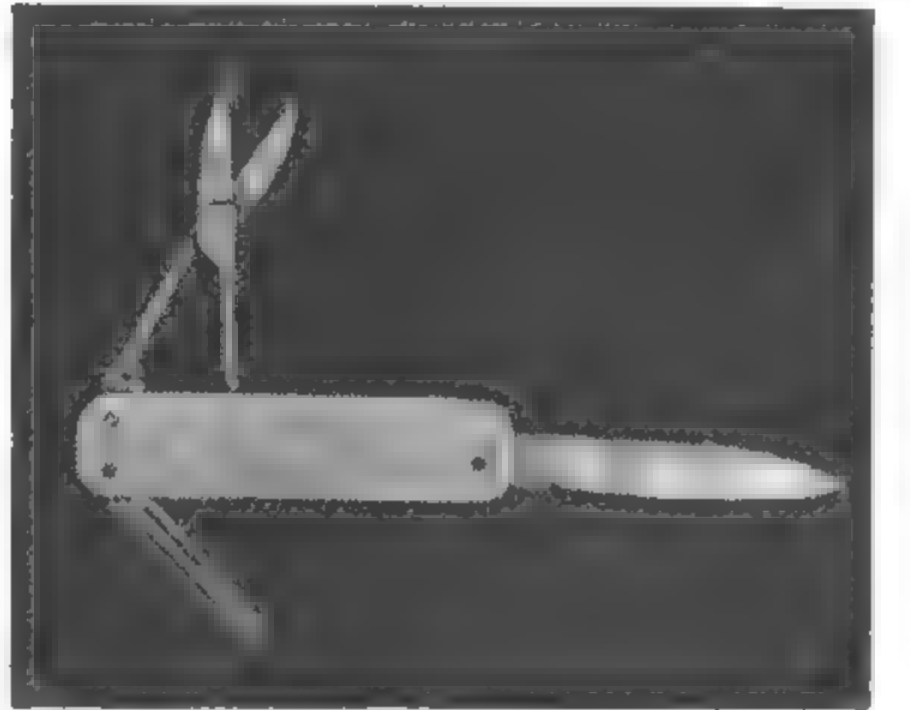
THIS LITTLE OLD TURTLE comes from France to serve patiently as a key holder. It has metal feet, a green or red leather back and a tenacious hold on keys. If you send it to someone as a present, it might be appropriate to enclose a card quoting from the Bible "... The Voice of the Turtle ..." (Song of Solomon, Chapter 2, Stanzas 10, 11, 12.)



YOU MAY NOT KNOW where your money is going but at least you can figure out your own direction with this sterling silver money clip. The business end carries an accurate small compass to give you your directions and always show you the way to go home. Same idea and design is carried out in tie clasp, cuff links and earrings for the Mrs.



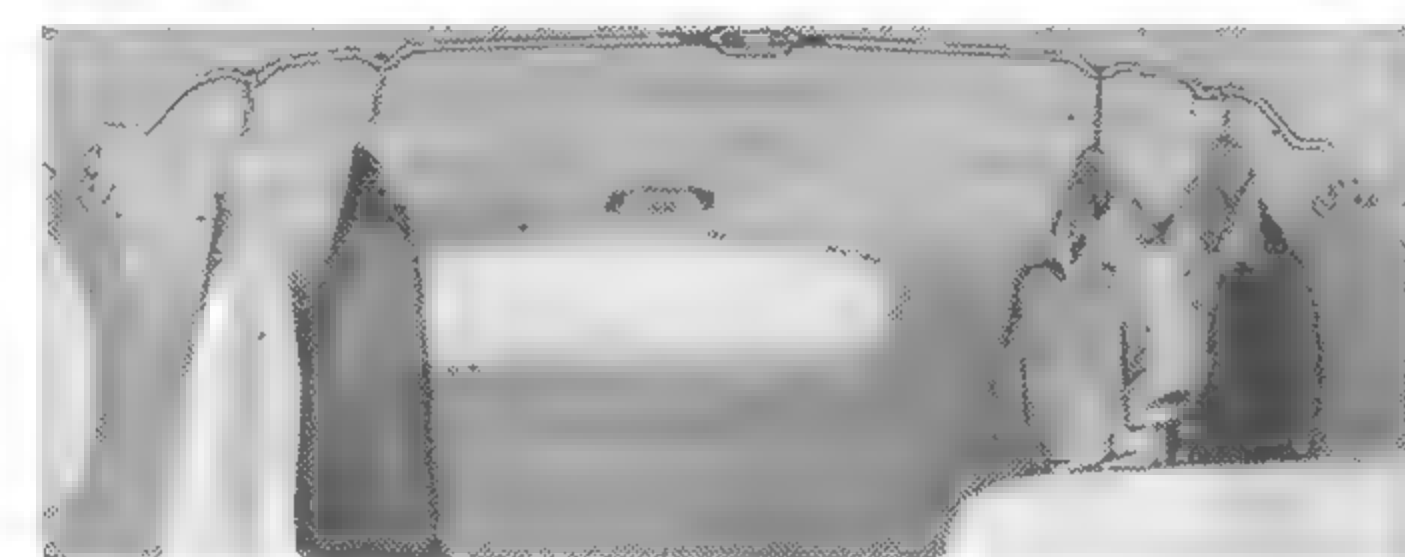
KEEP THE NAILS in shape with this one-piece manicure set. It's a 2 1/2" simulated mother-of-pearl handled pocket knife with one regular knife blade, a nail file, and a tiny pair of carbon steel scissors with spring return. Brass lined, the popular scissors pocket knife is imported from Italy. It can be handy to have on a chain or on your key ring.



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carry that bottle SAFELY in a
VENUS BOTTLE GUARD

Venus quart-size, heavily-padded, suede-like Bottle Guard keeps clothes and suitcase free of stains from bottles that might leak; protects against breaking; saves bulk in wrapping—pays for itself in peace of mind and cleaning bills. Travelers love them. Quart size \$3.00, Pint size \$2.50. Colors: Tan, Maroon, Green. Also two-compartment Perfume Bottle Guard, \$3.00. At most good stores or write us.
Venus Corp., 1170 B'way, New York. Dept. E 12

The Different GIFTS—**Cash's**

WOVEN NAMES

keep on giving protection to clothing and all belongings for years. Known as the perfect method of marking. Get some for yourself—give them to your friends. Insist on the genuine.

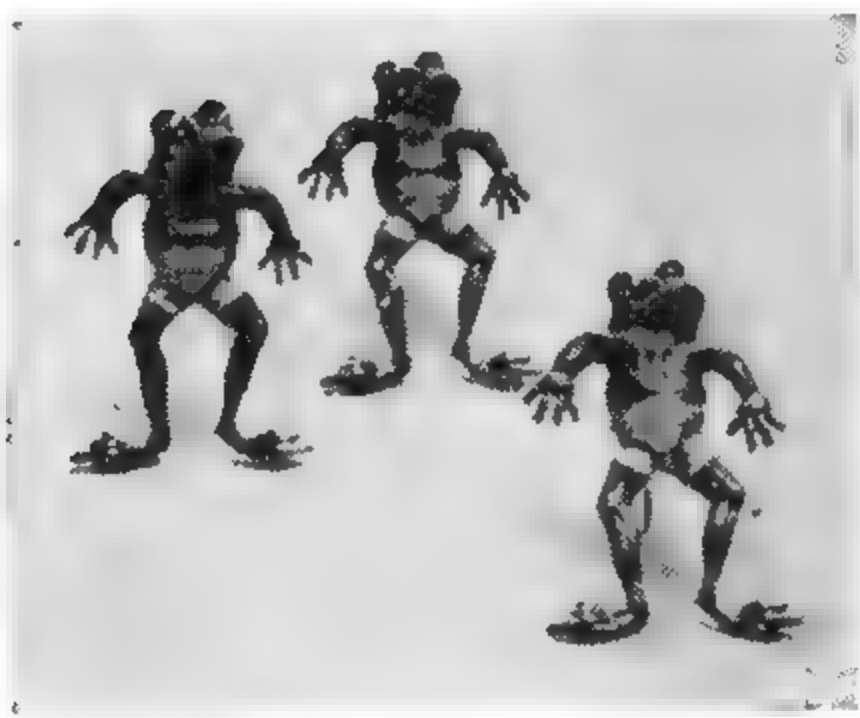
3 Doz. . \$1.80
6 Doz. . \$2.40
9 Doz. . \$3.00
12 Doz. . \$3.50

NO-SO Cement 25c (to attach without sewing)

Cash's So. Norwalk 2, Conn.

Ask your dealer, or write for samples

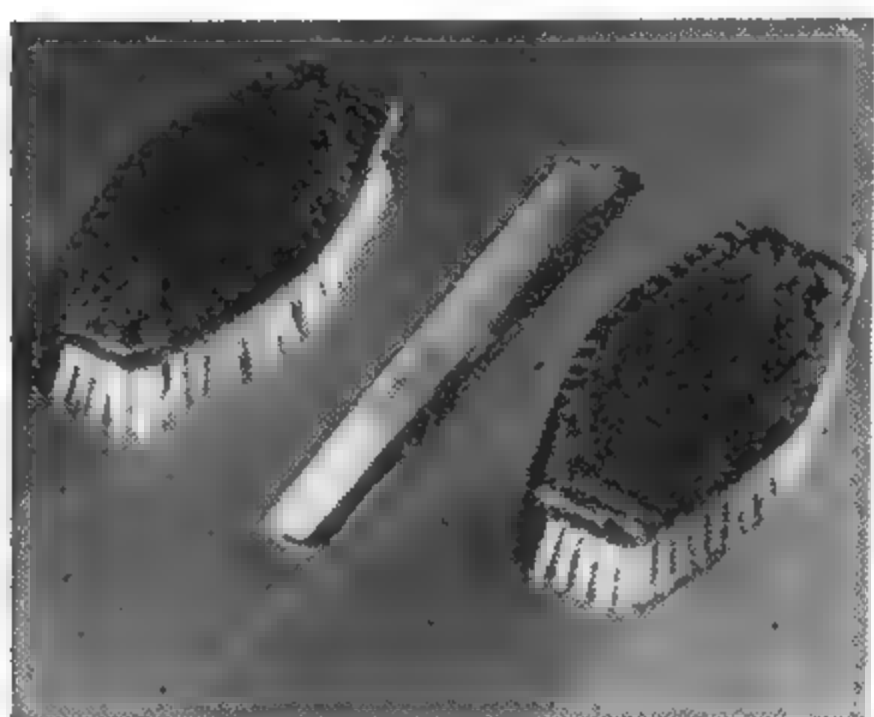
WITH ESQUIRE



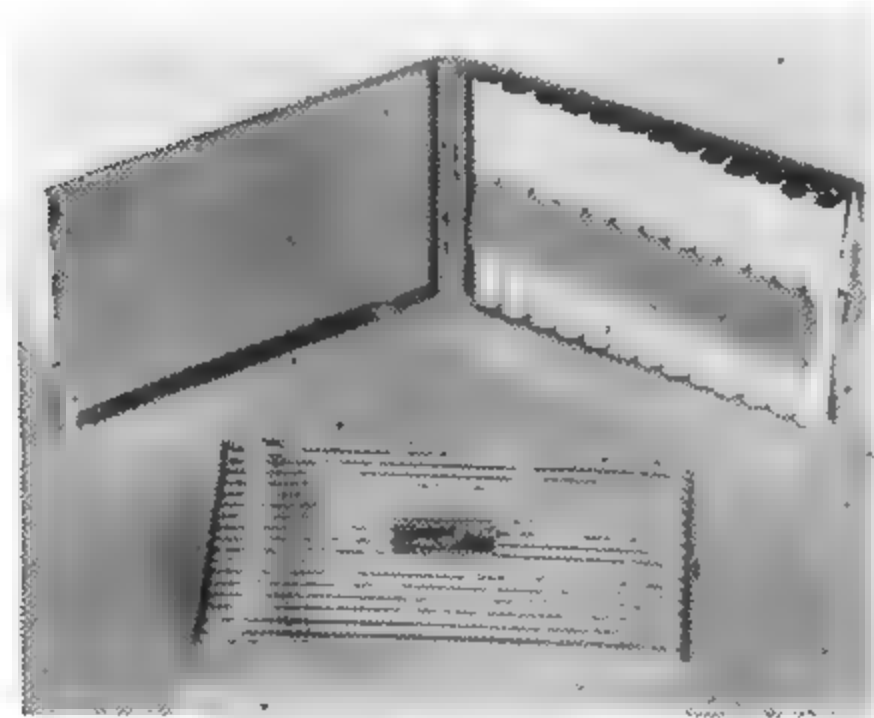
DELIGHTFULLY ABSURD, bulge-eyed frogs, 1" tall on their hind legs and with fancy white tights on their ridiculous green enamel bodies are, in fact, stick-pin ornaments for my lady's costume. No doubt she'll give them each a name and love them even more dearly as she discovers how much comment they create. They look best in twos and threes.



LOVE, KISSES and all sorts of good wishes are written over this colorful silk scarf. It is one yard square, the background and border are in contrast colors, to your own order, and the lettering is in colors on white. It's as good a way as any of letting a gal know what you're thinking. But you had better plan ahead, orders may take several weeks to fill.



GOOD-GROOMING starts at the top. Help him keep his hair looking neat and healthy with a set of nylon bristled brushes and matching comb. In simulated tortoise shell and specially well-shaped for a firm hand grip, they also look good on the dresser. Brushes are among the best made anywhere and, of course, the comb is replaceable.



PRESENTATION PIECE. The stamp of elegance is on this sterling silver cigarette case, gold-lined on the inside and made with an extra wide lever on which to engrave an inscription for some special occasion. Suitable with both formal and informal clothes and something he'll always use and be proud to take out of his pocket. Holds about 15 cigarettes.

to Ranger. Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Ranger



"The GIFT of GOOD GROOMING"

REMOVES LINT & DUST like Magic!

The new Electro Cleaner performs miracles on suits, hats, furniture and car upholstery. Picks up dust, lint, and loose hair by magnetic attraction. Cleans fabrics thoroughly and quickly. No current or chemical required. Satisfaction guaranteed. Made of beautiful non-breakable plastic. Gift boxed. The perfect gift for HIM, for HER. Mailed prepaid for \$1.75.

J. H. SMITH CO., INC.
DEPT. C, GREENFIELD, MASS.

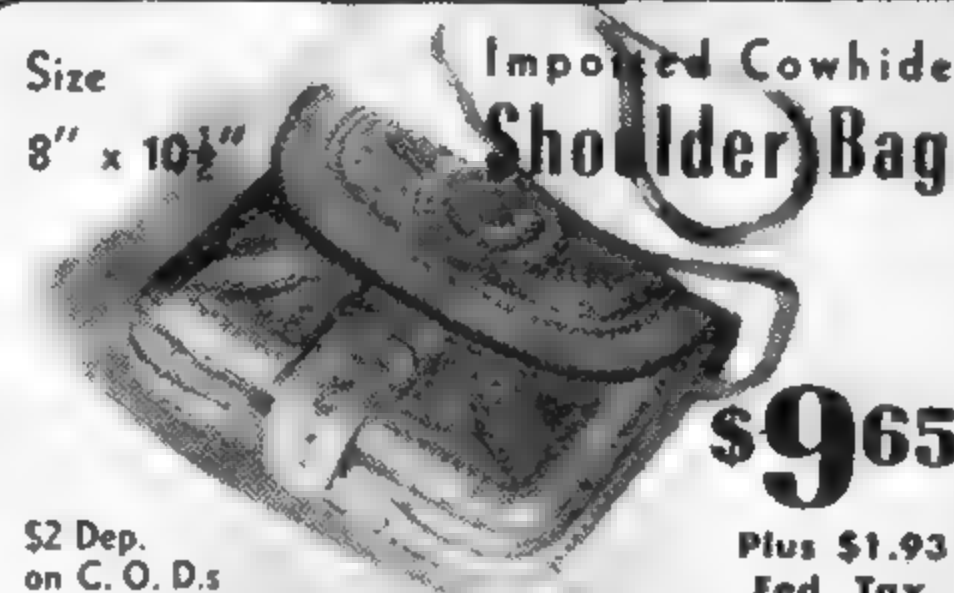


FAST, FASCINATING FUN for ALL the FAMILY!

2 or 4 players operate magnetic mallets under playboard, manipulating two opposing teams to score as in real Hockey game. 20 1/2" x 12" sturdy playboard with metal supports, red and blue plastic figures. Full directions. \$3.75 postpaid. 2 additional mallets 75c No C.O.D.'s

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Hand-Tooled in GUATEMALA!



Size 8" x 10 1/2" Imported Cowhide \$9.65 Plus \$1.93 Fed. Tax

For beauty and long service! Also available in Child's size, 5 1/2 x 7 1/4 at \$4.75, plus 95c Fed. Tax.

FREE Write for Free Color Folder on Beautifully-styled Domestic & Imported Bags
BROPAR Box 1997, Dept. 1223 San Antonio 6, Texas

FOR MORE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLEASURE Merry Christmas!

DIAMOND... The World's Finest GADG-IT BAG
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

There's a place for everything... and everything's in its proper place in this extraordinary camera carrying bag. The Diamond GADG-IT bag is the finest gift value your money can buy... precision crafted of selected water-repellent leathers in a rich, red shade of "Kord-o-Van." Illustrated model C 906...\$24.50. Other sizes...From \$11. to \$48.

At Leading Camera Stores
Write for Diamond's catalog and price list.
Only Diamond makes the Genuine Gadg-it Bag

DIAMOND CASE DIVISION
Louis Lefkowitz & Bros., Inc., New Brunswick, N.J.

PIRATE MASK CAPTAIN KIDD Comes to Life



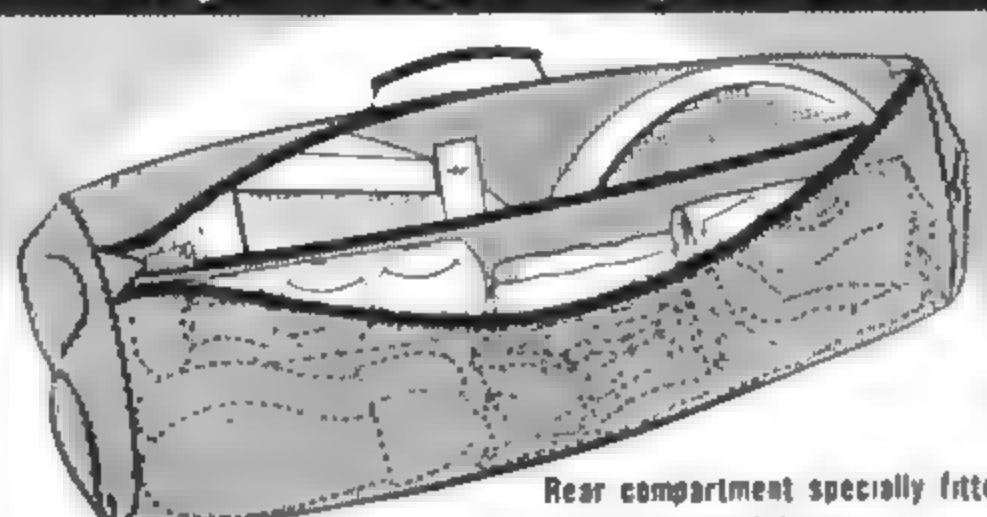
Actual Photograph
A natural, lifelike, colorful, terrifying likeness of the old Pirate. Lots of fun at parties, the office, anytime. Made of sanitary rubber by famous artist. Easy to put on and take off. Cool and comfortable to wear. Can be rolled and carried in pocket.

\$1.98 EACH OR 3 for \$5.00
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ALSO, Idiot—Old Man—Old Woman—Glamor Girl—Ghost—Indian—Devil—Wolf—Cat—Owl—Pigtails—Skull—Witch.

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The **Decleva** Waterproof **TENNIS** Carry-All BAG

Rear compartment specially fitted for rackets and frames. Front compartment for balls, accessories and clothing.

- Skillfully designed for maximum carrying ease
- Roomy, simple space for your tennis equipment
- Waterproof... protection guaranteed against all climatic conditions

About \$7.00 Attractively boxed
At Your Dealers or Write
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FAMOUS FOR CONTINENTAL CHOCOLATES

BARTON'S Chocolates FOR A MERRY XMAS

Send Barton's—the candy favorite of millions of New Yorkers and their friends all over the World. Obtainable in Barton's own 25 Stores in Greater New York—and by MAIL ANYWHERE in the U. S. A.

Note: to BUSINESS EXECUTIVES
Barton's Gift Assortments of famous Continental Chocolates are perfect for associates, friends, clients and their families. Specify gift assortments (using coupon below). Send check and attach list of names.

BARTON'S CANDY TREASURES

One lb. Pinch Bottle Cordials bottled in chocolate. PLUS 1 lb. My Favorites chocolates. \$2.78 add 30¢ mailing charges.

BARTON'S COMMODE

3-drawer wooden chest; 3 delicious Barton's Chocolate assortments. 1 lb. 6 oz. net \$4.98 plus 35¢ mailing charges.

BARTON'S Sweet-of-the-Month CLUB

9.95 • 16.50 • 29.95
For those extra-special names on your gift list, a different box of BARTON'S delicious chocolates each month to keep you remembered throughout the year.

This glamorous **BALLERINA** Gift Tin, sent with your greetings in time for Christmas, the December selection to all Club Members.

6-BOX CLUB PLAN
A 1-lb. 4 oz. Ballerina Gift Tin and five 1-lb. boxes of Barton's chocolate specialties during the year \$9.95

10-BOX CLUB PLAN
A 1-lb. 4 oz. Ballerina Gift Tin and nine 1-lb. boxes... each assortment delightfully different. \$16.50

10-BOX DE LUXE MEMBERSHIP
A 2-lb. Ballerina Gift Tin and nine 2-lb. boxes... superb in flavor and quality. Prices include postage and special packing. \$29.95
*Every month except July and August

Write for illustrated brochure of Barton's complete assortments

BARTON'S
Dept. N-4
503 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

I enclose Gift List and check (or Money Order) for \$..... in payment of the following:

	Price	Mailing Cost	Total
Barton's Candy Treasures	\$2.78	30¢	
Barton's Commode	\$4.98	35¢	

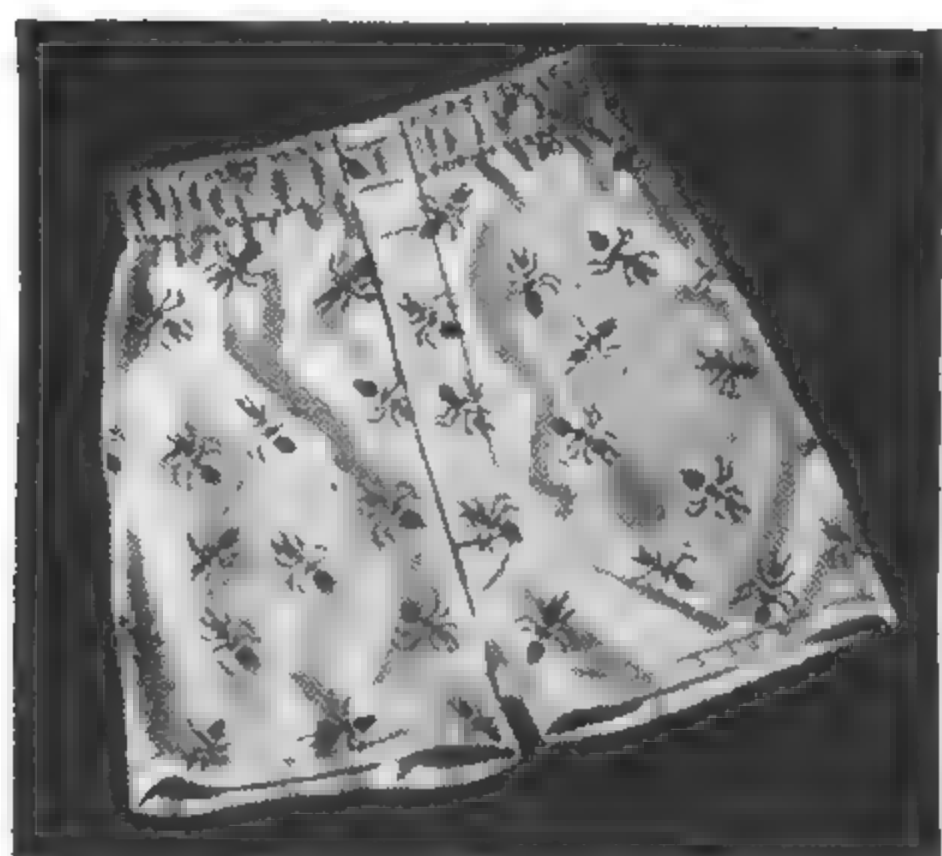
Add only 3¢ mailing cost for each additional lb. to same address

BARTON'S SWEET-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
(mailing costs included)
.....\$9.95 (6 box).....\$16.50 (10 box).....
.....\$29.95 De Luxe (10 box).....
Add 2% sales tax for N.Y.C. delivery.

It is understood that each person on my CLUB PLAN list will receive a Membership Certificate bearing my name and good wishes. Gift list attached.

MY NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....
Please print full names and addresses of each member you enroll. Don't forget yourself.

more fun
than
a picnic



\$2.50 Antsy Pants
undershorts
for him

Solve that ticklish gift problem with a clever gift that'll give him a lift! Well-built boxer-type shorts of comfortable, all-spun washable rayon. Elastic waistband, roomy saddle seat. Blue, sand or maize with big, well-behaved ants scattered about. Size 28 to 46 inch waist.

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BANCROFT, LTD.
363 Madison Ave.
New York 17, N. Y.
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Please send _____ pr. Antsy Pants.

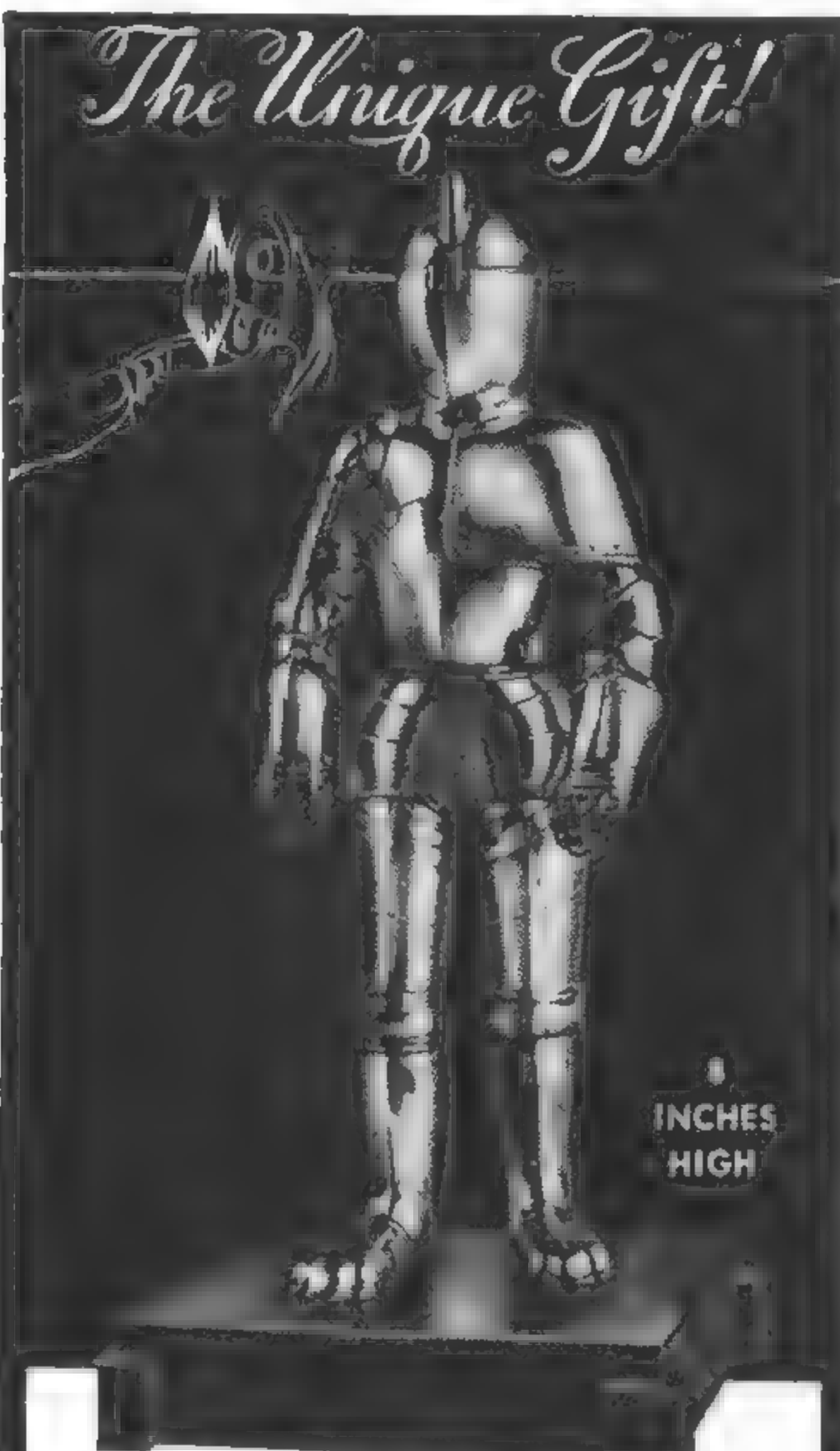
Size _____, Color _____

I am enclosing \$ _____ Check ☐ M.O. ☐
including sales tax where required.
(No C.O.D.'s, please)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



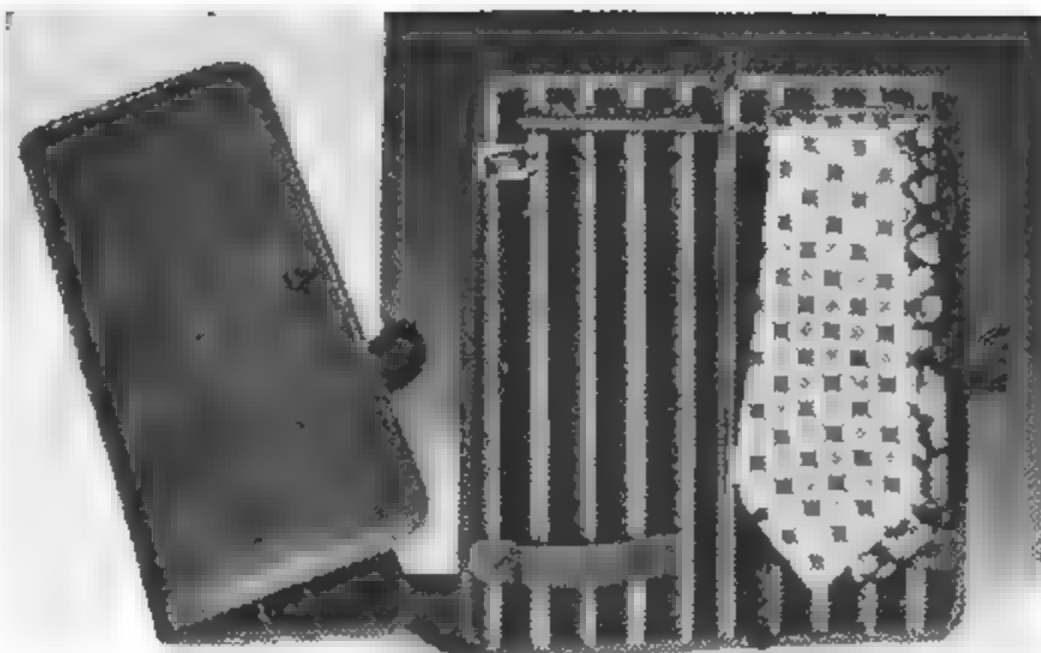
Knight in Armor
table lighter

Authentic reproduction of 17th century Earl of Pembroke armor, accurate to minutest link and greave. Touch the visor . . . helmet snaps open . . . and there's your light! Positive action, dependable as the knights of old. 8" tall including sturdy black plastic base. Precision diecast to give years of unfailing service. Gleaming chrome finish won't rust or tarnish. Takes standard lighter-flints and fluid; vapor-seal prevents rapid evaporation. Makes a decorative and distinguished accessory for desk, den or table. ORDER NOW to delight any man on your list.

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stores everywhere

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BY MAIL

ERIC WEDEMEYER, Inc.
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(We ship postpaid)



TRAVEL TIE CASE

The Ideal Christmas Gift

Made of genuine top quality tan saddle leather, this wonderful travel tie case holds up to 12 ties wrinkle-free. Handsome striped lining. Sturdy brass hanger folds neatly out of sight when closed, ready for immediate use when open. Handkerchief pocket on the outside. Specially-priced at **\$4.95** (includes postage and fed. tax). With 2 or 3 initials or first name in 24 K gold: **\$5.95**.
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PIPE COLLECTORS!
Imported "HUNTSMAN"
ONLY \$2.95



Here is an unusual Bohemian pipe imported direct from Czechoslovakia. For a new smoking thrill, try this rare and beautiful old-world pipe. Genuine briar bowl packs a heap of cool, sweetsmoking. Hashinged lid for draft control. Length 6 1/4". Removable bottom for easy cleaning. SEND NO MONEY—just write name and address on postcard and mail at once. Upon delivery pay postman only \$2.95, plus delivery. Money back if pipe is returned unsmoked within 5 days. Quantities limited—order NOW!

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MARK FOSTER
Dept. H-110, 179 Wooster St., N. Y. 12, N. Y.



"TIPSY" The Animated Drink Pourer

Your guests will howl when they see this hilarious dipso. He fits any bottle—just tip it and presto!—he pours you a drink from his own little bottle while his street lamp lights up automatically flashing the words "Say When." Formally attired and made of ebony plastic, he's hand-painted in natural colors. A droll idea for your next party, a riotous Xmas suggestion. Gift boxed. \$3.95 postpaid complete with battery and bulb. No C.O.D.'s please

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BE FAIR TO YOUR HAIR

Want better looking hair? Embarrassed by falling dandruff flakes—itching scalp? Then you need the new VITABRUSH—now. Doctors and scalp authorities advise vigorous, regular brushing as the natural, common-sense way to hair and scalp care. Handy as an electric razor, VITABRUSH gets your scalp really clean, stimulates the blood supply, "polishes" the hair, makes it easily managed. Not a vibrator—a 5000-stroke-a-minute electric hairbrush. Packs 20 minutes of hand brushing into 3 minutes. Restful, relaxing. Write for satisfaction-guaranteed offer, today. Hershey Mfg. Co., 161 S. LaSalle St., Chicago.

TALKING SHOP

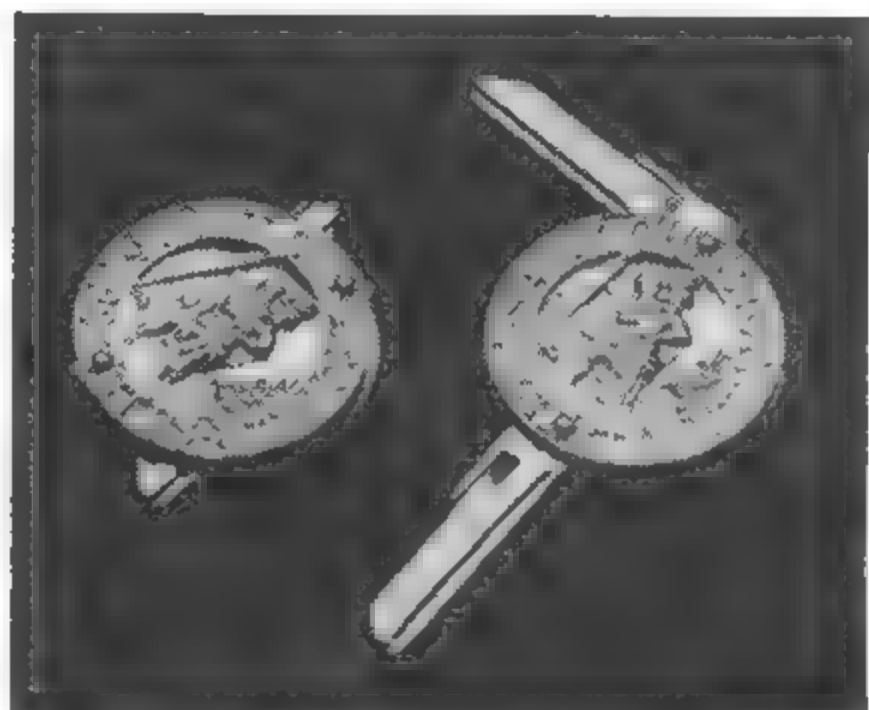
THE WONDER FLOWER star-shaped and called the Star of Bethlehem, is unusually long-lasting. Shipped from South Africa in a semi-dormant condition, it can be sent to far places and last from 3 to 4 weeks after it is put in water. Creamy white with 12" to 18" stems, they are lovely yet inexpensive. An idea for the man with a big Xmas list.



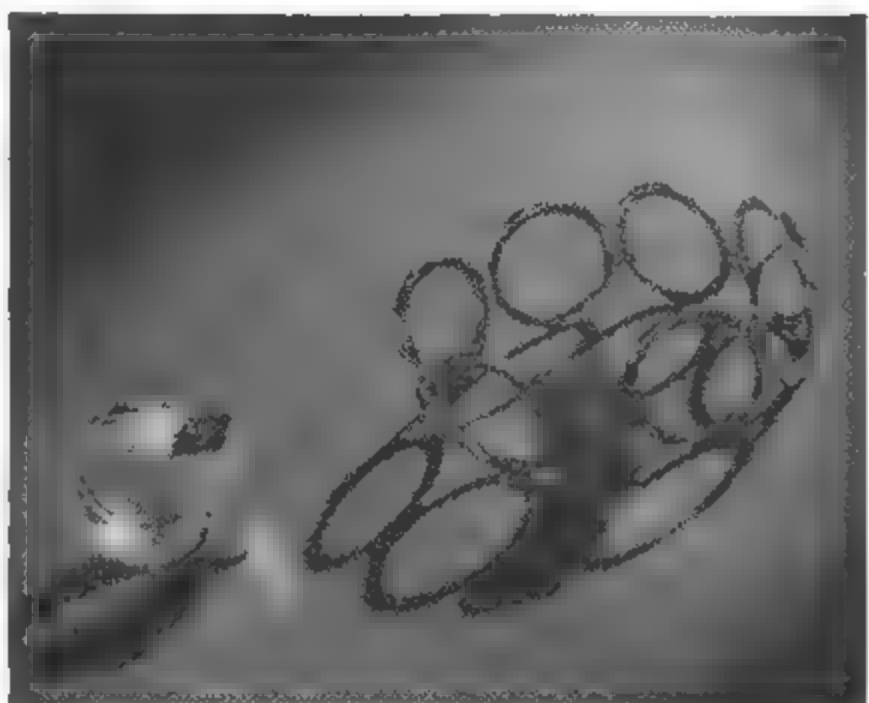
KEEP IN MIND for your Xmas list a perfume called Arpege. Among perfumes, this one is in the caviar-champagne class. Men always react to it with plenty of enthusiasm and women know its reputation. It's not strong, not sweet, not heavy. Yet it's almost guaranteed to turn a fellow's head when some gal goes by who's wearing it.



SAINT CHRISTOPHER, patron saint of travel, is as appropriate a motif for your car keys as any. The gold-plated St. Christopher medal has a similar-sized disk behind it and two flat keys are sandwiched in between. When not in use, the keys fold in behind the medal and you simply have a medal no bigger than a fifty cent piece.



WHEN THE TIME COMES, a fellow can take this man-sized ring off his finger and give it to his girl as a betrothal bracelet. The idea is said to have been used in ancient Greece. Modern version has a heavy oblong dome for monogramming, jewelry or for a coat of arms. It's 14K. and in ring form, you wouldn't know it could be a bracelet.



For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

Alligator



only \$10.00

Handsome gift in 'gator! A one-piece belt . . . hand fashioned at the bench by skilled craftsmen. Luxury details: highly polished, seamless, lined in top grain cowhide. 1 inch wide in handsome rust brown or black. Solid bronze streamlined buckle. Sizes 30-46. Simply send \$10.00 check or money order. We ship postpaid. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s!

gifts unlimited

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Treat yourself to real comfort!
Custom-made
HALF-WELLINGTON
BOOTS

You'll like the careful workmanship . . . the way they fit. During the war we made these fine boots for men in the service only. Now everyone can enjoy their comfort and good looks. These boots are made in AA to EE widths in all sizes, in black or brown, with choice calf vamps and kid uppers, fully leather lined. Write us today for price and instructions for ordering.

John A. Frye Shoe Co., Dept. E-12, Marlboro, Mass.
Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes since 1863

WITH ESQUIRE



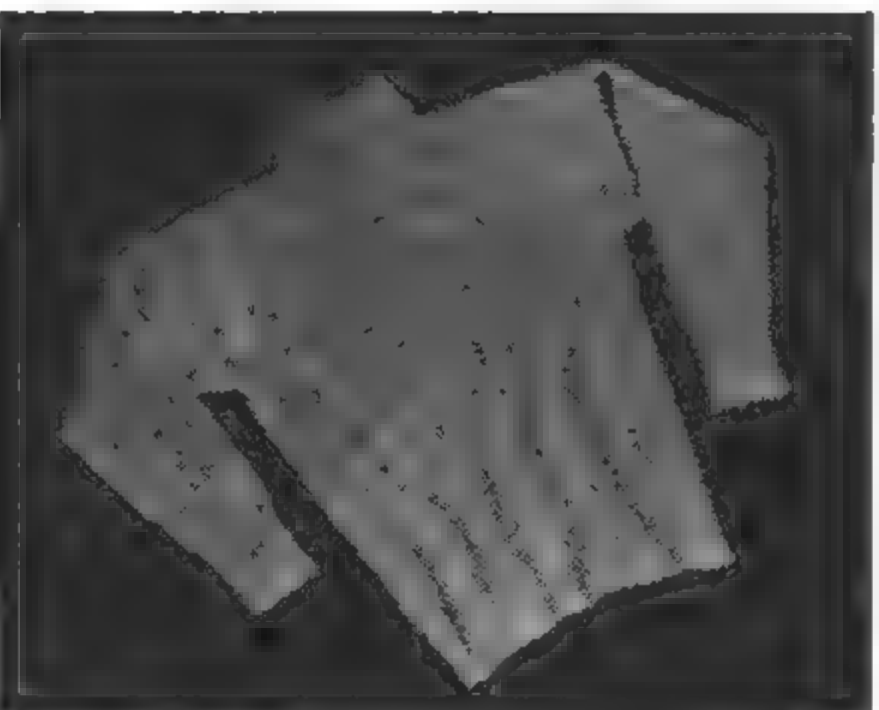
YOU CAN'T GO WRONG if you get her the sort of sweetly-tailored wardrobe shirt that all women love. It's silk with hand-stitching on the pocket, the collar and cuffs. It comes with long or short sleeves, in white, blue, navy, black, grey, champagne, kelly and beige. The short satin tie-scarf adds just the right touch of contrast color.



WATCH HER FACE light up with pleasure as she lifts this hostess robe out of its Xmas wrappings. It is rich black velvet, full skirted with a startling emerald green satin inverted pleat in front that widens out when she walks. It has graceful lines and in other color combinations as well, it is both dressed-up and casual for evenings at home.



MINK has gone masculine. Here is a half-silk, half-mink scarf that looks male and makes an extremely luxurious gift for the man about town. The polka-dotted silk part goes around the neck and ties like an ascot with the mink in front covering the chest for warmth and smartness. Made of the finest mink, it is soft and not at all bulky.



SOFT AS A BABY'S CHEEK, this turtle-neck, long sleeved sweater was made in Scotland of the finest cashmere. Casual looking, very light in weight and comfortable, it is ideal for active sports or for just lounging around. It's the sort of thing that looks particularly well on a man in front of a blazing fire in a mountain ski lodge.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Ranger

MURRAY'S FAMOUS IRISH ERINMORE FLAKE

Vacuum-packed, fresh from Ireland. 2 oz. 50¢, 4 oz. 95¢.
At your dealer's, or write:
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Sole Importers & Distributors for U. S. A.



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New York 21, N. Y.

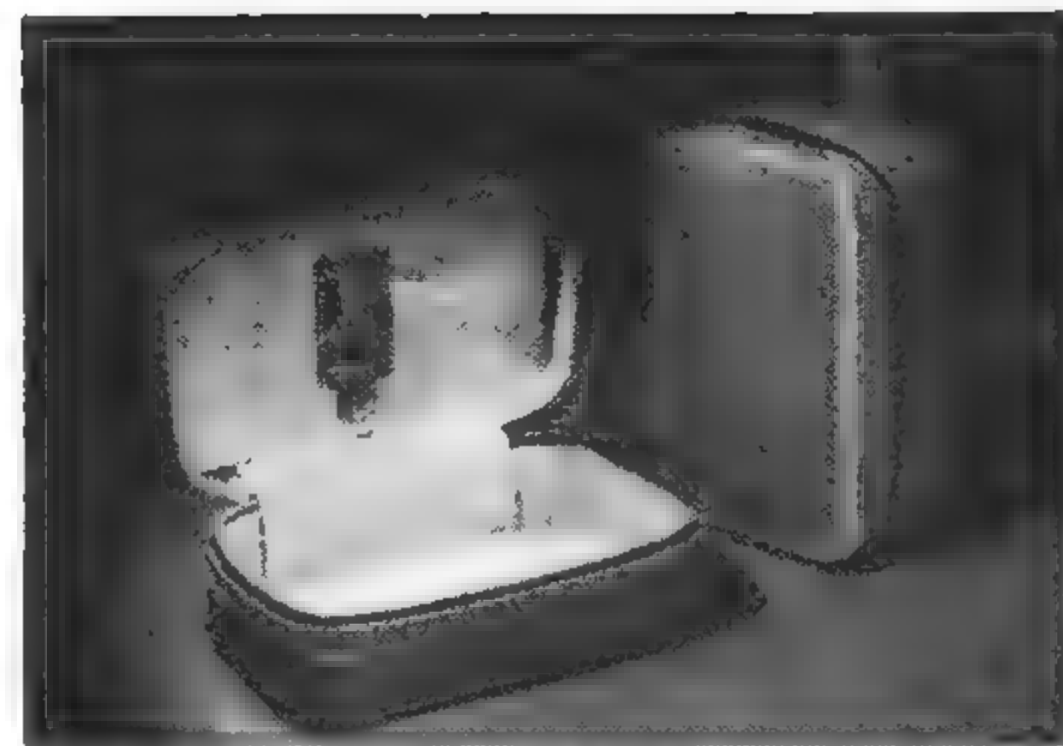
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3 Piece
LOUNGE
SET
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Postpaid

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TRAVEL UTILITY CASE The Ideal Christmas Gift

This attractive large utility case is made of hand-blocked, saddle-stitched, genuine leather, highly glazed in natural pig grain. Easily carries all full sized toilet articles. Opens conveniently with an all-around zipper and is handsomely lined with a water-proof material. There are adjustable leather loops for comb, tooth brush, razor and shaving brush. Note thumb handle for easy carrying. Slips into suitcase, over-night bag, bureau drawer or glove compartment of car. Keeps things tidy and in one place, ready to use. Size 8 1/2" x 5 1/2" x 4". Sorry no C.O.D.'s. Only \$4.95. Initials or first name in 24K gold, \$5.95, postpaid, fed. tax incl.

Send for FREE catalog
TREASURE MART
DEPT. E-12, 545 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 17

A HOLE-IN-ONE WITH KADDY KIT!

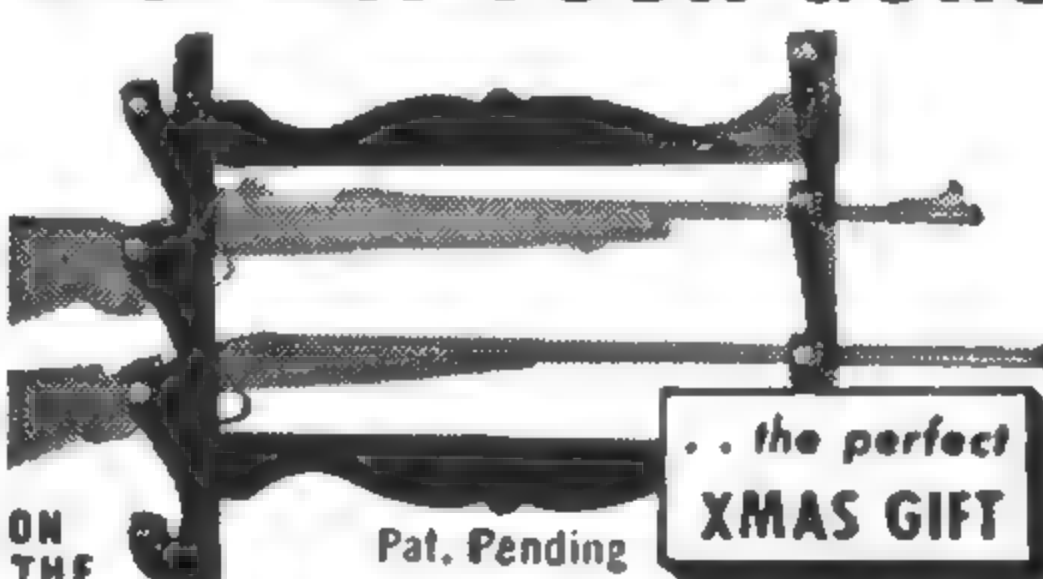
The grandest gift for golfers—NOW PERSONALIZED! In Hickey's genuine natural russet, Shrewsbury Grain, bridle leather, saddlestitched. Balls are locked in securely, yet roll out freely when wanted. Attaches easily to golfer's belt, out of his way; weighs 4 oz. **KADDY KIT** comes with 4 tees and pencil. Handsomely gift boxed.

Below par prices:
Man's model—\$5.00; Woman's model (Matching leather belt)—\$6.00. Prices postpaid. No C.O.D.'s please.

3 INITIALS 50c EXTRA.

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PEQUOT GUN RACK

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... Adds Decorative Beauty to any Room

Protect your guns from the wear and tear of just "lying around." Hung in a cozy corner of the living room the PEQUOT GUN RACK will impart a delightful touch of hunting atmosphere. And what a beautiful Rack this is—of unique, graceful design... cut from selected Walnut, beautifully finished. Self-leveling feature allows any type gun to rest securely in horizontal position. Four gun size (holds 2 to 4 guns)—\$7.95. Six gun size (holds 4 to 6 guns)—\$10.95. Clip this ad and send with check or money order. Shipped postpaid. Money back if dissatisfied.

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You'll always be right when you select PARK AVE. ARISTOCRATS. They're custom-made and hand tailored. Smart stylings include beautiful patterns in Glenwood Foulards, Milan Satin Jacquards and Starlite Satins.

At better Men's Stores
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For the man who has everything TREMENDOUS VALUES IN Sweaters of Imported Mongolian Cashmere

For the hunter, golfer, outdoor man. A gift of perfect taste; soft, silky, luxurious. Natural, powder blue, mallard green, silver grey. With sleeves—sizes 38 to 46; sleeveless, in small, medium, large. Order now at these value prices.

Long Sleeved
\$16.95
Sleeveless
\$11.95

The Palace

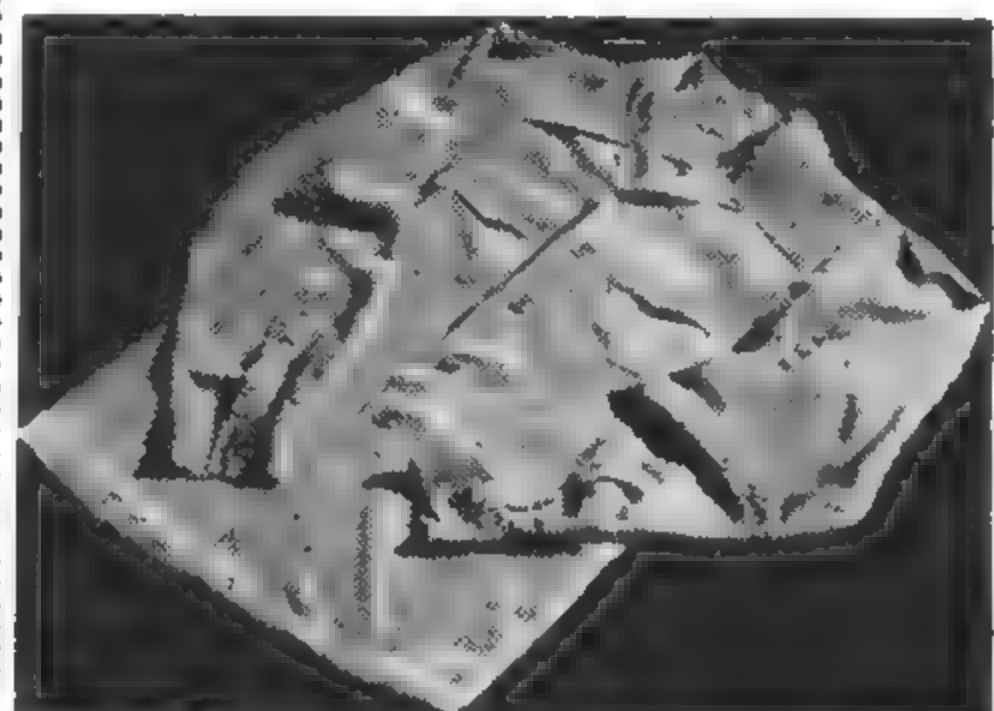
12th and Grand ... Kansas City, Mo.

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The Palace; Please send me
Sweaters at \$16.95; ... at \$11.95
I enclose ☐ check ☐ money order
(No C.O.D.'s)

Color _____ Size _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Looks like silk...wears like iron washes perfectly...dries fast!



NYLON SPORT SHIRT enriched with acetate by Don Juan of California

A shirt of exquisite sheen and texture, superbly tailored and finished with hand picked edges on collar and pocket. Canary, white, topaz, aqua, grey, powder, fame. Small, medium, large, extra large. \$6.95
Order for Christmas.

The Palace

12th and Grand ... Kansas City, Mo.

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Size _____ Color _____ ☐ check ☐ money order

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MEN—and Women, too!

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RIDE and ROW THE BATTLE CREEK WAY!
Enjoy most efficient health-building rowing AND riding! Natural HYDRAULIC pull of rowing plus benefits of horseback riding—adjusts for mild exercise or strenuous workout as you wish. Rhythmic movement of handles, seat and pedals "symmetrizes" and beautifies entire figure. EXEROW safely normalizes WEIGHT—improves HEALTH and appearance. Direct factory price. Write for information TODAY.

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GIVING
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HULL
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Beaconlite Illuminated, \$5.95
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COLLAR STAYS

Just stick 'em on with thumb pressure.

RE-USABLE AGAIN and AGAIN!

Keep collars "Morning-Fresh" all day long with PRES-STAYS. Stick 'em under collar points. They hold by themselves like adhesive tape. 25c a package of 4 pairs at your men's shop. Or use coupon below. We pay postage.

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2625 S. Santa Fe, Los Angeles 11, Calif.

☐ Send me 4 packages of 4 sets of PRES-STAYS (16 pairs). I enclose 1.00.

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Name _____

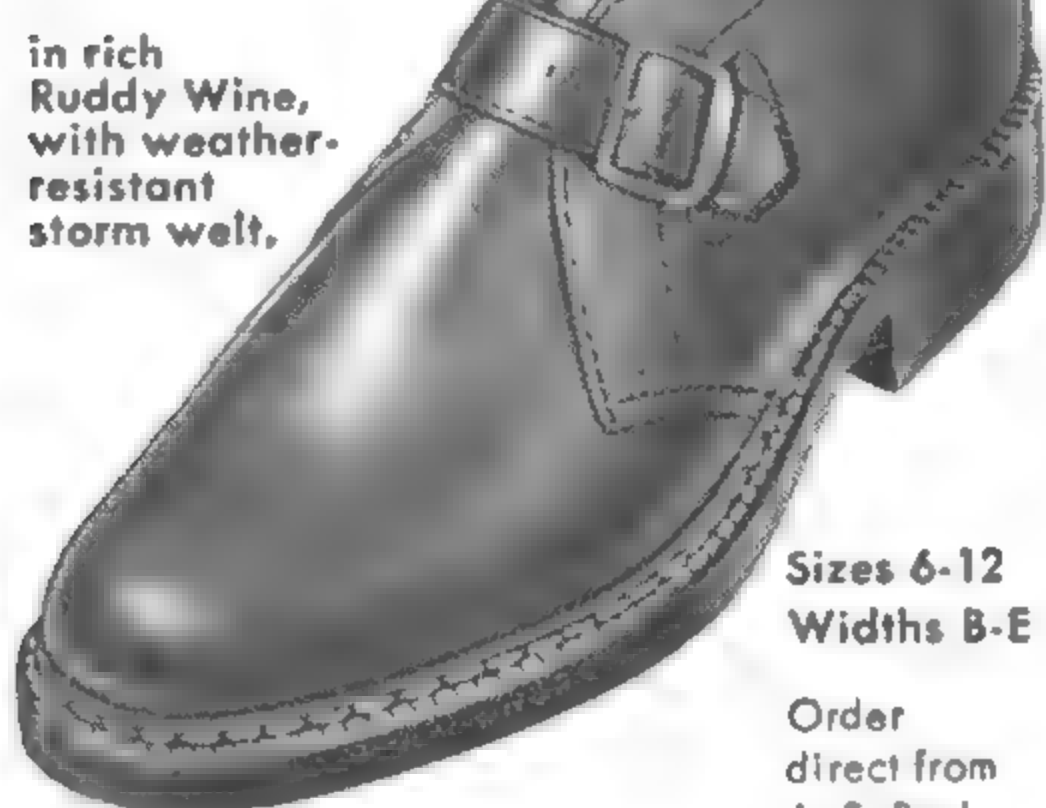
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E-12

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made in Beck's own factories ...
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Order direct from
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25 West 43rd Street, New York 18, N. Y.
Please send Chukka plain ☐ moc. ☐ at \$7.99

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Check ☐ Money Order ☐ I pay postage if C.O.D. ☐



FRANK KOVACS, top-ranking tennis pro, wears the

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Comfortable in any weather—this beret worn by sportsmen and fighting men the world over. Made in England of soft, pure British wool. Rain-, fade- and shrink-resistant, and you can pack it in your pocket. Rayon satin lining, leather sweatband. Head sizes 6¾ to 7½. At better stores. \$3.50

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DO IT WITHOUT DILUTING

Just freeze and drop in your drinks. Re-use indefinitely. Crystal plastic with water forever sealed inside. Crystal Clear or Rainbow Assorted.



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Sure to be warmly welcomed by any man or woman on your list ... **STIM-U-LAX Junior**. This amazingly different massage instrument brings the benefits of Swedish-type massage right into the home. Rotating-patting movements controlled by hand pressure ... mildly soothing or deeply penetrating. Only an **OSTER** has suspended motor action which produces this result. **STIM-U-LAX Junior** is the ideal family gift!

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TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

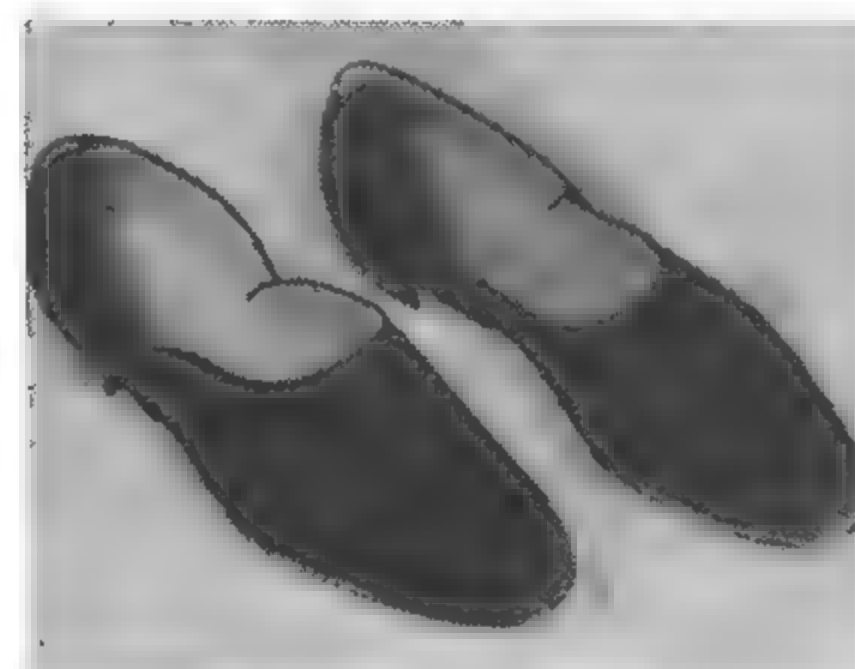
PLAYFUL AND PROVOCATIVE: a gal's sweater with traffic signs on it. In the upper left hand corner a red sign indicates "Danger." Just above, there's a "soft shoulder." Lower down the signs show a "winding road ahead." The mood is light and bantering but the sweater itself is an expensive boucle-type, smooth fitting and custom made in classic lines.



TO APPEASE the younger sister in the sub deb set, there's an intriguing cylinder-shaped, leather-covered box about 3½" in diameter that is a small-scale handbag with a sort of secret built-in compact in the lid. In addition to its real usefulness, it has all the appeal that usually goes with hidden panels and surprises in general.



FOR HIGH STYLE at leisure hours, include with your smoking jacket, easy chair and pipe-full of your favorite mixture, this pair of navy buckskin slippers. Swank and suede-like, they are bench-made in England for lounging in luxury. With lightweight shoe soles and heels, they will stand up under long wear without losing either their shape or their style.



IMPORTED FOR HIS FEET, these distinctive socks will tempt him to throw his shoes off at the slightest provocation. One pair is bright-colored argyle style, knitted in cashmere wool, a combination not often found in footwear. The other pair is ribbed in solid camel hair. Both come either short or long, are wonderfully soft, warm and absorbent.



For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address to **Ranger, Esquire, Inc.**, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17, New York

Ranger



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Yes, with Nat Cook's sensational new "Bar-Host" Set you make over a hundred cocktails perfectly—never too little, never too much—with the "Dean of New York Bartenders" as your personal guide! Nat Cook has created this exciting Home Set especially for you. Contains a gleaming stainless steel cocktail shaker, stirring spoon, strainer, a bottle of Cookie's famous "White Cap" foam—and FIVE crystal-clear measuring and mixing glasses, each divided by colored lines. To make any cocktail, simply consult the wonderful recipe book, pour up to the line, and mix; you can't make a mistake, and you don't waste a drop of liquor! Only \$9.95 postpaid or C.O.D. plus postage. Send check or money order today to:

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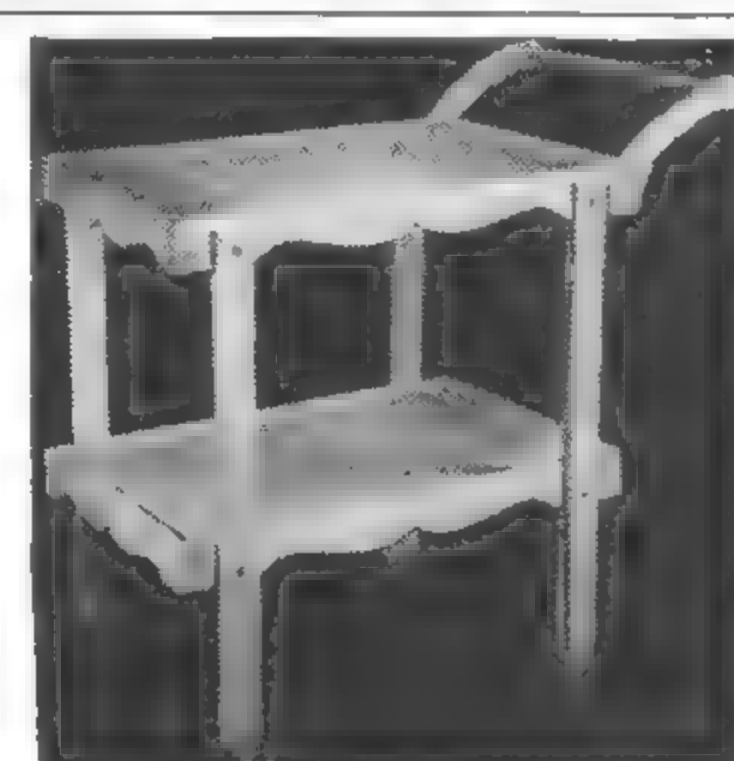
Cellar-cool earthenware with quaint Bavarian scenes and sayings. Ideal for the copious beer-thirster or the collector—or for decorative cheer

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Plays Many Roles

ONLY \$15.95
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The versatile "Arden" plays host in home and garden. Invaluable for teas, cocktails, buffet suppers, and in the nursery and sickroom. Smoothly sanded hardwood, ready to paint or stain. You'll assemble it in five minutes! Size 18"x28"x31". Also available finished in Chinese Red, Green, Canary Yellow, or Black Lacquer; Maple, Mahogany or Natural—\$5.00 additional. Please send check or money order to:

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Van Heusen adds extra tone to your looks with Two-Tones.

The wide-spread Van Bold collar and French cuffs are white . . . the shirt—
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ESQUIRE : December

New Fashion Gifts FOR An Old Fashioned Christmas



Pigskin inlay on initialed jewelry buckle matches this fine pigskin belt. In Florentine gift box. The set \$5.00



Matching braces and garters. Cordovan leather trim. In brass studded Florentine package. A handsome gift \$3.50



Hand-stained patterned leather belt with personalized jewelry tongue buckle. In Florentine gift box \$3.50



Matching pigskin wallet and key case. Wallet has gold plated ball pen and memo pad. Smartly packaged. A welcome gift. \$7.50



Alligator-grained belt, with personalized jewelry buckle, tie bar and links. A handsome gift ensemble for \$6.00



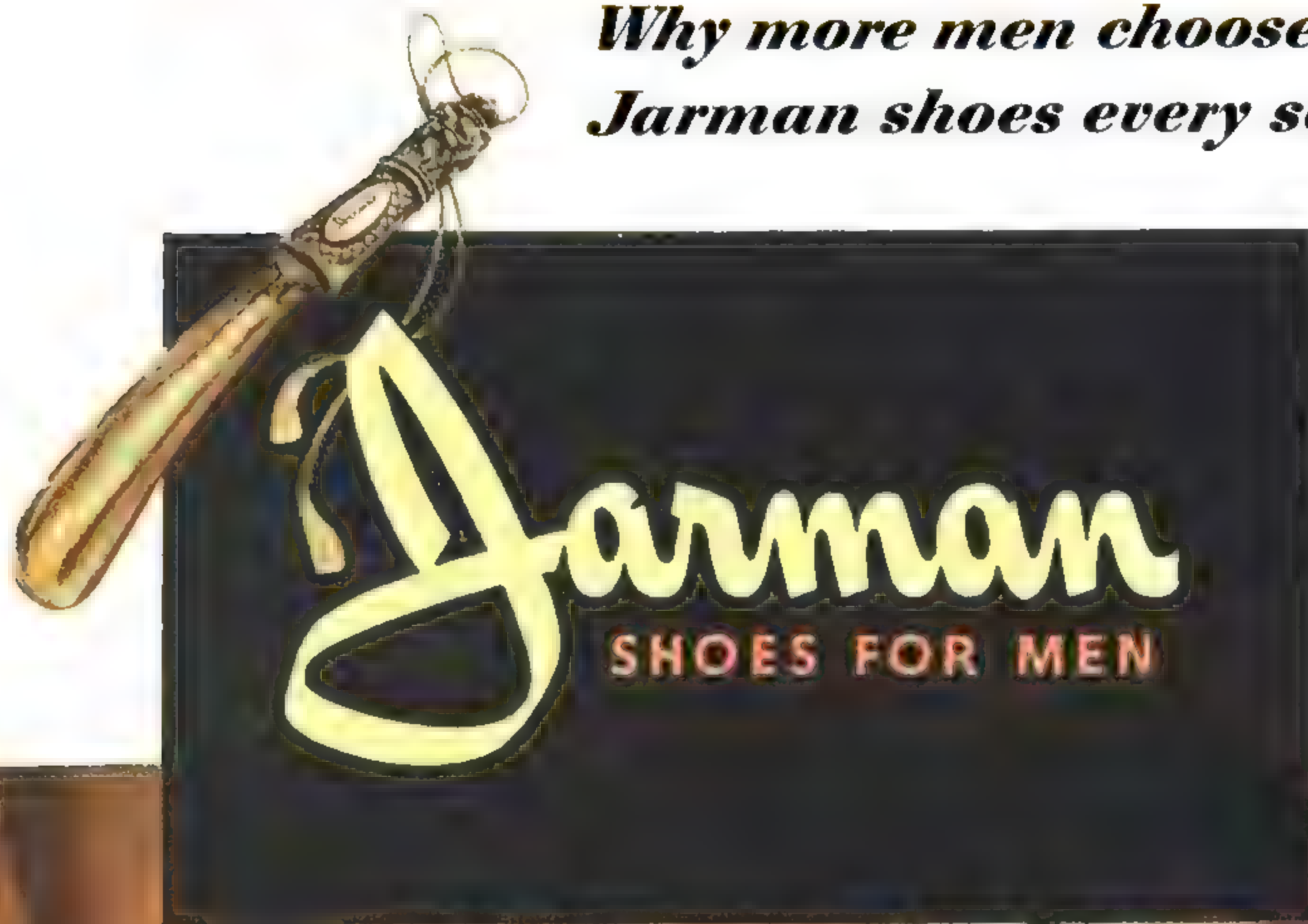
Tie bar and links set of smart, modern design. Each piece mounts a simulated pearl. Gift packaged \$6.00

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First in Style for Winter Weather**

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Brawny, durable Scotch grain leather is welted to extra-mileage soles in these ruggedly masculine Jarman "Scotch Grainadiers"—brutes for winter weather—handsome new patterns for all-occasion wear.

\$995 to \$1495

Most Styles

LEFT: Style 4793. Distinctive straight tip blucher. Also 4771 in "Hazelnut Brown" smooth leather.

CENTER: Style 4038. News in Shoes! Casual comfort of "Leisual" style but ruggedly built for winter.

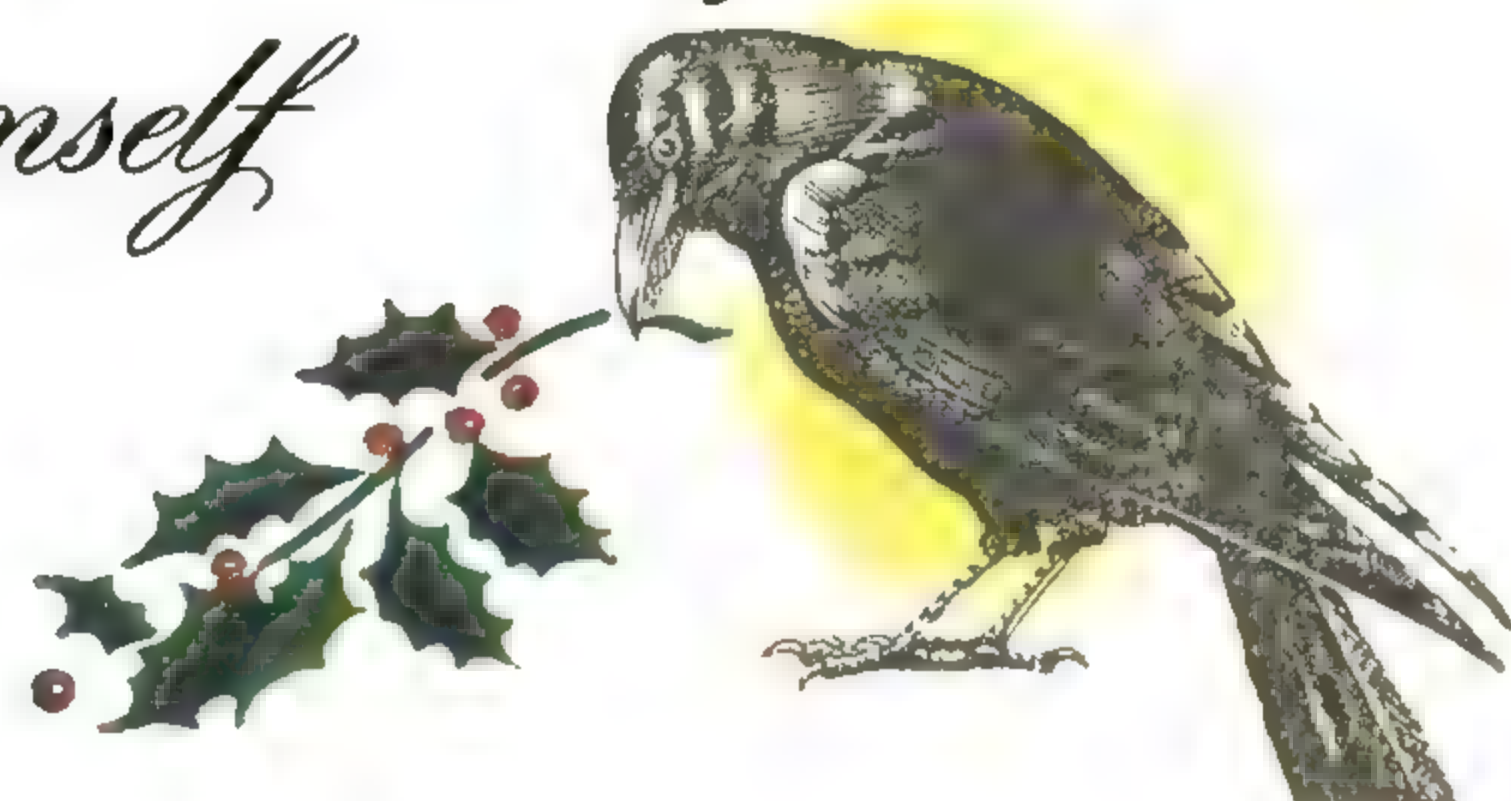
RIGHT: Style 5705. "Continental" wing tip bal, sole extension around heel. Also 5139 in "Gunstock Brown" smooth leather.

Wherever fashion leaders meet in town and country, you will see these outstanding sturdy shoes—designed to withstand winter's punishing weather and to make you *look smarter* and *feel better*. Because Jarman's give you distinctive, top-quality styling and extra comfort, more and more men demand Jarman's season after season. At a price that suits your budget, you get in each skillfully fashioned pair fine, mellow leathers that assure smooth finish and longer service—plus Jarman's famous *friendliness of fit*, the gentle, foot-snugging comfort that's yours the instant your foot slips into a Jarman shoe. See your local Jarman dealer, try a pair *today!*

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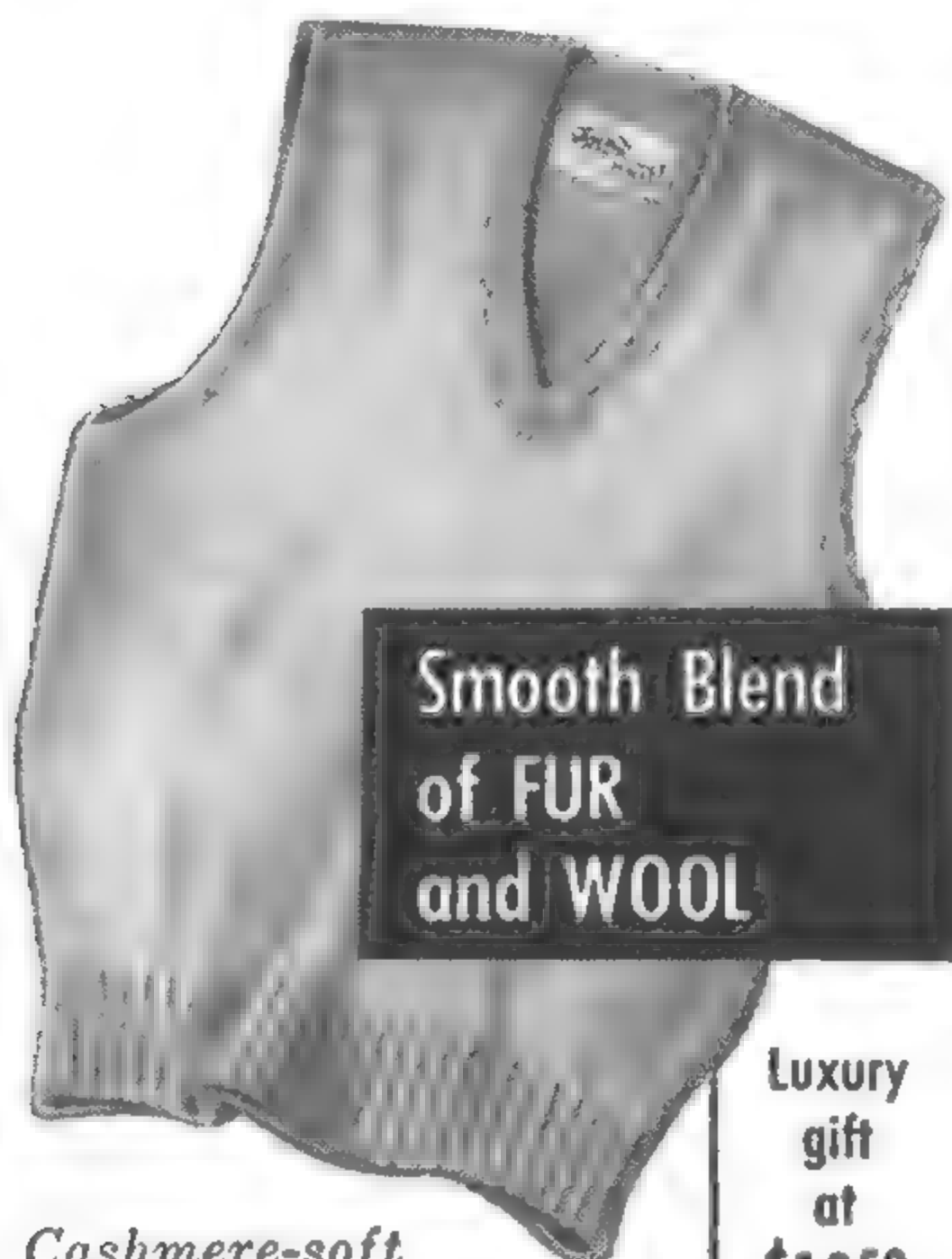


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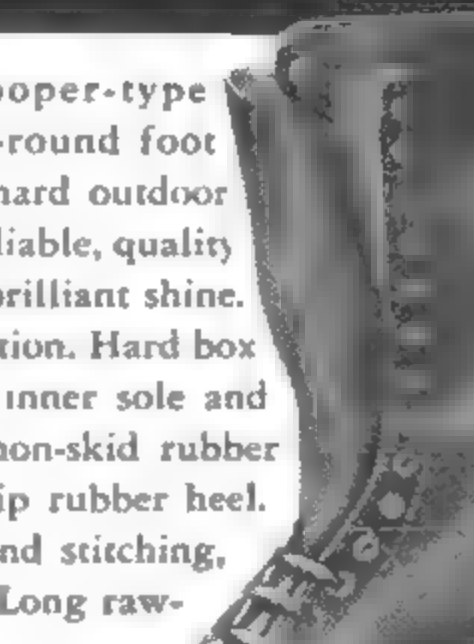


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New, sturdy, paratrooper-type boots designed for all-round foot comfort, built for all hard outdoor wear. Made of heavy, pliable, quality leather uppers. Takes brilliant shine. Goodyear welt construction. Hard box toe. Full grain-leather inner sole and mid sole, all-weather non-skid rubber outer half sole. Non-trip rubber heel. Inner ankle webbing and stitching, snug fit, firm support. Long raw-hide laces.



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All Widths

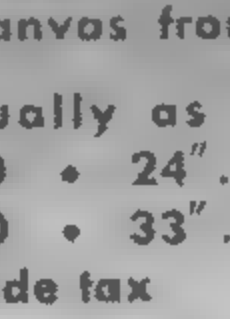
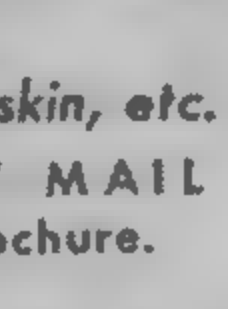
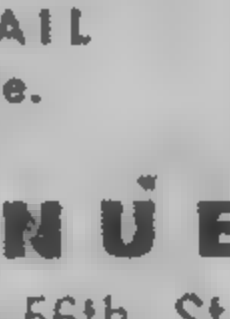
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Sizes:	14	14½	15
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Sleeve	32	33	34	35	36
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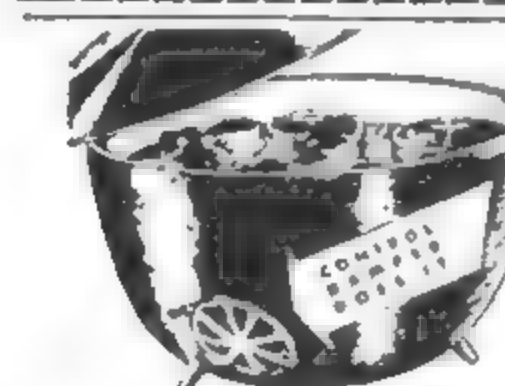
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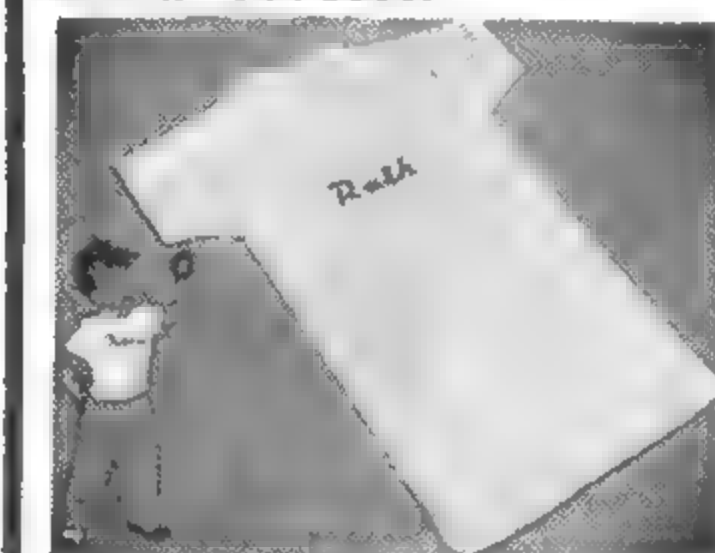
It's a playhouse that slips easily and snugly over any card table—and transforms it into a private haven for small fry. Of durable cotton cloth, realistically colored—complete with prop for peaked roof. Slotted entrance provides ventilation. Order No. TG1868. By mail only \$3.25 postpaid.

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4 for \$5.95



Beer's at its best when it's served in a copper stein. These are made of solid copper polished to a brilliant glow. The steins stand almost 4" high and have a full 14-ounce capacity. Extra steins to set are \$1.50 each. HF3336.

Personal T-Shirts
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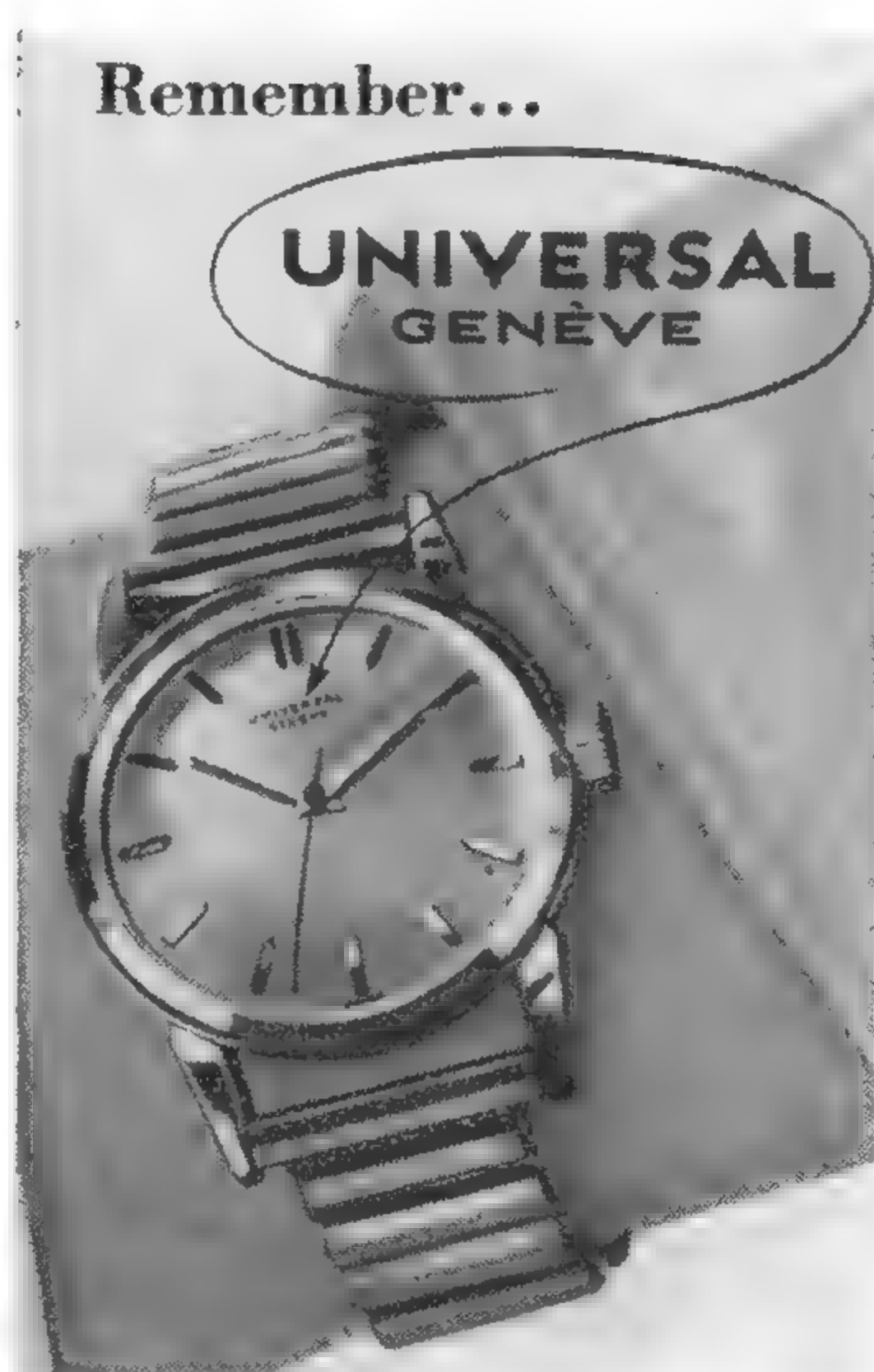
Fleecy white T-shirts with the youngster's first name, in big red letters, painted permanently across the front. Age sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12. No. PA3527. \$1. postpaid.

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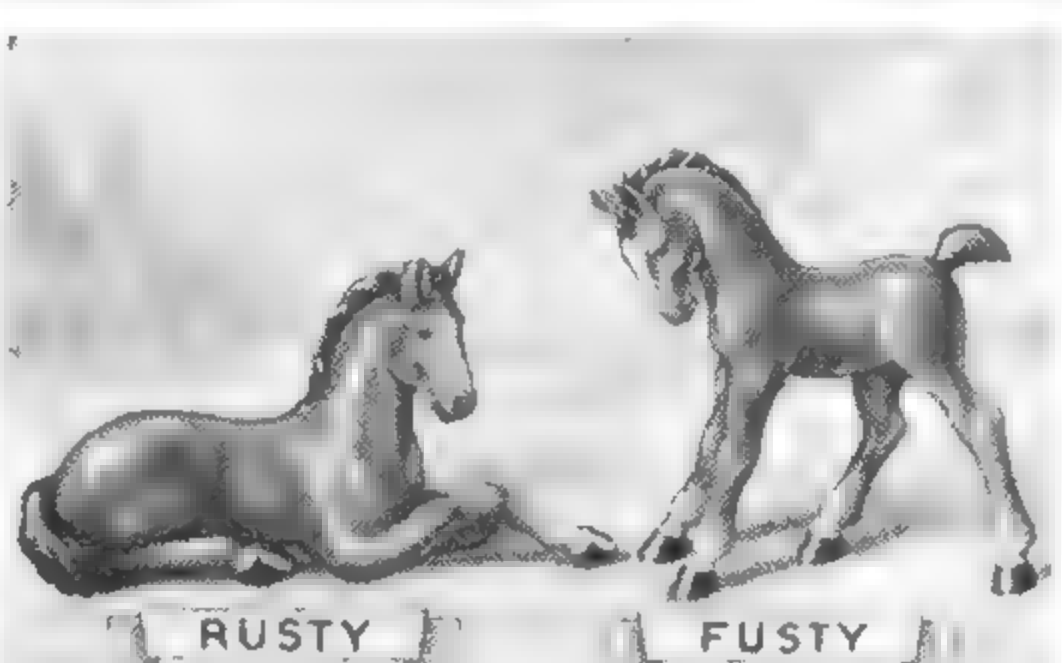


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A new, extremely thin, water-resistant, sport and dress watch

Wear it everywhere—for both active sport and formal occasions. It's handsome, yet rugged, resists rain, perspiration, dust and shock. The 17-jewel movement is metal-bedded for stability, famous for accuracy. Direct sweep hand, raised figures, gold-filled case, choice of white or black-and-gold dial. With bracelet \$62.50, with alligator strap \$55, Federal Tax included—at Leading Jewelers.

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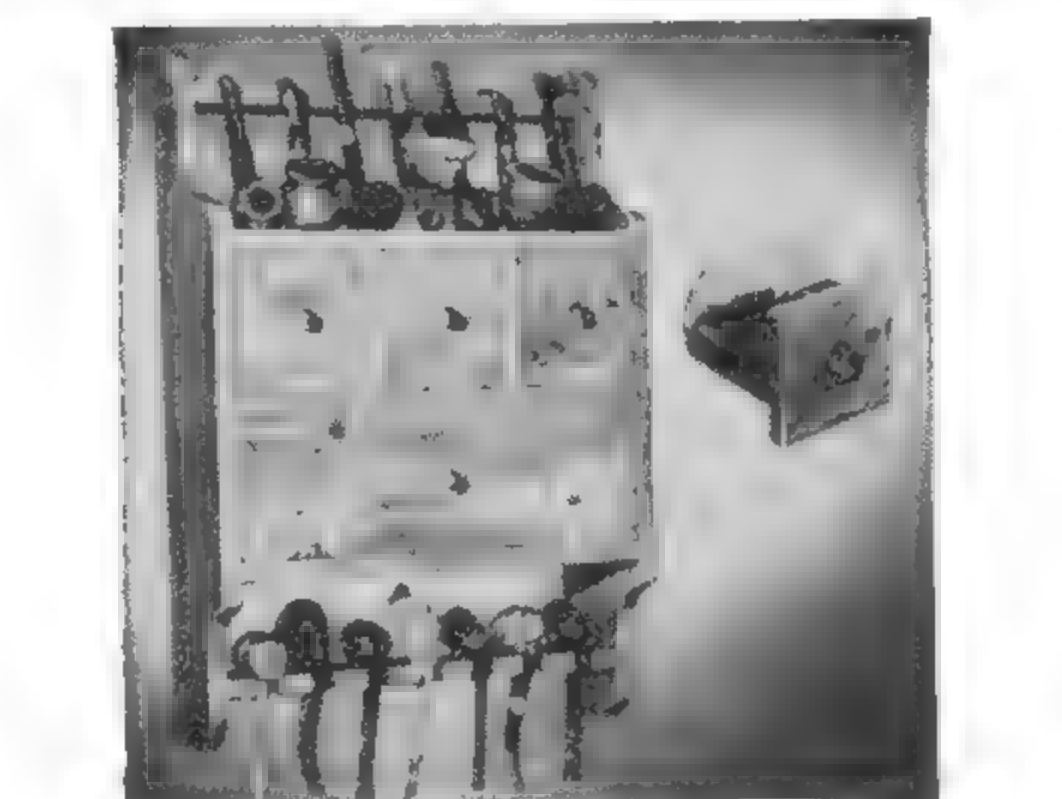


Two Charming ORNAMENTS

Two Charming ORNAMENTS

These natural looking little colts, "Rusty" (left) and "Fusty" (right), delight everyone. They are cast metal with black or bay coats, white faces and "stockings". Fusty is almost 5" high. Rusty is over 6" long. Price only \$2.00 each or \$3.75 for both. Postpaid. Money back if not delighted. Bulletin of 100 horse lovers' gift ideas Free with your order.

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Does Everything A Good Pipe Rack Should Do
HANGS ON WALL CONVENIENT
SAVES PRECIOUS DESK OR TABLE SPACE

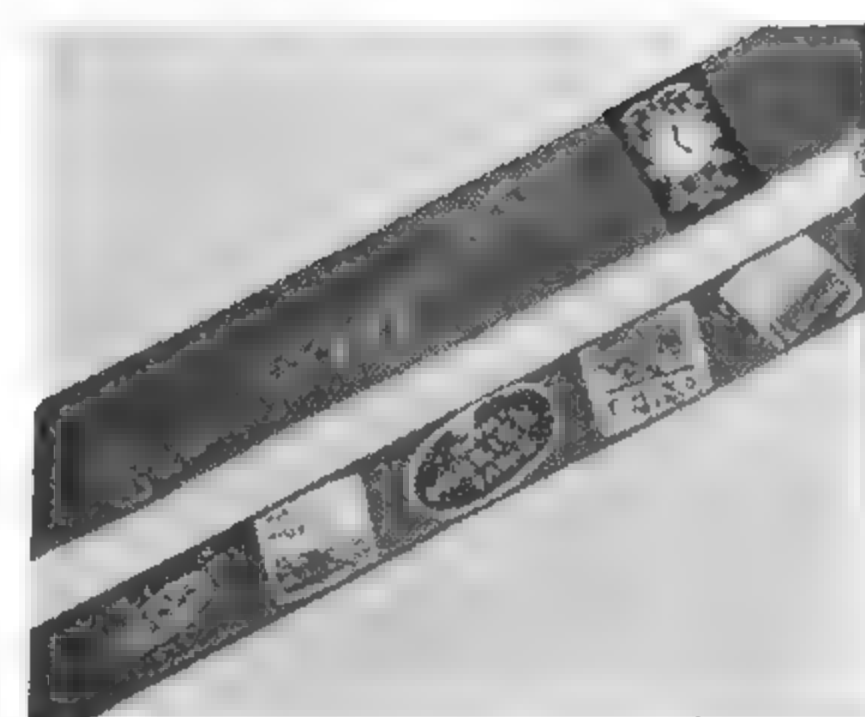
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In hand-crafted honey tone knotty pine or lovely mahogany finish, waxed, hand-rubbed. Size 13" x 18"
Express Chgs. Col. \$12.50 Check or Money Order
No C.O.D.'s please

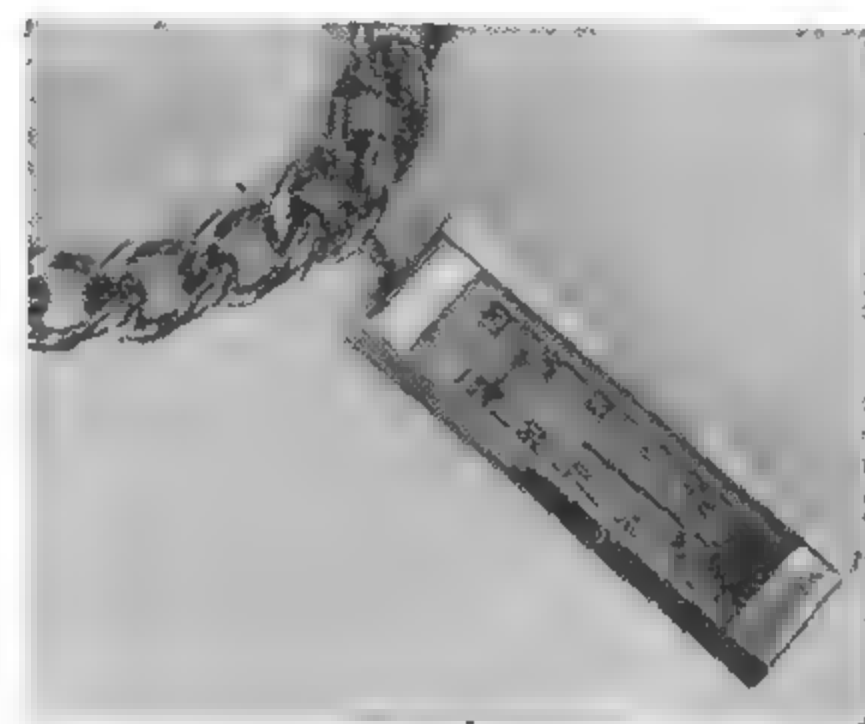
Field House
BOX 179 NO. CONWAY, N.H.
Dept. E 12

TALKING SHOP

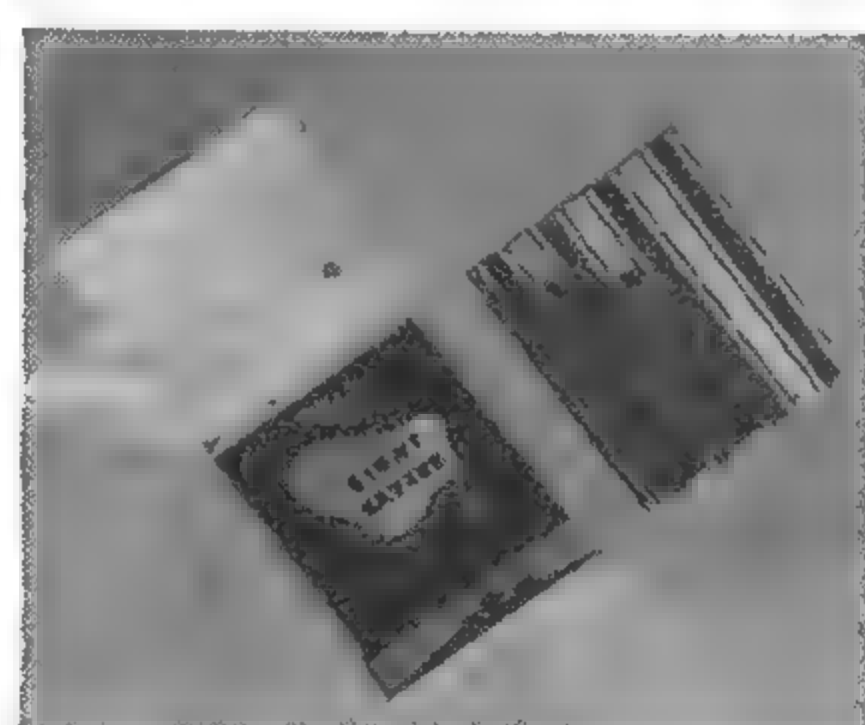
PERT AND PERTINENT for some girl's narrow waist, a calf or suede belt that buckles in the back and on the front has a French inscription (plus illustration) to the effect that Love helps pass the time. Another has hotel labels from London, Nice, Paris, Cairo and Zurich. But you can name your own. Hand-painted and made to order.



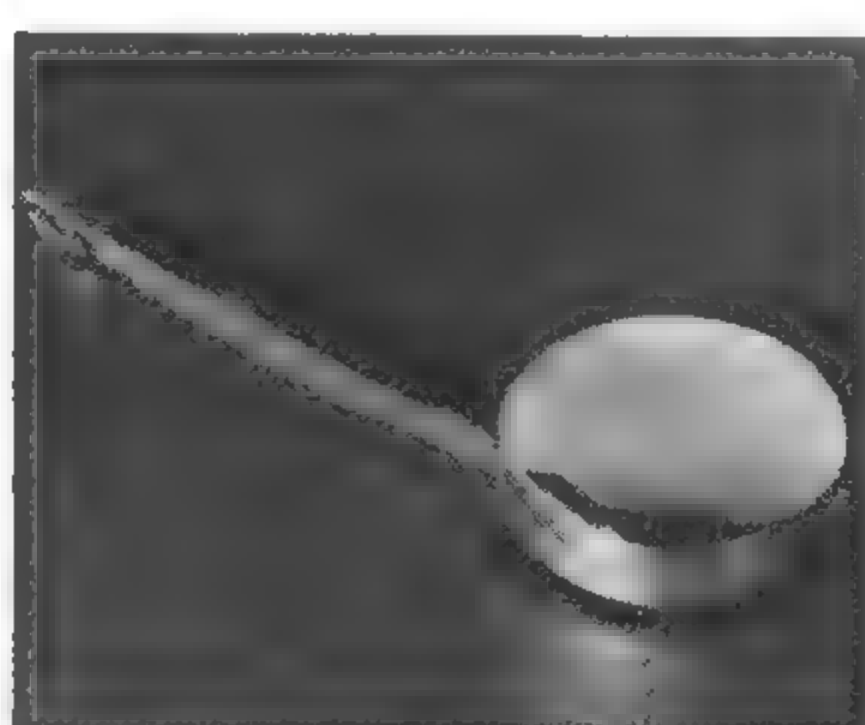
BABY, IT'S WARM IN HERE. In case you want the girl friend to know just how warm it actually is, get her this novelty, gold-metal bracelet. Hanging from one link is a thermometer that gives accurate temperature readings. It can also double as a charm bracelet. Simple but sturdy lock holds it firmly on her wrist. Temperature stays above zero!



FLAT AS A WAFER and convenient, this 2½" x 3" sterling silver book is for eyeglass cleaning tissues. It's a good-looking pocket piece and likely to encourage even the laziest man to keep his vision clear. Engine turned, it has a small oblong shield in the center for his engraved initials. Refills of the tissues are easily available.



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the cigarette holder that telescopes! **\$2.00**



Now — carry your cigarette holder on a key ring! 'Scope's 14-karat Paris original cost a fortune. You get the same smart styling, plus key ring and sanitary case in gold-sheen metal for just \$2.00 postpaid. Ejects stubs automatically. No stamps, no C.O.D. please.
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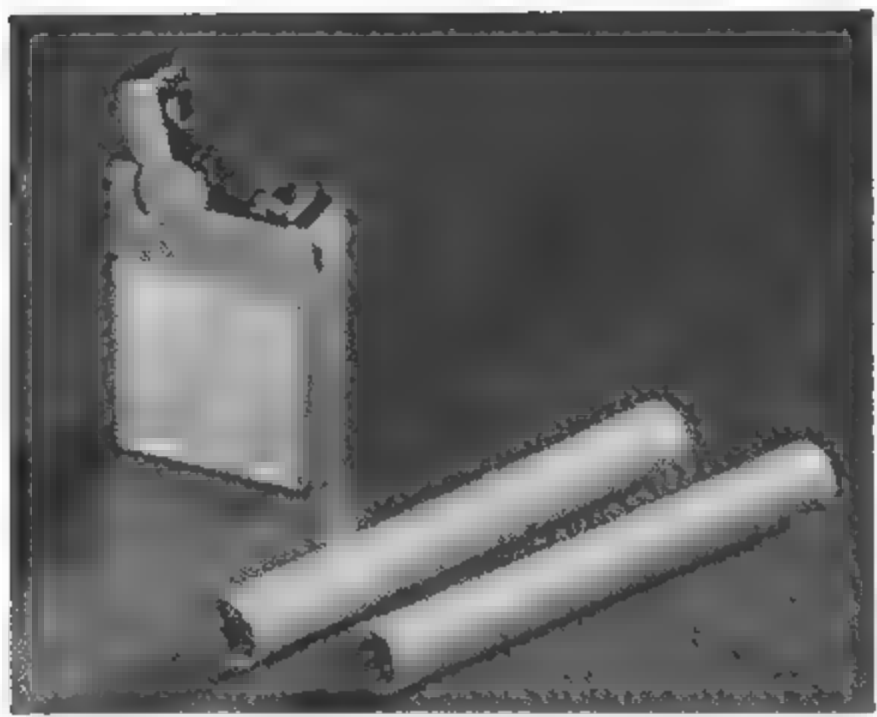


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Simply attach SWIRLO-MATIC to any garden hose . . . the amazing turbine-action plus FREE "magic" detergent quickly cleans, gives car a gleaming jewel finish.

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West of Mississippi add 25c each item.
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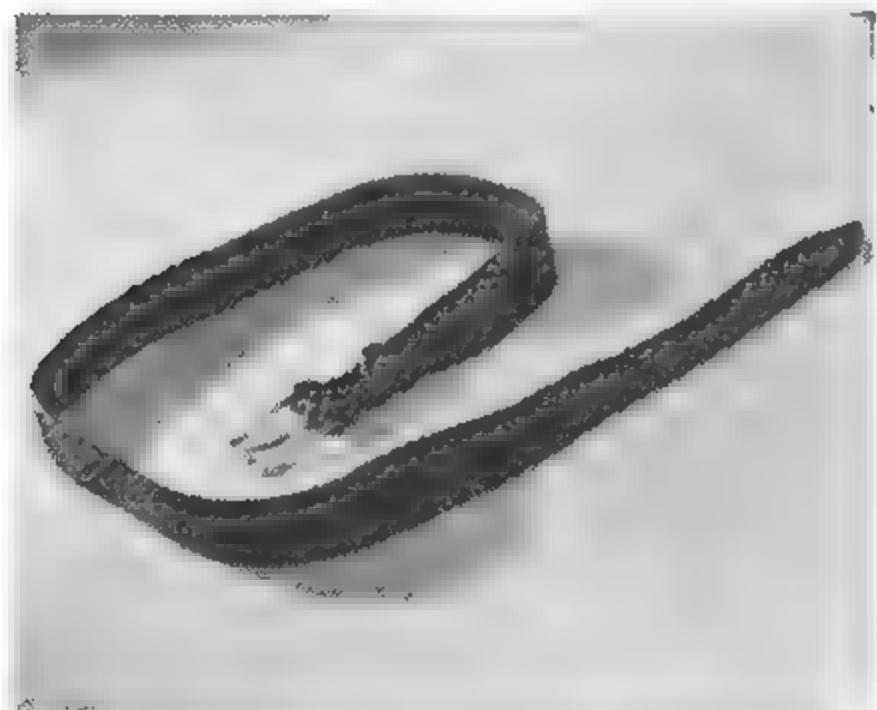
WITH ESQUIRE



ANY FEMALE who smokes enough to own a lighter will be particularly pleased with one different in operation and delicate in appearance. Midget-sized in a Mother of Pearl case, it has a "light switch" action that opens and produces a strong flame with one flick of the finger. It has an extra large fuel capacity—only infrequently needs filling.



KEEP YOUR FINGERS warm, yet free for action with this double duty combination wool glove and leather mitt. In white capeskin for women and in dark colors for men, the glove can be worn with the outer mitt rolled back. This way you can pull a trigger, smoke or fasten a ski strap. When it really gets cold, you zip up the outer mitt over the glove.



AN EXPANDING WAISTLINE ceases to be so much of a nuisance—at least in the matter of a belt—with this conveniently adjustable belt. Woven in England, it accommodates variations in a size or two without any difficulty. The tongue makes a hole wherever you need it and yet when the belt is open, the hole disappears. Weave is black and brown.



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2-Piece Satin Quilted Lounging Pajamas

ONLY **\$9.99**

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Styled by
Peggy Prim

She'll think nice thoughts about you whenever she wears these lovely lounging pajamas. The quilted rayon satin jacket is beautifully lined... snug as a hug. It has a tiny nipped-in waist and roomy patch pocket. A perky bow sets off the cute Peter Pan collar. The gleaming black satin trousers have an adjustable waist band... so she's sure of perfect fit! Color Combinations: Paris Pink and Black, Aqua and Black, Cherry Wine and Black. Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; or junior sizes: 11, 13, 15, 17.

At Jonas Shoppes throughout the country, or order by mail.

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Quantity	Size	Color Combination	2nd Color Combination Choice

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FOR FAST RELIEF



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WHOLE TURKEYS 6 to 18 pounds \$1.50 per lb.
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State approximate weight wanted...
TURKEY BREASTS \$12.50, TURKEY LEGS \$1.00 lb.

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Her Favorite Photo

Permanently Set in
COMPACT or CIGARETTE CASE!

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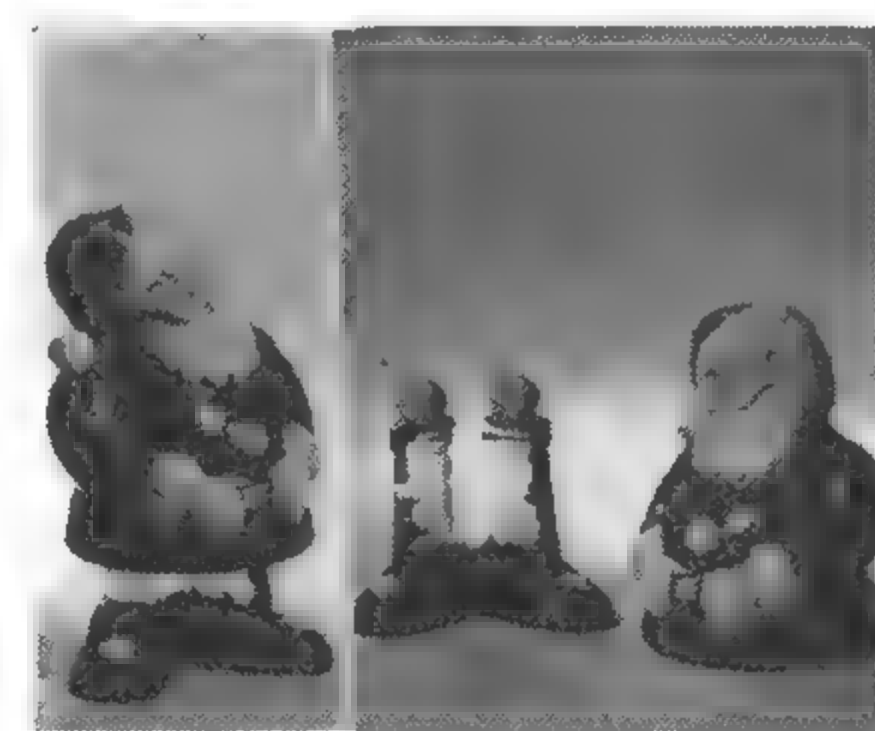
Hydes Established 1910
Dept. E-12, 135-37 Northern Blvd., FLUSHING, NEW YORK CITY

TALKING SHOP

EASY ON THE POCKET yet a pretty and practical present for any gal from sixteen to sixty—a soft lavender, lace-trimmed nightgown made of Celanese tricot that washes well, retains its shape, is fast drying and guaranteed against runs. It has an elastic midriff, a high frilled collar and demure long sleeves. Already gift packaged.



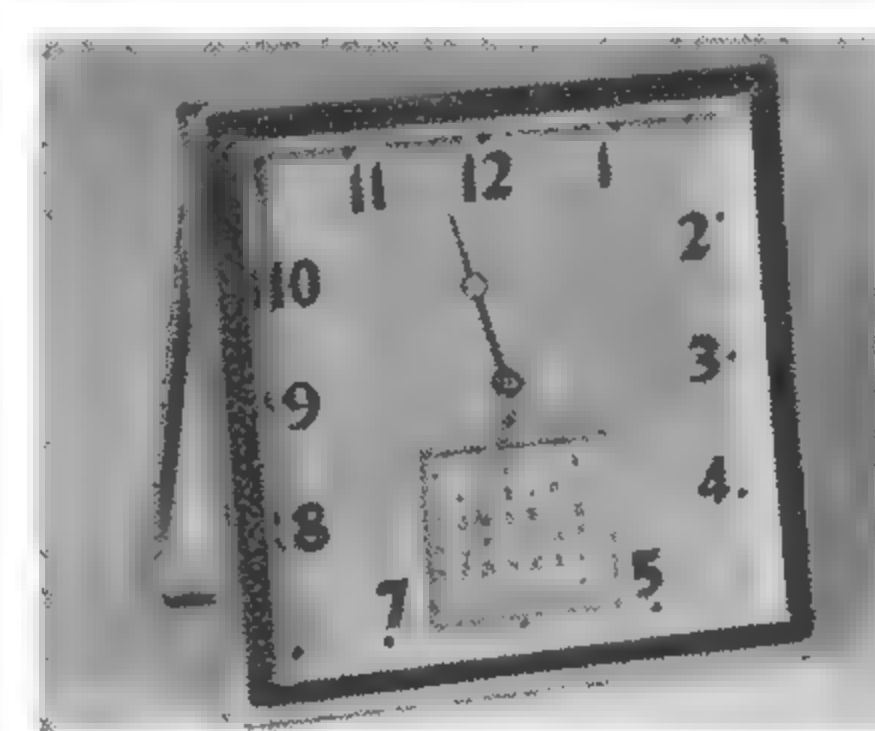
IN SANTA'S SHOES, she'll find a surprise package of two colognes. The round little man stands about 9 1/2" high and when the top of him lifts off, there revealed are two bottles substituting for his sturdy, fat legs. One bottle contains Heaven Sent, the other Command Performance. Inexpensive and cheerful to put under the tree.



A CIGARETTE is just a smoke but it can become a greatly appreciated gift when given in two carton quantities to the regular smokers on your list. An added incentive is that the twenty packs come in a large simulated leather box that can come in handy later for holding other things. It's a down-to-earth gift for the cigarette smoker.



AT A SINGLE GLANCE this combination calendar and clock answers two questions. "What time is it?" is answered by the guaranteed timepiece and "What's the date?" is answered by an automatic calendar that can be adjustable for any month until 1970. The gilt-finish metal frame is 4" square, the face is uncluttered and easy to read.



For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

\$10
Postpaid

Hand Tooled
LEATHER TOP
Chairside Smoker Table

Expensive looking Decorator's item bespeaks richness and craftsmanship in every detail including its handsome Mahogany finish. 24 karat gold tooled top of antiqued, rust colored, top grain leather. Top 12" x 12"—15" high. Send check or money order. Sorry, no COD's.

Write for Christmas Gift Catalogue E

Stump & Walter Co.
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Practical Gift of Gaiety!

Give Patented ICE CUBO Rubber ICE BALL Trays... gift unique... new rave of the year! Twin tray set freezes 18 ice balls at a time, ea. 1 1/2" in dia.

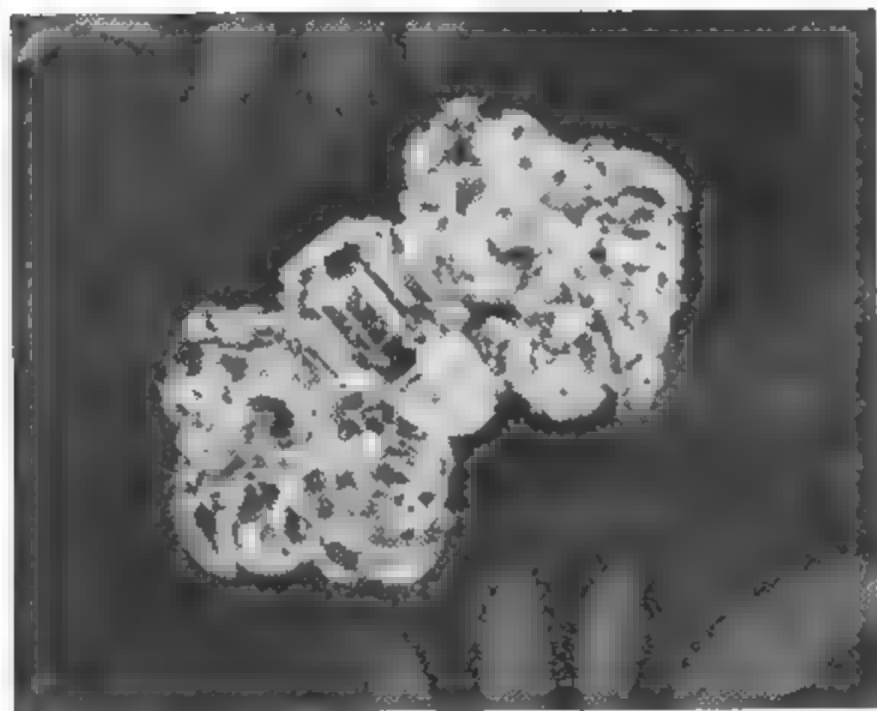
Send us your list, we'll mail direct postpaid and enclose yours or special gift card. Set of TWO trays, in colorful gift box with color tablets, \$3.95 postpaid. No. C.O.D.'s.

ICE CUBO CO.

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DEALERS' Inquiries Invited

WITH ESQUIRE



A FLOWER PIN to hold a small corsage or flower on her costume is made with a double back—one to fasten to her dress, the other to hold the corsage. Even if someday she wears someone else's flower, it will be your brooch she uses to fasten them on. She'll wear it also as a scarf holder and, by itself, as a small and attractive pin.



LIKE THE INDIANS, pockets bulging with money are vanishing. Even this new money clip enables you to fold bills flat, eliminating the wad effect. It not only gives flat pockets but also separates the various denominations of banknotes. Opens conveniently. Clips are of spring steel. Name plate. Comes in plastic, chrome, gold-plate.



MAGNETIC CUFF LINKS that open with a mere flick of the fingers then snap—and stay—closed by an ingenious magnetic device are the latest boon to the French cuff set who hate the bother of ordinary links. Easier to fasten than a button they also minimize soiling of the cuffs. Available in 14 karat gold in 25 styles with a life time guarantee.



A TIE-TACK in solid gold is for the man who would like a change from the customary type of tie-clasp. The tack eliminates slipping and wrinkling. Unobtrusive, it sticks through tie and shirt like a thumb tack and is held underneath by a simple nut. It holds the tie neatly and firmly in the center of shirt. Comes in a polished-wood jewel case.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. **Ranger**



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Here is a bag your favorite physician will find both distinguished in appearance and practical in use. The famous patented "OPN-FLAP" feature allows the Hygeia Medical Bag to be opened to the full length and width of the top, thus permitting 1/3 more space for packing. "OPN-FLAP" Hygeia, the only Medical Bag that can be packed to the very top and easily zipped closed without crushing or jamming the contents. Made of fine top grain leather by luggage craftsmen, the "OPN-FLAP" Hygeia Medical Bag is preferred by doctors everywhere. Send your order in today for quick delivery.

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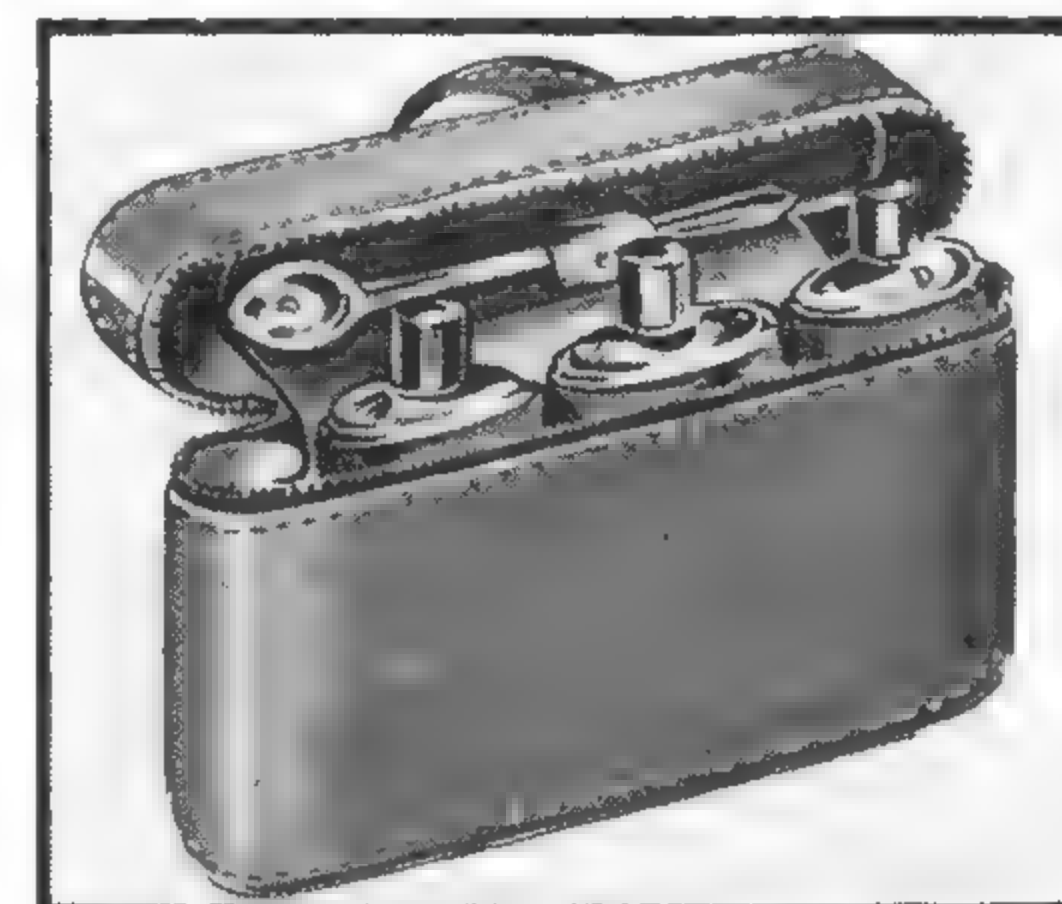
• Of course Santa Claus is astounded. You will be, too. Paddy O'Hair is as bald as a billiard ball. Make him grow a crop of Irish green hair, which lives for weeks. Seed and directions furnished. Lovable, unusual gift; 5 inches tall. Flesh colored durable pottery. Extra seed for replanting always available; 3 Pks. for 25c.

Only \$1.00 if paid with order or \$1.36 if C. O. D.

Unconditional Money Back Guarantee.

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148 WASHINGTON AVE. • GOLIAD, TEXAS

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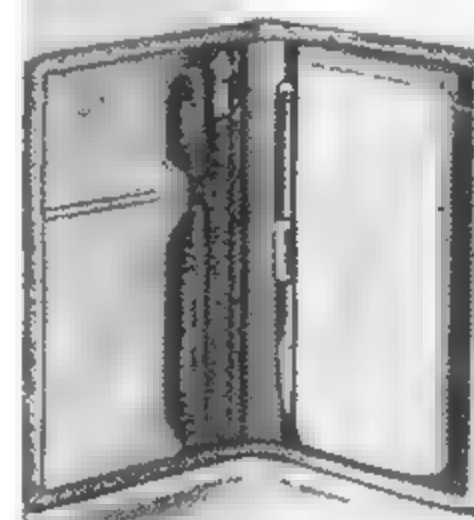
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Zippered safety pocket two "longfold" compartments, leather-covered address book and stamp case. Detachable memo pad. Repel-exel pencil. Special value.

Golden Pigskin or Black or Brown Morocco **\$7**



Topgrain Leather Tie-Fold lined with regimental stripes. Holds 12 or more ties. Hanger disappears neatly when folded.

Sun Tan or Russet . . . \$5. Items initialed in gold if desired. No initials on C. O. D. Prices include Tax Sent Postpaid Satisfaction assured. 545 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. MU 7-2980

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Add interesting detail to your R.R.—16 telegraph poles, 6 street lamps, 4 billboards, 4 crossing gates and 2 trees. Scaled for "O" and "S" gauge trains.

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To brighten the Christmas scene or for your train layout. Each is 6" hi. of beautiful green plastic with heat resistant globe, 14 Volt bulb and extra long leads. Free with each \$2.95 gift package of 4 lamps, 4 bit all lock-on for 2 or 3 rail. And a rock to mix into layout. Correct size for "O" and "S" gauge trains.

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Model Village is an ideal toy by itself... perfect with electric trains. \$4.50 p.p. Miniature Village is scaled to "O" and "S" gauge trains—fold away in a minute. 6 buildings—residence, lumber yard (with stock of lumber) store, signal tower, station house, passenger station, 3 two-car passenger, 2 metal cars. Tree—seven grass included for realism. (West of Miss. \$3.75 p.p.)

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Here's the ideal gift for the favorites on your Christmas list. The gift of true distinction... delicious rare cheeses not found in most neighborhood stores... cheeses for every taste from tangy to mellow and mild. Send your orders today.

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Gift list for... boxes attached, or

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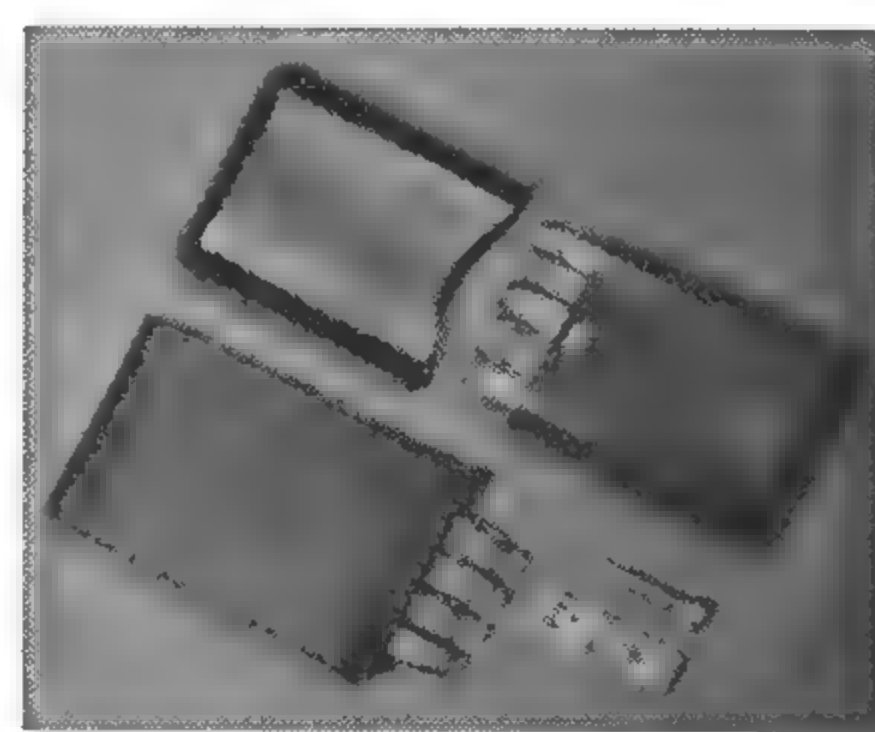
City..... Zone..... State.....

Sender..... Dept. E

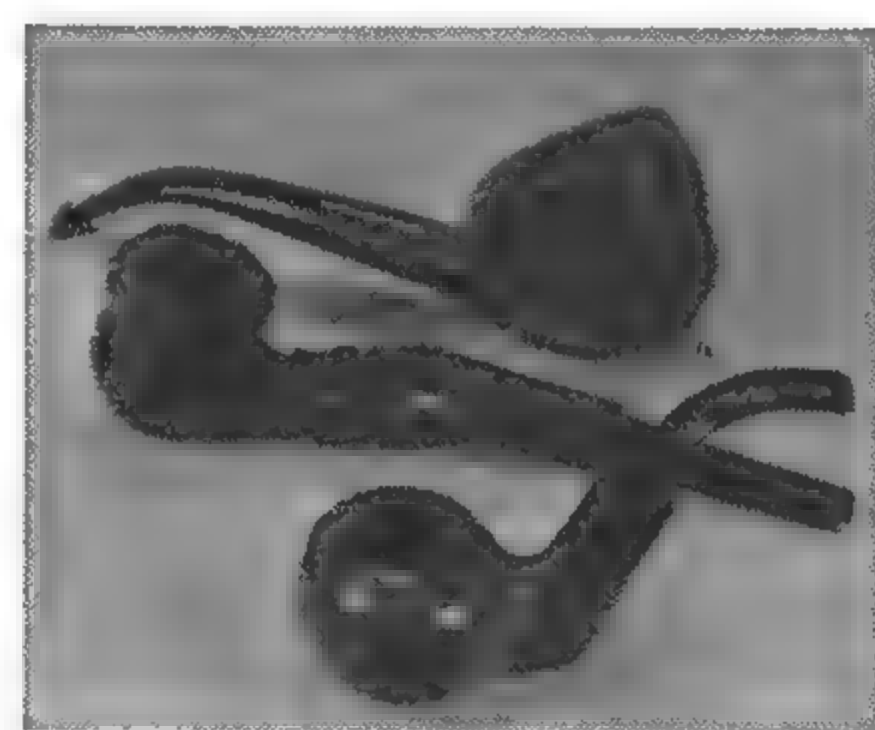
SPECIALISTS IN RARE CHEESES FOR OVER A DECADE

TALKING SHOP

A CIGAR SMOKER will appreciate these items: a specially good Swiss-made cigar cutter to snip his smokes neatly and quickly, a handy cigar piercer that can hang on a key ring and a pocket cigar case in either one of two types—a soft pliable morocco leather case open at the top or one with an airtight cover in firm cowhide. Holds 4 or 5.



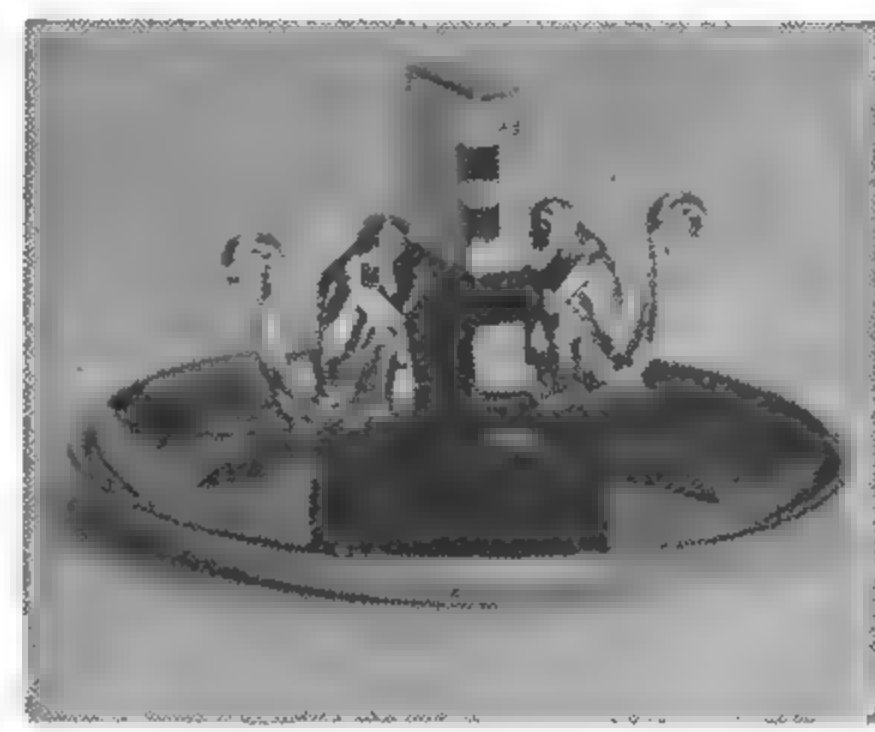
PIPE COLLECTORS, here's a real addition to your assortment of unusual smoking equipment. These huge, heavy pipes, cut from fine extra-large sized blocks of Algerian briar, come in fifteen elaborately carved designs in a "limited editions" series. Size of bowl allows for variation and detail impossible on regular pipes. An hour's smoke per bowl.



YOU'VE SPUN A WHEEL, pressed a button, and flipped a switch to get flame from the various cigarette lighters available. Add to the list a lighter that only takes a squeeze to light. Weighing less than two ounces, it has a lifetime wick, lights rapidly, and has a large fuel capacity. Looks good, too. Slivver-slim, it comes in satin finished rhodium plate.



THE TAILS OF TWO MONKEYS serve as cigarette rests and the paws hold between them a chrome lighter that would also do well in your pocket. Chrome-finished, it is an ash tray that offers convenience as well as a touch of comedy. The ornaments are mounted on a black polished base while the bottom of the ash tray is cork-lined.



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Carving Board

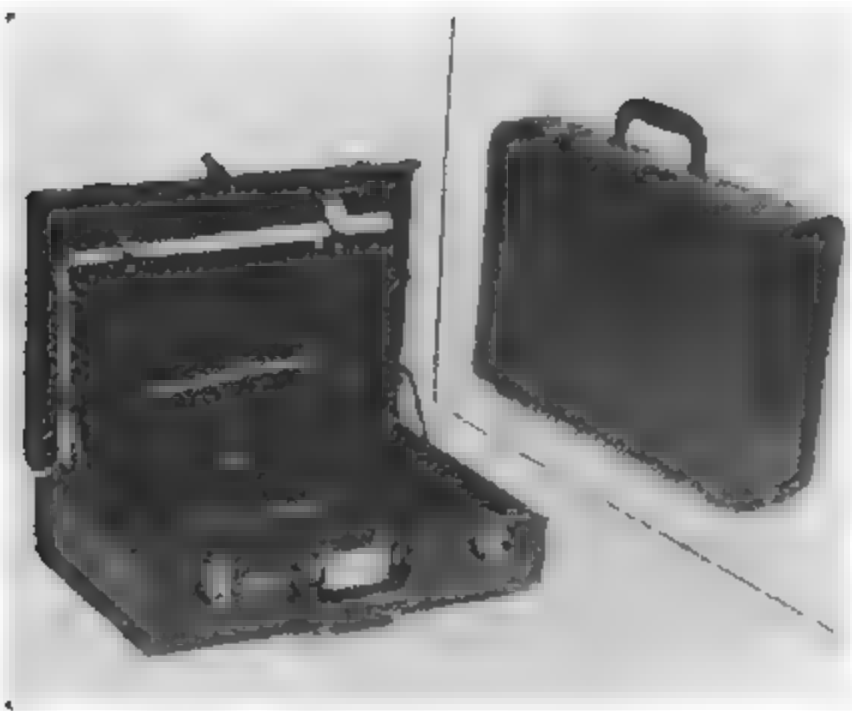
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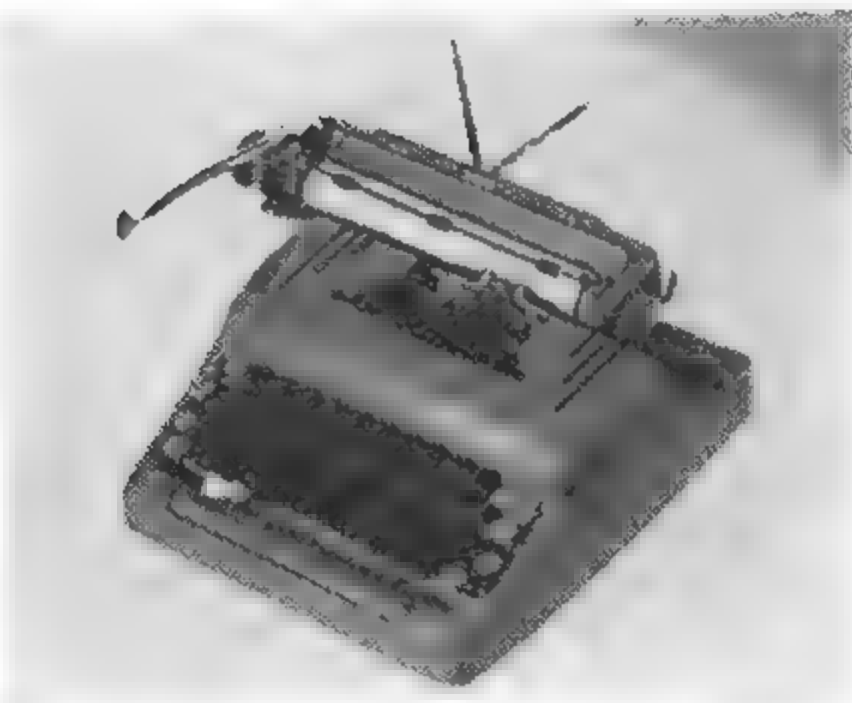
Makes an ideal gift, practical for indoors or out. Two sizes. 11 1/2" x 16" (shown), \$3.85; and 15" x 20" at \$5.85. Solve the gift problem now, order several for friends!

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to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. **Ranger**

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No. 476 Seasoned briar bowl, trigger cover tap, removable drain cap of carved cattle horn, 2-piece stem, 7" overall \$7.

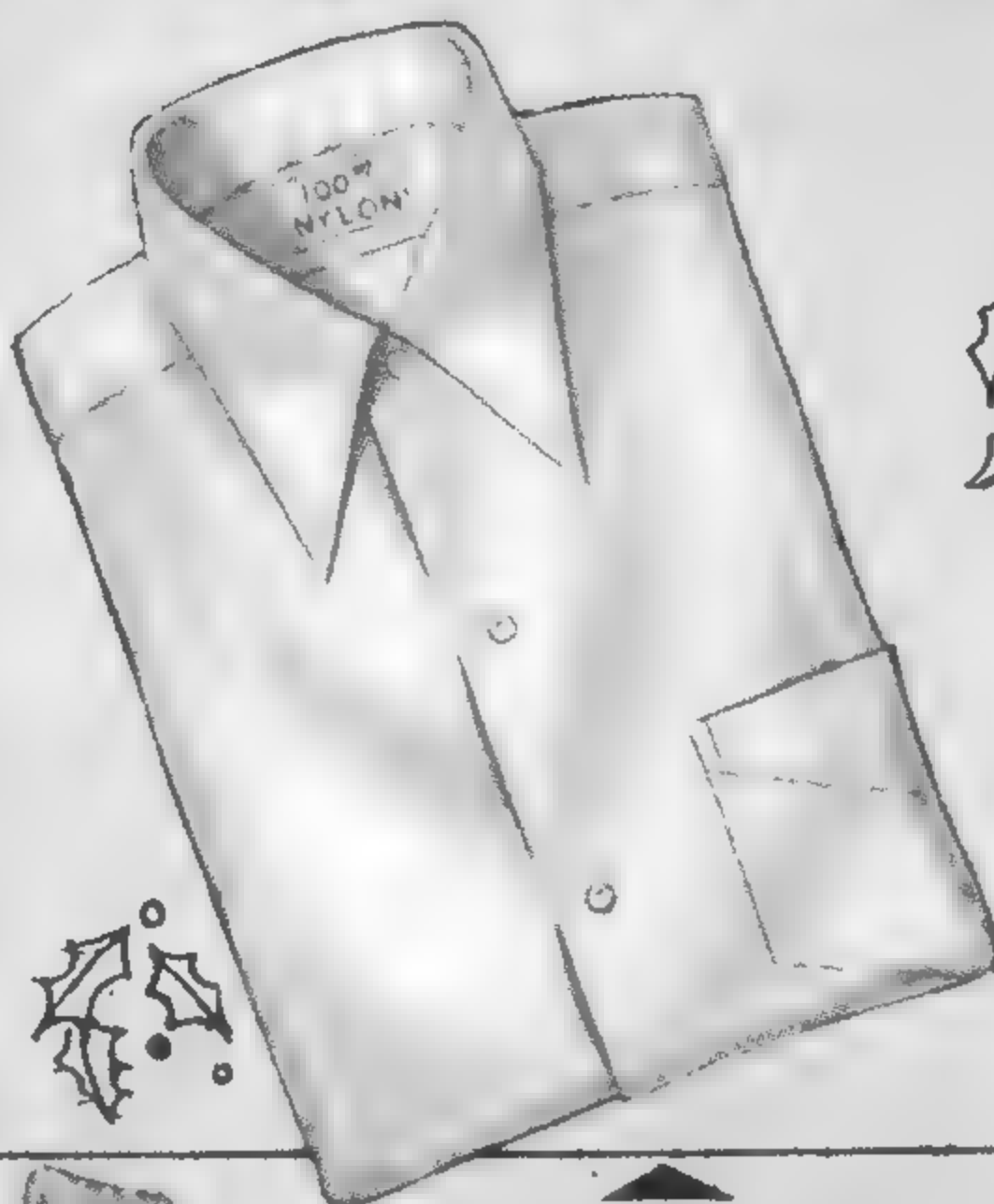
No. 875 Carved horn stem and bit. Stem wrapped with European stag fur. Briar bowl has rich metal figurines \$10.

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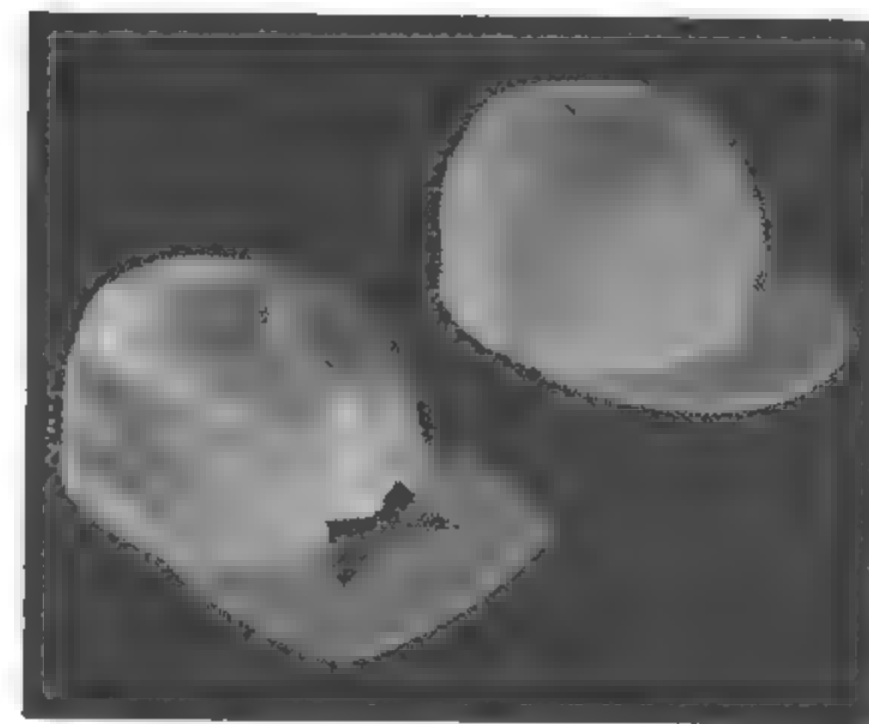
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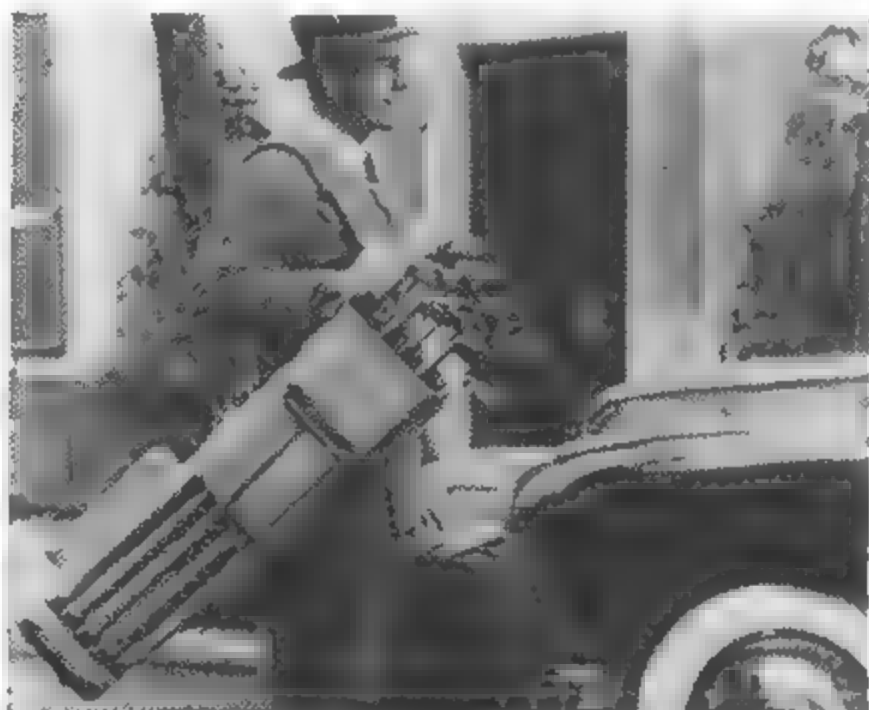
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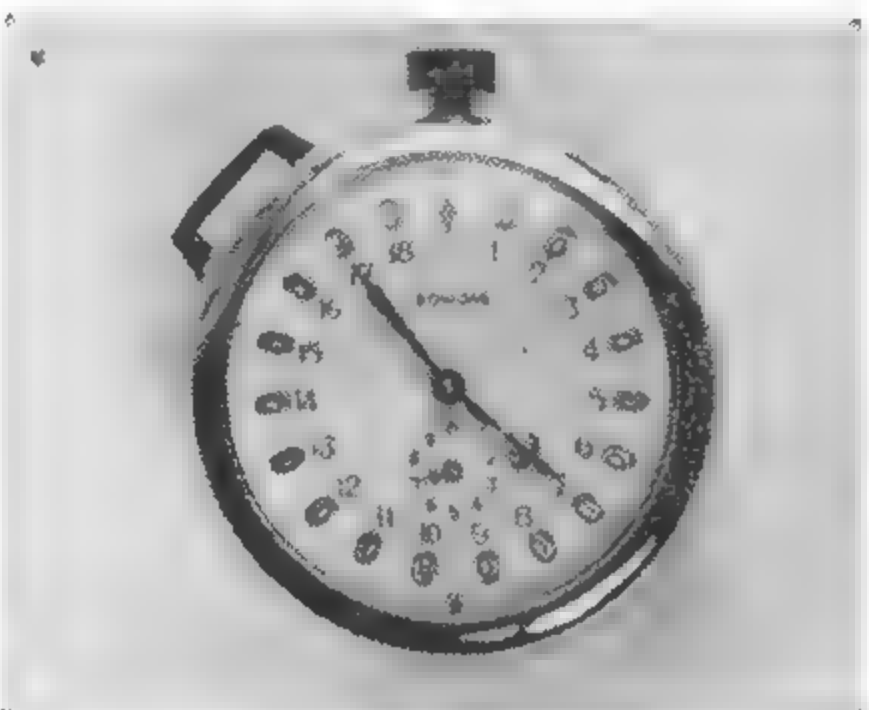
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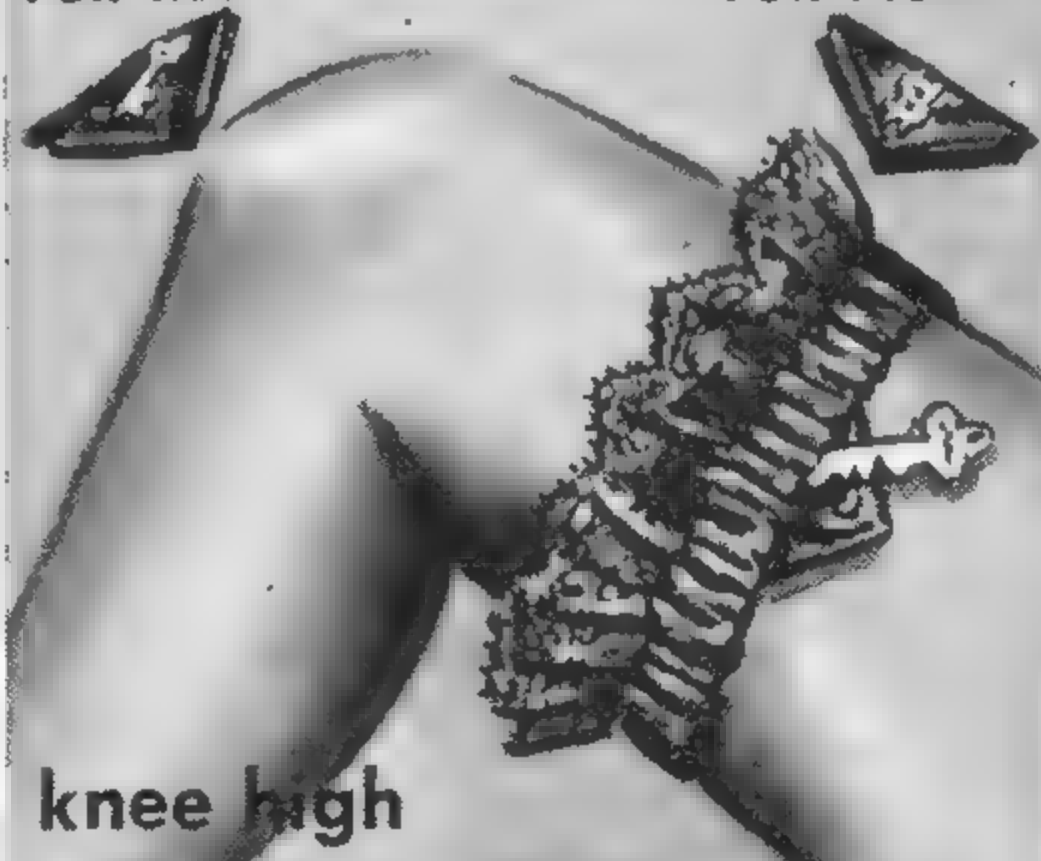
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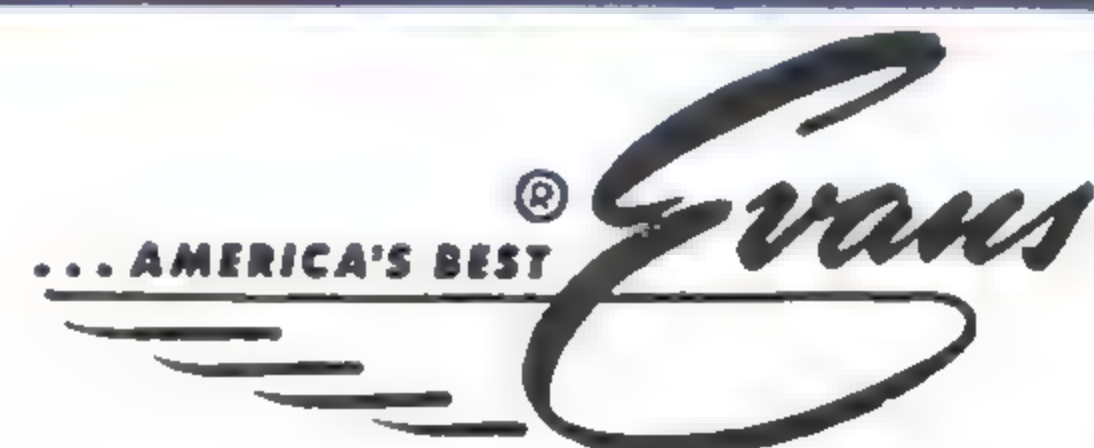
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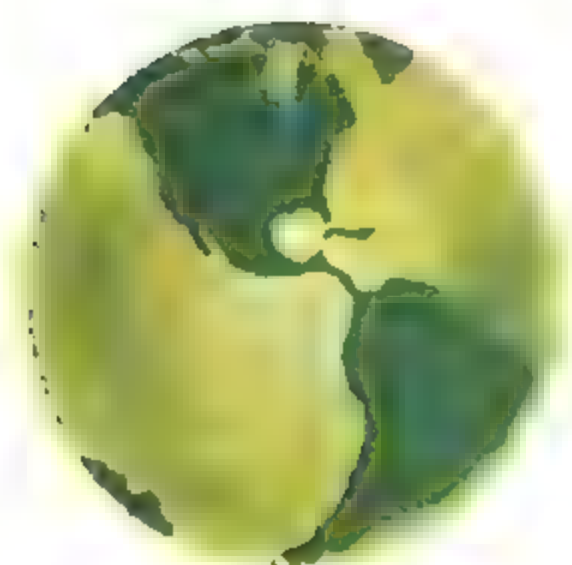
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WASSAIL, WASSAIL, ALL OVER THE TOWN

Wassail, wassail all over the town!
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown,
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek,
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef,
And a good piece of beef that may we all see;
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye,
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,
And a good Christmas pie that may we all see;
With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn,
May God send our master a good crop of corn,
And a good crop of corn that may we all see;
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear,
Pray God send our master a happy New Year,
And a happy New Year as e'er he did see;
With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Colly and to her long tail,
Pray God send our master he never may fail
A bowl of strong beer; I pray you draw near,
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.

Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,
Then we hope that your soul in heaven may rest;
But if you do draw us a bowl of the small,
Then down shall go butler, bowl and all!

Then here's to the maid in the lily-white smock,
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock!
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin,
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

From 4000 Years of Christmas by Earl W. Count. Pub. by Henry Schuman, Inc., 1948





A PRESENT FOR JOEL!

A Story by BEL KAUFMAN



Joel was an artist whose wife decided that he and his lovely models supplied their own mistletoe. But even such a gifted man should be remembered at Christmas!

WHEN she heard the sound of his key in the door, she quickly composed herself. Glancing in the mirror, she smoothed her hair and her dress and stood waiting. As always, her mind raced, searching for a sign. *If he is wearing his hat, she thought, I will believe him; if he is carrying it . . .* At the thought, her heart contracted with the sickening fear that she had come to know so well, and to expect—and to invite.

But when she found herself in his arms, she forgot what the sign was to be. For a moment she was safe against him, almost happy. She raised herself on her toes and searched his lean face. At once the old dread stirred within her. "You're late," she said, smiling carefully. "You're twenty minutes late."

"I stopped to get you this," Joel said. He handed her a small package. "Your favorite candy. She had only a pound left."

"She?" Her smile didn't flicker. "Who?"

"The clerk," he said.

She filled the candy dish slowly. "What was she like?" she asked.

"Who, the clerk? I don't know. Why?" He threw himself down in his easy chair, his long legs stretched gracefully before him. How casual he was; how sure of himself. "I'm dead," he said. "And starved. Seven hours at a stretch, with only a sandwich for lunch."

Seven hours with a nude woman . . . Sharing a sandwich, hands touching, eyes quick with knowl-

edge of each other . . . Careful, now, careful . . . He must not see . . . I must not make him angry again.

Perching on the arm of his chair, she ran her hand through his thick, soft hair. She bent her face to his, every sense alert for the minutest hint of betrayal—a shadowed look, a whiff of alien perfume. Her voice light, her tone casual, she said, "Did the new girl show up?"

He nodded absently. "Uh-huh. I got a lot of work done. You know, your hair is gold in the lamplight. With those braids, you look like a little round peasant."

"A pretty peasant?" she asked, playfully twining a lock of his hair in her fingers. "Prettier than the model you had today?"

He did not see the trap. His head relaxed on the curve of her arm, his hand, smelling faintly of turpentine, stroking her cheek. "To me, you are," he said, smiling.

Then the model was beautiful. Otherwise he would have said, "Of course you are."

Her body stiffened. "What was she like?" she asked.

"Tall, very slender. About eighteen. Wonderful lavender skin. Really perfect for that 'Solitude' thing I'm doing for Berns."

She stretched her smile brighter across her teeth, tightening her fingers around the dark strand of hair. "But, darling—has she ever posed before? Won't she be trouble to teach?"

"No, she's really good. I just arranged the pose, and she kept it for hours."

"Posing is so tiring. I remember how tired I used to get," she said. "I hope you give her enough rest periods, dear."

"I do. Is dinner ready?"

"She's probably embarrassed to pose for the first time, so you mustn't get impatient with her."

"I'm not. Gosh, I'm tired."

"But *was* she?"

"Was she what?"

"Embarrassed?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think so. She's not completely nude; I have a grey chiffon scarf curling around her, like smoke."

That's worse; oh, God, that's even worse. Young skin luminous and perfect under chiffon, all blemishes hidden . . .

"Must have been very alluring," she said with a catch in her voice that began as a casual little laugh and ended in a sob of hatred. She hated him. She hated the girl with the lavender skin. She hated the whole vile world with a violence that was nausea. Her jaws were clenched together in the familiar way, teeth clamped together hard.

He saw the trap now, now that it was too late. His eyes darkened with helpless bewilderment, but now she was beyond caring. It had to get out of her somehow, like the poison of a snake's bite. Then would come relief, tears, forgiveness.

"No, not alluring," Joel said. He spoke like a schoolboy reciting a (Continued on page 200)



Christmas

The land of America's oldest traditions keeps alive the most treasured of all—an old-fashioned Christmas

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

NEW ENGLAND was made for Christmas. It has the fir trees for it, it has the high hills and the deep snow. It has the sparkle and the clean sky. It has the running water between the rounded drifts. New England has the wide barns and the little houses, the villages close together, the churches, the sea. The dark rocky seashore lights up with alabaster domes of snow. The sea burns deeper blue as it goes up like a mountain to the horizon, and the low Winter sun spills out a mile of blazing diamonds down the ocean's slope. Looking out to sea is like looking into the feathered heavenly hosts over old Bethlehem, and the seagulls in their white hunger cry out "Nowell! Nowell!" The front dooryard to New England blazes with holiday. It is a wonderful thing to have infinity and eternity in ermine and dark blue at the front door. It is only a step from the fire on the hearth to the sun's fire on the sea.

There is every kind of tree to lift the snow and splendid ice against the blue sky. A maple tree becomes a mullioned church window against the day. The delicate tracery of the tree boughs curves shadows over every drift of snow. Men make lace wherever they walk, and their footprints go handsomely with the featherstitching of the mice and the cuneiforms of the crows. A rabbit out for breakfast leaves at each hop the trefoil sign of the Trinity whenever he touches the clean apocalyptic snow. Old barns sag with white beauty on high. Cold weather puts a sharp edge on everybody's spirits, and even the boy that lugs in the wood for the fire does not mind the work for once. Chimneys smoke for good cheer, and every man or woman who walks the bright world has a halo of breath around his head. There are bells that echo between the mountains, and woods make deep and holy sounds in the wind. Each crow and owl and snow bunting can have his own Christmas tree, for there is no hill so small but has its green hemlock, green balsam, green pine.

The great cold now makes good neighbors of all men, and walkers of the drifted ways sing out "Hello!" to all they meet. Every boy with a sled stands tiptoe on the edge of Kingdom Come. Now the steepness of New England is a boy's bliss, and the multitude of brooks the skaters' delight. The small white houses and the big red barns and the grey of high granite fit lovely into the whitened world. Girls with taffy-colored hair pull at taffy in the warm houses. The cattle's eyes grow big as the open tie-up door lets in the sudden fragrances of the hay on the towering mows. The mice in the hay eat their very houses away and grow sleek and fat in their chambers of last Summer's clover. The mice in the meadows keep warm and eat, merry too, under their white roofs of snow.



PHOTOGRAPH BY KOSTI RUOHOMAA FROM BLACKSTAR

The hens scratch for the corn in the straw, and the hen-pen trembles with their soprano song. Each wind that blows sprinkles a dust of diamonds over the earth, and the colder the gale the snugger the people feel where they hug their fires indoors.

The Christmas goose comes smoking hot from the kitchen with both brown legs up and his wings folded in utter peace at his sides. The smallest boy and the largest aunt grease their chins bright with the fat. Joy runneth over. The dullest joke draws a laugh, and the longest-winded uncle tells stories that go well with the giblet gravy. Cranberry jelly shines by the ground-pine clusters on the snowy tablecloth in

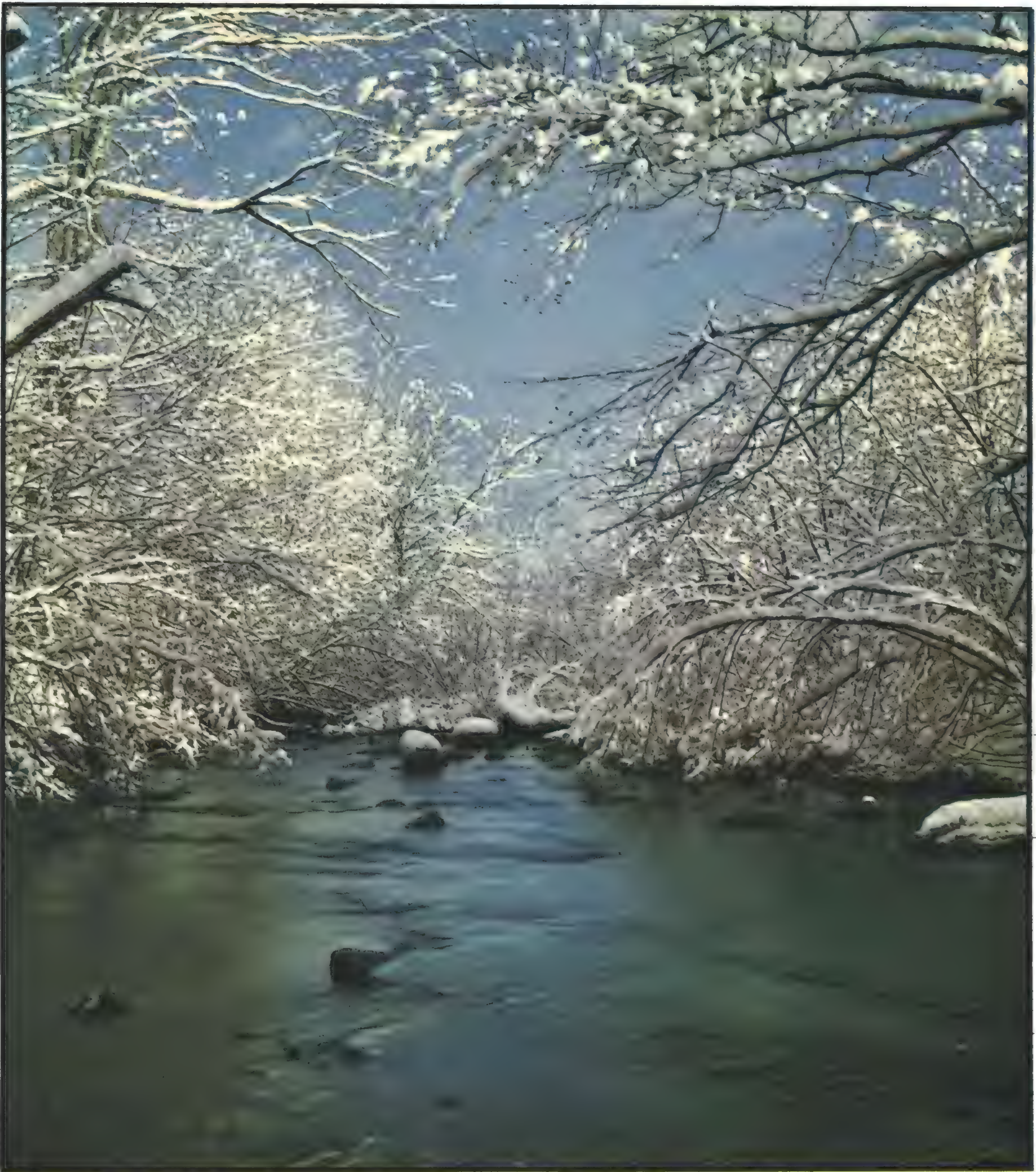
the twin colors of Yuletide. The goose's wish-bone is laid bare, it is white, and the weather uncle swears the Winter will be deep with snow. Now mince pies are cut, and talk and laughter die down into perfect peace at the table.

Then the lights on the house fir-tree come out along with the stars. Carol singers march by twos in the street. The wind goes his rounds, the deer hangs high in the shed, the bins groan with apples, the tawny cider flows. And children go to sleep with dolls clasped in their arms and new-painted sleds that smell like peppermint.

Peace and good will lie as deep on the world as the snow.

in New England

KODACHROMES BY WINSTON POTE FROM SHOSTAL



NOTHING is lovelier than running water in the winter. . . . The brook comes down dark between the ivory domes of snow, full of sparkles, full of stars, more alive than in the Summer. New England has these threads of running life on every one of its ten thousand hills. They take the light in under overhanging pines and light up the stern rocks with sun

fire. The lace of hemlocks and needles of pines dimple the streams, Winter and Summer, night and day, century by century. The brooks make the soft music New Englanders sleep and cook by, work and love by. There is always a brook to sound like bells at Christmastime. It runs through the children's sleep like the sound of the coming sleigh of Santa Claus.



THERE is no place on earth for Christmas like a small village. The first Christmas started in one. Square New England houses gathered around the snowy village green, with dark pines and balsams behind, make a little square world where every boy's shout can reach every other boy, and every neighbor is only a few steps away. Everybody knows every-

body else and sees what he is doing. All children belong to all people. Charity flourishes here as foursquare as the honest houses. High hills and woods shut the villagers away from the rest of the world. People lean on one another. No matter what window they look from, the people see trees and hills and fields and sky that will lift up their minds.

the Third Vase

by QUENTIN REYNOLDS



The story of a man so much in love that he spent his life to make a woman happy—and almost killed her

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN STAHL

LEONARD RIESS was very much in love, and because he was bringing his loved one the only thing in the world she wanted, he felt very triumphant—and very young, too. The car that had met him at the airport traveled quickly across the bridge toward the towers of the city, but he had no eyes for anything but the fragile vase that lay in a box that he held on his knees.

"You look at that as though it were a newborn child," Dr. Winter laughed.

"It's more important to us than even a child could be," Leonard Riess said softly. "You know that, Doctor. You of all people should know that."

Winter nodded. "I do know, Leonard. The hope that she would someday hold that vase in her hands has kept her alive."

"You helped a little," Riess said.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Not much. My science condemned her to death when she fell. My science said, 'Her case is hopeless. When that thread of life that runs through the spine is destroyed by a fall, there is nothing that medical science can do.'"

"Yet," Leonard Riess said softly, "she has lived."

Winter nodded thoughtfully. "How wrong we doctors were. Remember her grief when she realized that she had broken the vase? That seemed more tragic to her than the knowledge that she had broken her back."

The car was hurrying up Park Avenue now, but Leonard Riess wasn't seeing the familiar sights of the city. He was seeing Eva Roberts as audiences had first seen her. He had written the play, but she, virtually unknown and inexperienced, had taken it away from him the night it opened. He smiled as he remembered his first feeling of pique. It wasn't a great play, but it was his first solid success, and he had resented the almost hysterical acclaim given to his young star. But as he learned to know her and then to love her, his resentment had

faded. Eva had played Du Barry in his play. The whole drama had been based on a letter written by Du Barry to Richelieu in which she told of the first gift Louis XV had given her—four exquisite vases, all identical.

"I wonder what ever became of them after Du Barry was guillotined," Eva had asked one night. "I have a feeling that she really loved those four porcelain vases, and because of them she came to love the King."

"I think you're right," he had said gravely. "I'm going to find those vases and give them to you. You may love them too, and because of them you may learn to love the man who gave them to you."

"Silly, silly Leonard," Eva had laughed, but there was affection in her laughter. And he had gone to France, and after months of searching he had found two of the vases. Eva had fallen in love with the delicate rose-colored vases that had been made at Sèvres by the great master, Jean Hellot, and then she had fallen in love with Leonard Riess and had married him. They not only loved each other; they respected each other, for each had a great talent. As time passed, the two Sèvres vases seemed to take on added significance to Eva. She would trace and retrace the nymphs painted on the vases in delicate violet and light apple-green and in the rare pale yellow known as "jaune jonquille" to the artists who had painted at Sèvres.

"If I ever decide to divorce you," Leonard had once teased her, "I'll name Jean Hellot as the other man."

"I must admit, darling," she had said, "you are the only two men I've ever loved. But he's been dead for nearly two hundred years and you're very, very much alive."

Then, one day, their world came to an end. It seemed incredible that tragedy could have come out of such a small incident. They had moved to a new house and Eva had decorated

one room around the two Sèvres vases. She had built a shelf for them and had insisted on placing them upon it herself. The painters hadn't quite finished with the room and they had left a ladder leaning against a wall. Eva had taken up one of the vases and had climbed up three steps of the ladder when, unaccountably, the ladder had slipped. There was no warning—no time even for her to cry out—no time for Leonard to leap to her help. She fell backward and she lay there twisted and broken; the vase was smashed into a hundred small pieces.

She had been unconscious for days, and in her delirium she had cried for the broken vase. A thousand times, Leonard had whispered that he would find a replica of it, that there still were two others somewhere in the world exactly like it; and gradually the thought had penetrated her clouded mind.

"You can't die," he pleaded.

"I won't die until you replace the vase I broke," her voice said. She clung to that thought and it had dragged her back to life.

She had never walked again, but they had been far happier than most people; and always between plays Leonard would go searching for one of the two remaining vases that Louis XV had given Du Barry.

"You are home, Leonard." The doctor, sensing the thoughts that had been going through the mind of his friend, had remained quiet until now.

"I—I've been living in the past," Leonard smiled apologetically.

"Now start living in the present," Winter said. "Eva has been waiting for this moment."

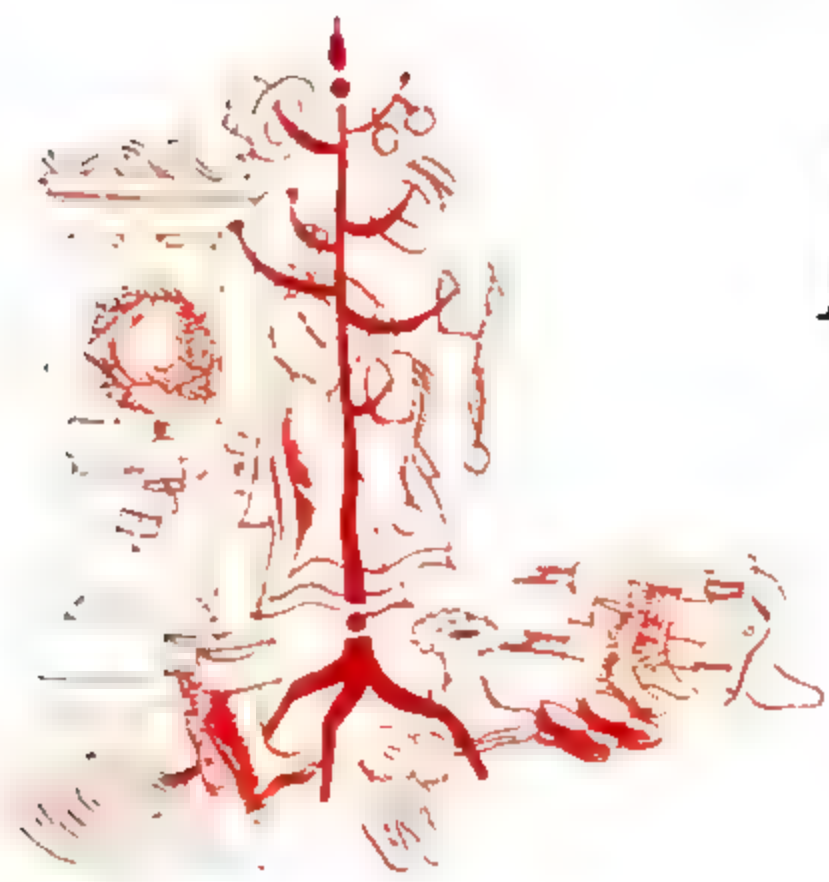
"She has been living for it," Leonard said happily.

"Yes. Leonard . . . I wonder . . ." Winter's voice trailed off uncertainly.

"Yes?"

"Nothing, Leonard," (Continued on page 181)





Pomp and Circumstance



There was something kingly about J. Pierpont Morgan. He was the ruler of the world of finance, and his fabulous personal tastes had quite an imperial flair

An Article by

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

IT IS doubtful if any citizen of the United States ever led—or ever will lead, for that matter—a life more regal than that of Pierpont Morgan during the early years of the twentieth century, when he was in his sixties and seventies. Not that he led all comers in wealth; for although he made, on the average, several million dollars a year, nevertheless, if it had been possible to compile each year an accurate rank-list of American incomes in order of size, probably Morgan's would usually have stood well below the top. Nor did he lead in lavishness, for there have been plenty of more extravagant spenders and certainly innumerable flashier ones; Morgan, a publicity hater, never spent for mere show. Nor was he preëminent in the world of fashion, for he went his way with contemptuous indifference to the glitter of social pretension. What set him apart from all others was a combination of large wealth, large spending, social assurance, international social experience, love of grandeur, and restrained taste.

Once in a conversation with that Prince of Wales who later became Edward VII of England, Gambetta remarked that if the French Republic were to make noblemen of successful businessmen, as did Britain, "the Duke of Rockfount would never rub shoulders with the Duke of Industry." The phrase is apt: Morgan was by nature a duke of industry, pursuing the life of an unostentatious gentleman on a majestic scale.

His home base during these years was No. 219 Madison Avenue. It was a very ample house in which his family enjoyed the ministrations of some twelve servants (including a butler, two or three other menservants, a lady's maid, a cook, two kitchen maids, two chambermaids, a laundress, and a gardener), but it was by no means palatial. Fashionable society had for many years been gravitating farther uptown; the Murray Hill region where Morgan remained, and the house itself, represented not fashion, but rather the strict brownstone tradition of conservative Manhattan respectability. He kept accumulating property in the neighborhood: some lots on Thirty-sixth Street for houses for his children, a lot on Thirty-fifth Street for a new stable, the big brownstone Phelps Stokes house at the corner of Madison and Thirty-seventh for a residence for his son Jack; and enough land just to the east of No. 219, on Thirty-sixth Street, for a separate lawn-surrounded building in which he could house the books and manuscripts that had long since overflowed the storage room in his basement.

Upon this library building—definitely projected in 1900 and completed in 1906—he lavished loving pains. He chose as his architect Charles F. McKim, the leading practitioner at that time of the art of adapting classical and Renaissance designs to practical American purposes; there was no better guarantee of order, restraint, and a severe beauty quite detached from the American

scene. Though brownstone was quite all right for domestic purposes, art, it was thought, deserved a more exquisite setting; and so McKim produced a one-story white marble building in early sixteenth-century Italian Renaissance style, with an arched entrance, a large central hall, a great east room lined with books to the ceiling, a small north office room, and a large west room which had the air of a gentleman's capacious and beautifully appointed living room. The white marble blocks of which the library was built were set in place without mortar, after the ancient Greek practice, despite the extra polishing—and extra expense—which this involved. From the day the building was completed to the end of Morgan's life, he spent more and more of his time in its big west room. Its grandeur, its masculine comfort, the Florentine paintings that hung on its red walls, the statuette of Eros that stood on a pedestal by the fireplace, the other bits of choice craftsmanship that decorated it, all satisfied him completely.

There was also the Morgan country house, Cragston, at Highland Falls on the Hudson—another old-style place, in a resort progressively abandoned by fashion. Cragston embodied simplicity on an ample scale, with half a dozen or

so guest rooms, small detached cottages for the staff, cattle barns, a dairy, and kennels for fifty or more of Morgan's prize collies, which monotonously carried off blue ribbons at the dog shows. Here Mrs. Morgan spent most of the time between April and midautumn, and here Pierpont Morgan came when the opportunity offered, which in his later years was not very often, so very widely did his activities range.

For winter holidays he had also a thousand-acre place in the Adirondacks, Camp Uncas; for less Spartan intervals in the cold months, a furnished apartment in the building called "Sans Souci" at the Jekyll Island Club, on a piny island on the Georgia coast; and, for stopovers when his yacht was in Narragansett Bay waters, a small "fishing box" at Newport, with an expert cook in readiness to satisfy the palates of his guests. (He seldom if ever fished there; a picture of him, in yachting costume, sitting beside a string of remarkably large bass was staged as a joke by his friend Charles Lanier; the fish had been caught by others.)

In London his headquarters was the big double house at Prince's Gate which had formerly been his father's town residence. This, too, was unpretentious in aspect; but very few unpretentious houses contain paintings by Rubens, Rembrandt, Hobbema, Velasquez, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Constable, Turner, and other artists of wide renown, or for that matter contain a special room designed to display a series of Fragonard panels. And outside London there was Dover House, a comfortable country seat so satisfactorily equipped with gardens, orchards, and a dairy farm that when Morgan ended his English visit in 1902 his special railway carriage, attached to the boat train for Southampton, was piled high at one end—according to Herbert Satterlee's account—with "the boxes from Dover House that contained melons, hothouse grapes, peaches, nectarines, and bottles of cream sufficient for the voyage," these supplementary provisions being taken along because, in Satterlee's matter-of-fact words, "the menu of even the best transatlantic liner was much more simple than it is today."

In Paris, Rome, and watering places such as his favorite Aix-les-Bains, Morgan needed no private property, for he always had his pick of accommodations; in the Hotel Bristol at Paris and in the Grand Hotel at Rome there were special suites set aside for his use whenever he came.

II

But the finest of his residences was none of these which I have mentioned, but the *Corsair*, a 302-foot-long yacht. There have been larger private pleasure craft, but not many of them; and none of such regal dimensions are produced today; the Fleischmann Diesel yacht pictured in *Life* in 1947 as the "first big luxury vessel since (Continued on page 175)



From the book, *The Great Pierpont Morgan*, Copyright 1948, 1949 by Frederick Lewis Allen, Published by Harper & Bros.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



"M--M--M--M--Merry Christmas—"

Degas'

A portfolio of paintings by the poet of life who hated living.



Hilaire Germain Edgar Degas
Courtesy of Mr. A. Conger Goodyear

In World War I, while Paris was trembling under the long range blows of the Germans' Big Bertha, Edgar Degas died. That he should have been alive in the modern world is simply the last contradiction of this contradictory man who belongs to another age, who is grouped with Van Gogh, Gauguin, Renoir, Cezanne, and Monet by his art.

Degas is an almost irritating paradox. Look, if you will, at the lyric beauty of the painting on the opposite page: it takes no student of art to be refreshed by its rich color and wholly captivated by its charm and vitality. As a painting, it is neither academic nor revolutionary; it is not "artistic" and yet it is perfect in design. Anyone can see that this Frenchman with a face like Edgar Allan Poe had the same music and poetry deep down in him. Yet he hated the odor of flowers and would leave the house of any friend instantly who exposed him to such a foul smell. He despised all house pets with the exception of his own dog which was as ill-tempered as himself. He was gruff and caustic in speech. Once he tossed a nude model physically out of his studio and then threw her clothes after her, because she had commented on his work. Socially, he was as pleasant as an annoyed bear. He was a neurotic, a celibate, and a narrow-minded aristocrat who could not abide liberal ideas. He had poor eyes and poor hearing. Yet he had all this beauty locked up in him.

The critics have said a lot about Degas without being able to classify him, as they love to do. He was not an impressionist like a Renoir, and still his work is in sympathy with the group. He is something of an illustrator, like a Toulouse Lautrec, but he casts a momentary sheen of beauty over an ugly dancing girl or a pathetic cocotte which is all his own.

He lived in the great tradition of French Art. He was born in 1834 and spent most of his life in the famous Bohème area of Paris, close to the cabarets, pedestrians, models, and characters of the drab and gay Place Pigalle. The vigor of nineteenth century France touched him only as an artist; as a man, he was a throw-back to his patrician background. On his one journey to America, he was pleased to visit New Orleans, where he quite naturally enjoyed and admired its decaying social aristocracy. His life, excepting his work, was relatively without event. He antagonized his friends, no one loved him, he was a bitter critic of his fellow painters. But he painted the life about him with precise fidelity. He didn't intend to. "You seek inspiration in nature," he once told a painter. "As for me, I need the artificial life. . . . No art was ever less spontaneous than mine. Of inspiration, spontaneity, temperament, I know nothing."

But a painter speaks truly only with his brush. The works of Degas in this selection are characteristic of him. Some of them are very rare, and many have never before been photographed or reproduced in Kodachrome. The editors of Esquire are proud indeed to present this special showing for our readers, reproduced from the originals through the great generosity and courtesy of the owners. Forget the man. Look at his work: beauty like this is his gift to all.





The Bath Courtesy of the Estate of Mrs. Ruth Swift Maguire



Rest-Time Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Riezler

Dancers in the Wings Courtesy of Mrs. Harris H. Jonas





Ballet Scene Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Sam A. Lewisohn



The Star Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Diego Suarez



Dancers Courtesy of Wildenstein & Co., Inc.



The Star Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Byron C. Foy

Degas is best known and admired for his ballet girls. They barely touch the ground, like butterflies in the kaleidoscopic dream world of the stage. Look at the paintings upside down or sideways, and you still see a perfection of design and lush color. But if you study the girls themselves, you find the acid and cruel eye of Degas the man, not the artist, fixed on them. None have pretty faces. You find an ugly knee or a sharp elbow, a lumpy figure, as if the man were telling the artist that women are ridiculous and distasteful creatures, and only the footlights and the glow mean anything. Degas was almost destroyed by his own pent-up emotion. It was fortunate that he could turn to the canvas for his comments on life. And fortunately for us, even he could not smother his real love for beauty.

George Slocombe* tells how Degas belittled his contemporaries.

Of Whistler, Degas said: "You cannot talk to him. He throws his cloak around him, and goes off to see his photographer." Of another painter, when a friend exclaimed proudly to Degas: "He aims well, does he not, Degas?" ... said the master, "Yes, he aims at a medal." On another occasion, he was viewing an impressive composition by a contemporary. Said Degas: "I see fifty figures, but I do not see a crowd. One makes a crowd with five figures, not with fifty."

And so this mean and waspish genius battled his way through life, fending off everyone who would be helpful, insulting his friends, abusing his servants and hating his models. Perhaps it is fitting that his work stands alone and unclassifiable. He would like it so. And perhaps he knew too that his real friends were to come, afterwards: the future generations who were to see his paintings. Maybe he didn't mean it to be so, when he was alive, but today he can win your heart in a second.

*From "Rebels of Art," copyright by Robert M. McBride & Co.

Degas, the great master of the ballet scene, was also fascinated by the contained grace of racehorses. As always, he caught motion in a single moment of suspension: he was an artist with the eye of an illustrator



Before the Start Courtesy of Wildenstein & Co., Inc.



Race Horses Courtesy of Mr. Leonard C. Hanna, Jr.



Race Horses Courtesy of Mr. Vladimir Horowitz



“Well, look who’s here—the other end of the candle I’ve been burning!”



A Very Trusting Guy

A good gambler will always trust a pack of marked cards, if the back out is clear. But all you can do with a woman is to hope, and leave the rest up to her heart



To say that my good friend Otis Nulty is a gambler is not strictly correct. It is true that Otis devotes himself to playing cards for large sums of moola. But he does not gamble. Otis always wins.

"I do not like gambling," he tells me. "Gambling is taking a chance and I do not believe in taking chances."

To make sure that he does not take any chances when he plays cards, Otis invents a machine for himself. This machine is a wonderful instrument which manufactures cards. These cards are the same as any others except that there are certain marks on the backs of them which Otis can read as though the cards are face up. So it is plain to see that anyone as conservative as Otis cannot be called a gambler.

Yet he does take a chance on something which is much worse than if he plays poker without his special cards. Otis gambles on his wife, Emma. Emma is an extremely beautiful girl who can win more whistles per square block than any girl I ever see. Still, Otis goes about his card playing on boats, being away for weeks at a time, leaving Emma alone in New York.

"You should take her with you on the boats, Otis," I suggest to him. "It is a big risk to leave her in New York."

Otis smiles. "I have the greatest trust in Emma. Besides, she gets seasick."

I do not press the matter. A year goes by while Otis attends to his business, leaving Emma and the wonderful machine alone and unprotected in their New York apartment. Otis does well at his work, discouraging people from gambling by seeing to it that they do not win. And it is safe to say that on each boat ride Otis discourages anywhere from two to five people to the extent of from one to five thousand dollars, depending on how much he judges they can afford to lose, Otis being considerate that way.

But after one ride in November, it becomes my sad duty to warn Otis that trouble is brewing for him. The gamble of his leaving Emma alone develops into a dangerous situation. I meet him for lunch and so inform him. "You remember Irwin Rudd?" I first ask him.

Otis nods without looking up from his *vichyssoise*. This Irwin Rudd is a person who is now sojourning at Sing Sing due to his imitating a certain wealthy party's signature on a check. Previous to his arrival at Ossining, Irwin is widely known as the boy friend of Emma, who since married Otis.

"Irwin behaves himself quite well at Sing Sing and he is getting time off, Otis. He gets out in a few weeks."

The waiter brings the *pâte de fois gras* and Otis digs into it. "So?" he asks.

"Well," I go on, "I hear from certain dear pals who are locked up with Irwin that he is bragging about what a job he will do on you when he gets out."

"A job?" asks Otis, undisturbed.

"Yes," I say. "He hears about your

marriage to Emma and also about your wonderful machine, and he tells people up there that it is a cinch for him to get Emma to turn over the machine as well as herself to him."

Otis delicately wipes his lips with a napkin. "I have implicit faith in Emma. Forget it, Cyril."

I argue. I explain that a woman is just a woman, and not only does Irwin have prior rights to Emma, but also he is a broad-shouldered he-man type with a winning personality, poisonous though it may be.

But I cannot wake Otis to the gamble he is taking. He eats his food with relish and then announces to me that he leaves for a business trip, a Caribbean cruise, next week, and he will be gone three weeks.

"Which leaves the door wide open for Irwin," I remind him.

"Nonsense, Cyril," he says, and that closes the discussion.

Sure enough, Otis pulls out as per schedule and Irwin Rudd pulls into New York three days later. And then the talk around town begins to reach my ears. Irwin Rudd is being seen at this night club and that restaurant with Emma Nulty. Irwin is seen leaving her apartment at a very early morning hour. He is reported to be on extremely friendly terms with her. Irwin Rudd is surely cutting out Otis.

As Otis' friend, I feel it is my duty to find out how much truth there is to these rumors. I telephone Emma and ask her point blank.

"Cyril," she says pleasantly, "I deny nothing. Three years ago when Irwin Rudd was in a tough spot with the law, he fast-talked me out of my life's savings so he could hire a hot-shot lawyer. It didn't help and Irwin got sent away. Since then I came to regard him as a stinker and I wished only to forget him. But last week Irwin was released, and the very first thing he did was hurry over here and pay me back every cent. Now, Cyril, what kind of a person would I be not to show my appreciation for his returning my money?"

I hang up. So the rumors are true. Irwin Rudd is a smooth operator. Emma does not realize that he is returning her dough merely as a build-up to taking her and the machine over from Otis.

So when Otis returns from the Caribbean I naturally report my findings to him. We sip Martinis at a bar while I give him the whole story, including my phone chat with Emma. Then I wait for him to explode. But Otis merely holds up a finger to the bartender and orders two more drinks. Then he turns to me with a patient smile.

"Thanks for the information, Cyril," he says, "but I never question Emma. If she has something to say to me, she will do so. Meanwhile, my trust in her is unshaken."

At this point I wash my hands of the whole thing. In the past I have seen many dear friends lose their money, wives, and lives due to stubbornness. I can do no more for Otis.

Well, I find out later that after Otis leaves me he goes home to Emma, but, with the great trust he places in her, he does not mention a word about the rumors he hears concerning Irwin Rudd. He spends a week enjoying the comforts of home. Then he signs up for a

Havana cruise.

The day that he sails, Emma packs his bag. Otis is very proud of the way Emma attends to him, and he always lets her take care of his sailing preparations. Also, he has so much faith in her that he lets her run off the cards on the machine and handle the money matters, which, in a situation like has come up now with Irwin, is certainly a wild gamble for a nongambling man like Otis. When she packs his bag, she puts in a dozen decks of cards, then she hands him five thousand bucks which is his working money and kisses him good-by, and Otis taxis to the pier.

The first day on the boat, Otis looks around for prospects and lines up two well-heeled-appearing gents by the names of Mr. Creecher and Mr. Boland. For the first couple of days, the three of them discuss politics and the stock market, matters which Otis is well-posted on, that being a part of the requirements of his business. By the time they reach Havana, Otis is real chummy with Mr. Creecher and Mr. Boland, but Otis does not rush matters. There will be four good days on the ride back.

So the boat (Continued on page 219)



"Oh! Mr. Van Natten! You are clever!"

Riding.



Left: Riding the big breakers is a little like standing on the back of a wild horse. It's terrific stuff, but don't fall off!



the BIG COMBS

Get a load of the biggest chills and thrills
in the U. S.—if you can keep your balance

by TOM DE PAOLO



Above: Sometimes even the sea lanes get jammed. The surfers on the right are headed for a crack-up if someone doesn't put out his foot for a quick turn

RESIDENTS of Southern California frequently boast of the mild weather that the gods of wintertime bestow upon them during that season. They consider it great sport to write to friends and relatives in the East (who are shoveling snow from their front walks), telling them of the wonderful time they had at the beach last week end. Do the friends and relatives realize, they ask, that sun tans may be acquired in the middle of winter? The friends and relatives back East could, if they were in the know, counter with a simple question: "How was the water?" The sunbaked individuals would have to admit the water is a bit chilly in December—so they just play volleyball. It seems that Southern Californians generally obey one rule of conduct: You may go to the beach in the winter, but don't go near the water.

There is, however, one group of people who disregard the rule. On a small stretch of sand just south of Laguna Beach, there congregates a group of hardy surf-enthusiasts. The stretch of sand bears the unusual name of San Onofre, and the group of hardy men are all members of Southern California's surfboard-riding fraternity. Winter or summer, whenever the surf is good, these surfers ride the waves.

Surfboard riding is a sport that depends entirely on the size and force of ocean waves, which propel man and board shoreward. The best waves for surfing purposes are breakers that rise as far away from (Continued on page 217)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN H. BALL



A wave is soft and smooth on top; underneath it mauls you like a suddenly enraged octopus

Hold it straight on the down side, and you'll hit the beach just like a god out of the sea





NEW YORK: *magic city*

**At Christmas more than ever you learn
that this is your home town, no matter where you started**

IT was once said that every man has two sweet-hearts—his own and an Irish girl. In the same way, every man has two home towns—the place in which he was born, and New York. Say what you will of every other city in the world. Some are more beautiful, some are more exotic, some are more crowded, a few are larger, and there is always one where you want to end your days. But New York is “the” city. There are men there who have more money than some of the fabulous princes of India: there are men so degraded you cannot even call them animals. As Thomas Wolfe knew as he prowled the dark city



KODACHROME BY ROBERT BAGBY OF F. P. G.

streets, the most beautiful women in the world are waiting there to meet you and fall in love with you: and there are creatures who will kill you for the promise of a few dollars, and toss you to the tides, with a couple of cement blocks for shoes.

Everyone knows that. But the great heart-beat of New York draws and holds intimately the smaller human pulse. There are the people from every land you can name on its streets, acting as if they were born here. There are the natives, blasé, matter-of-fact, hating the place—unless you say something against it, in which

case you have a fist fight on your hands. And at Christmas, there is a magic and invisible cloud that comes down over them all—bums and princesses and peddlers and millionaires and cops and kids—until you realize perhaps for the first time that it is humanity which makes a city, and not just stone and steel. The magic touches Fifth Avenue and brings holiday music out onto the street, it makes office workers fall in love at the office party and refuse to go home for Christmas dinner, it makes traffic cops wink at cab drivers, and people who wouldn't loan you two bits in May buy you a drink at the nearest bar.

New York dresses up at Christmas. It becomes a beautiful dream who wears her spangles and dangerous charm gaily and sweetly. She smiles at you across champagne in fabulous night spots and she whispers through the fir trees in Central Park; she brings you songs and memories in theatres and in the apartment across the hall. She is the most irresistible siren in the world.

On Christmas Eve, New York's matchless glamour transcends any in the whole world. Stop and look if you are there; you will never forget the sight of her. ##

Ethics for the Goose



Peabody Potter may have to throw his weight around to get thirty grand from a movie mogul and send a beautiful girl back to her husband—but it's all strictly legal



MR. POTTER was in an expansive mood. After a solid week of torrential rains, and despite the weatherman's prediction of more to come, the day had dawned fine and clear. The truant sun, timidly topping the sodden hills to the east, blushed guiltily and redoubled its efforts, and Mission Canyon steamed like a Technicolor jungle. And Mr. Potter, prepared for the worst in woolen slacks and sweat shirt, steamed right along with it.

Beads of perspiration, starting in his hair, trickled down his neck and across his broad, cherubic face in rivulets, and he swore gently, mopped his forehead, and hoped the weatherman, who had so unequivocally predicted "rising winds and continued rain in the forenoon," had fortified himself with heavy woollens too.

Then he gave up, shucked his sweat shirt, leaned back in his deck chair, and sighed contentedly.

Ella, his colored housekeeper, shuffling out of the kitchen with seconds on bacon and wheat cakes and feather-light corn muffins, looked at him and frowned. The sight of him thus, bared to the waist on a midwinter morning—even if it was a California midwinter—was too much. She shook her head. "You courtin' it, Jes' plain courtin' it; thass whut you doin'," she protested.

Mr. Potter eased his huge bulk closer to the table. "Courting what?" he asked.

"Pewmonia, is whut," Ella snapped. "Dass all, Jes' pewmonia!"

Mr. Potter sighed. "Word's pneumonia. Must've heard me pronounce it a hundred times."

"Ah've heard you," Ella said indignantly. "Only—ah jes' didn't figger it wuz mah place t'kerrect you, is all."

Mr. Potter choked on a crisp sliver of bacon, and buried his grin in a paper napkin. "Trouble with you," he managed, "is you're afraid of a little fresh air."

"De trouble wif me," Ella said balefully, "is ah ain't got no two hundred an' sixty pounds of good eatin' 'twixt me an' th' outdoors lak some people ah could mention has. Dass de trouble wif me!"

She turned indignantly and flounced back into the kitchen, and Mr. Potter broke into a chuckle that rippled up and down his frame. He was a massive man—short, broad, and barrel-chested, with a moon-round puckish face and large, humorous, owlish eyes. He had a mass of unruly black hair, shot with grey, the merest suggestion of a neck, and hands like hams. Easygoing, calm, and unruffled, he was, nevertheless, and despite his apparent lethargy, one of the shrewdest and most successful lawyers in the State of California.

He was on his fifth, or "middle," cup of coffee when Milton Green, the Mission Canyon realtor, hurried up the driveway. Mr. Potter struggled into his sweat shirt again and motioned Green to have a seat. "Breakfast?" he asked.

Green shoved his snow-white Stet-

A Story by RIAN JAMES

son back on his head and laughed derisively. "At nine o'clock?" he roared. "Hah—I had my breakfast at six!"

"Average hen has hers at five—but by this time she generally has an egg to show for it," Mr. Potter said pleasantly. He leaned back, folded his hands across his middle, and looked at Green archly. "What do you know—for sure?"

"You see the sheriff's car go up the canyon a little while ago?" Green asked. He was an unfailing source of news, gossip, and purely local chitchat, and Mr. Potter smiled—and waited.

Green lit a cigarette, and shifted in his chair. "I know what they're after, too."

"Figured you did," Mr. Potter said drily. He lit a huge cigar, puffed out a purplish cloud, and studied it intently, as though he'd never seen cigar smoke before.

Green shuffled his feet and cleared his throat. "Finance company's trying to attach Bill Lawtery's car. Seems the car is in the garage, and the garage is padlocked, and Bill won't open up for 'em. Not that that'll do him any good. One of the deputies just stopped off at my office to phone for a tow car. When it gets here, they're going to break the door down."

"Humph," Mr. Potter grunted. "Shame. They're nice youngsters. Haven't seen either of 'em in a long time."

"It must've been a long time. They busted up nearly two months ago. She left him."

Mr. Potter shifted in his deck chair and frowned. "Left him? Why? What happened?"

Green shrugged. "I never did hear."

"Hunh. You're slipping," Mr. Potter said.

Green ignored the sarcasm. He flipped his cigarette stub into a geranium bed and leaned forward. "Can they do that? I mean—just break into a person's garage that way and take his car?"

Mr. Potter heaved himself slowly to his feet, and stretched. "Depends. Maybe they can—maybe they can't." He started down the steps to the driveway, and Green scowled.

"Where you going?"

"Going to take a walk."

"What for?" Green asked suspiciously.

"One way of finding out," Mr. Potter said simply. Then, without another glance at Green, he headed briskly up the winding Canyon Road toward the Lawtery place.

A Black and White County sheriff's car was parked in the Lawtery driveway when he arrived some ten minutes later. Two uniformed deputies were sprawled comfortably in the front seat, and Bill Lawtery, nibbling angrily on the edges of a legal-looking document, was glaring at them balefully, and in open defiance.

Mr. Potter grinned and mopped his dripping forehead. "'Lo, Bill."

Bill's eyes suddenly lost their haunted look. "Boy, am I glad to see you," he said. He was tall and flat-waisted, with a shock of blond hair and deep blue eyes that were well-set and pleasant. He wrung Mr. Potter's hand like a politician trying to sew up a vote. "The Gestapo here are trying to take my car."

"Humph," Mr. Potter took the folded legal document out of Bill's hand, flipped it open, and skimmed through the several pages hurriedly. "Writ of attachment. All legal and ship-shape too, as far as it goes."

Bill's face fell. "You mean—I have to let 'em have the car?" he asked dully.

Mr. Potter shook his head. "Does not go far enough."

Bill flashed a quick, triumphant smile at the waiting deputies. "Hot damn," he said, grinning. "There's nothing like having a good lawyer."

"Good architect, rather," Mr. Potter amended. He was about to continue when a gleaming white tow car swung into the driveway, zoomed up beside the parked sheriff's car, and skidded to a stop. The driver slid out from behind the wheel, exchanged matter-of-fact greetings with the deputies, and reached under the seat for an ax.

One of the deputies got out of the sheriff's car and sidled nonchalantly over to Bill. "Last chance," he said. "It's up to you. You going to open up, or are we going to have to work on a perfectly good door?"

Bill looked apprehensively at Mr. Potter.

"Neither," Mr. Potter said pleasantly.

The deputy looked at him in amazement. "Oh—no? And just who's going to stop us?"

"I am," Mr. Potter smiled.

"You are?" The deputy snickered. "And who (Continued on page 221)"





"None of that, Mr. Putney—I have the rent this time"



Our Desert Gets a Face Lifting



Way out where the gila monster and the hermit used to roam, some bright-eyed and rugged Americans are making themselves a spanking new and enjoyable life

An Article by OREN ARNOLD

*"Away, away from city and street;
Away from the tread of thronging feet
That hurry and crowd, but never know
The trails where man may joy to go . . .
Out from the things that cramp and hold,
And shape man's life in an iron mold.
Out from walls on every side;
Out to the spaces clean and wide . . .
And the open sky and boundless space
Carve something great on the poorest face . . ."*

ON New Year's Day of 1940, a shiny limousine threaded cautiously through the cactus and chaparral of the Arizona desert and stopped beside a red cliff. A butler got out, set up a card table with two chairs and cushions, then held open the door. A middle-aged lady and gentleman, obviously wealthy New Yorkers, stepped out and moved to the chairs. Both of them relaxed as visibly as kittens in the sun while their manservant cooked lunch on a small gasoline stove and served them. Manservant, master, and mistress were all aristocratic, and charming; all were awed by the strange beauty of the wilderness.

These facts I know because I was sun-dozing on top of the red cliff beside which their car was parked, and when they had finished with their lunch I couldn't resist the urge to climb down and crash their party. We powwowed until six that evening, when I cooked supper for all of us over a cow-chip fire.

Those folks came out to the Southwest for a month's vacation at a resort hotel. But they have never been back to New York; not once. In the nine years since 1940, the gentleman has closed out his Eastern business by mail and become a cattle rancher, a breeder of fancy stock. He also owns part interest in two mines and an orange grove. The greenest possible dudes when I met them, all three dress, act, and talk differently now. They don't wear buckskin, walk bowlegged, or call you "Podnuh," but they have joined and are enthusiastic members of a significant new clan of Americans. It is a clan of '49'ers; 1949'ers, that is.

The clan is dedicated to the proposition that the region between Amarillo and San Diego not only can support human life, but can actually enrich it. This is revolutionary. The 1849'ers reported the region as one terrific hell of heat and hunger. Until about 1900 it was regarded by most outsiders as a zone to be avoided by all but fugitives and the most desperate of adventurers. Even until 1920 or so, most people who "went to Arizona" were suspected of being either tuberculars or screwballs. My bride and I arrived late; in 1927 we chose Phoenix as a home. For two years our Eastern friends wrote us tactful sympathy, offering to help us get re-established whenever we could return to civilization. We had to say repeatedly that our health was excellent and that we stayed out here because dammit we liked it. Patently we were among the screwballs. The same misconceptions existed, with variations, about West Texas, New Mexico, and Southern California, except for the coastal strip.

Whatever changed the feeling, I wouldn't know, unless it was the eventual pooling up of counterpropaganda from us screwballs. A large percentage of us would dress up fit to kill, visit back East, and make it clear that we had abundant money and no ulcers. We'd quote our beloved poetess Sharlot Hall:

Easterners can stand just so much of that kind of talk, then they get wistful. Pretty soon they get jealous. In the 1930's they started running out here in droves; the war and the peacetime travel boom further stimulated them, so that by 1948 the run looked like a stampede.

People by the astonishing thousands are deliberately settling on the same dry-and-dangerous land that awed the covered-wagon folk. With few exceptions, moreover, they are a vigorous stock, and they are prospering. "The desert is only four to ten hours from anywhere now," said one new enthusiast last fall. "It is no longer a place of exile far, far away. It is a Garden, a Land of Opportunity, a Last Frontier, a Region of Romance, a Place of Beneficent Beauty."

He sounded like a chamber-of-commerce secretary of the old school, but he was a wealthy Bostonian building himself a mansion on the sunny side of Squaw Peak. He is fifty-seven and says he is going to retire. His retirement may last six months, but I would bet against it. John C. Lincoln, who founded and developed Cleveland's Lincoln Electric Company, came out

one winter and bought a desert home and a rocking chair. He sat for two months, then got up and built one of Arizona's—and possibly America's—finest resort hotels, near his home. George Borg—Mr. Clutch—came to the desert to retire in a quiet cottage and instead developed a dude resort now worth about a million dollars. Down the same road in Paradise Valley—which is an apt name, once you've felt the spell of the area—Fowler McCormick of farm-implement wealth is developing one of America's most spectacular ranch enterprises. His sudden "hobby" interest there helped boom dollar-an-acre desert land to thousand-dollar-an-acre land, with plenty of takers. Burrige Butler, Chicago radio-station owner and magazine publisher, came to the desert to get away from publishing and radio, but soon bought another magazine and radio station, both Arizona products. Clarence Budington Kelland, one of America's most famous authors, was traveling from New York to California's Elysian Fields and got sidetracked on the Arizona desert. Amazingly, not a darn soul rushed up to beg for his autograph. No one bothered to lionize him, no one begged him to read a manuscript or make a speech. He canceled out his California trip and bought a desert ranch. He has since written half a dozen Arizona novels—thus becoming our number-one press agent—has become head of our Republican party, and has lured out literally dozens of other Eastern big shots.

Such folk, it is revealed if you prod them, have an innate distaste for Hollywood—Hollywood being not a place, but a state of mind, one which is nonexistent on the desert. Bob Hope comes over often to play golf, and we have trouble collecting a committee to greet him. When Sinatra comes, he has to do his own swooning. When Gary Cooper stalks down our Central Avenue, we stare a little, maybe say, "Hiya, Gary," then pass on. We figure we are as good as he is. We are, and he knows it and likes it.

Not all our new settlers are famous or distinguished or rich. Not all are middle-aged or old; indeed, the majority of the new 49'ers are under forty. But all seem to have that certain something inside them; they are happy to match wits with a tough he-man region. A century ago they would have been the organizers and captains of the wagon trains. I have done some Galluping among them recently. The individual is a little haughty, proud, self-assured. This, I hold, is a priceless thing of the spirit—something bred in folk and nurtured by environment, the true "American strain." Their youngsters climb mountain peaks that have defied us old-timers. Their young marrieds open businesses of their own, rather than merely hunt jobs. They can stand spraddle-legged on a cliff, look out across fifty or a hundred miles of uninhabited desert, and people it with dreams, then step down and make the dreams come true.

Within the past three years, I have seen (Continued on page 207)



"Peanut?"

THE ESQUIRE GIRL

PAINTING BY AL MOORE



FIRST CALL!

— by PHIL STACK

This cute little trick
Sent a note to St. Nick
That was certainly right to the point,

Now she doesn't purr
For the kind of a fur
That would dazzle the ritziest joint,

And she doesn't pout
For a rock she could flout
Or a necklace to give her a lift,

But with dreams in her eyes
And her heart in the skies
She offers herself as a gift.

Christmas

on the Old Post Road

by HERVEY ALLEN

The author of *Anthony Adverse* recreates
a chapter from America's past—the story of a
Christmas homecoming, in the old colonial way

Pictorial sequence by Gustav Rehberger

COACHES, inns, and Christmas; sleighs, sleigh bells, homecomings, and crackling wood fires—they were all inextricably linked in the minds and memories of countless Americans in the early nineteenth century. Turn the clock back a mere hundred and thirty years. The time is seven o'clock, Christmas Eve, 1819; the place, Salem, Massachusetts.

A stage and four—pardon me, "a special, double-post chaise"—has just arrived before the oak-timbered and three-story stuccoed front of the old Inn Tavern on Essex Street. It is calm, beginning to snow gently. A young moon hangs in the west, and the battered old "Coffee House" sign doesn't even creak.

From the coach, dressed in trim English boots and tight strapped trousers, a greatcoat of many capes of the latest London cut, and a fine grey beaver, emerges John Forrester, Esq., attorney-at-law, and his gay young wife, Charlotte Storey Forrester, attired in a blue fur-trimmed pelisse and an empire satin bonnet topped by small curled ostrich plumes. Her blue eyes are sparkling with happy expectation and her cheeks pink with cold. Charlotte, as was remarked, "was a Storey all by herself," the sister of Judge Storey, and she and her husband are arriving home quite unexpectedly, after a prosperous trip to London. Their ship landed later at Boston than they had hoped. But they are just in the nick of time to celebrate Christmas at home and to be met by cousin Robert Manning, tall and handsome, owner-manager of the Manning Coach Line. From him they had chartered the "post chaise," otherwise one of the standard stages of the Manning Line, with a capacity inside and out of nine passengers.

The coaches of the Manning Line, Boston to Salem, were the pride of the latter town, then one of the world's great ports. As befitted a federalist line, they were built and run to carry only our "best people"; gentry, merchants, ships' officers and lawyers, federalists too, of course. And they were superior to the more common Eastern Stage Line stages, which carried anybody and everybody, even democratic-republicans if they had the fare.

Manning coaches were lofty, arc-roofed, black varnished but brilliantly striped and gilded, decorated by artists who doted on federal eagles and other classic patriotic devices. They rolled on four ashenspoked, in-shot wheels with brassbound hubs and shrunken steel tires. They were slung by wide black leather straps from gracefully curved steel springs, a new invention. They were leather lined, cushion seated, and had deep outside "boots" for luggage. Also they had an iron sandbox with floor gratings in which to put white-hot bricks as foot warmers in winter. They carried large, brass, spring-candle gig lamps with Oliver ground lenses, also made in Salem. The Manning Line maintained its own stables and horses and all of their stages were drawn by two matched teams of well trained and sturdy beasts, ingeniously harnessed for quick change. They were driven only by artists of the whip and rein, by careful and crafty road-wise fellows from such respectable Salem families as the Anabells, the Conants, the Carneys or the Drakes, with now and then a Knight, one of the Mays or a Tozzer, federalists all. When politics were right, they carried the U.S. mail. In short, the Manning stages were safe, swift, comfortable and fashionable; patronized by the wise, the knowing and the affluent.





That was why John Forrester had chartered a whole coach (from a relative) for himself, his wife, their genteel bags, leather trunks, and innumerable interesting English packages that took up the seven extra seats and both boots. It was extravagant, but so were the Forresters—and it was Christmas. And the same was also the reason that they drove up to The Sun on Essex Street, instead of to the Ship Tavern lower “day-oun tay-oun,” for at The Sun only the most respectable in rank, taste, and opinion congregated, and the welcome and fare would correspond. It would not only be federalist in quality, but English-New England in the best Tory tradition. In brief, an ample and native but also an elegant, succulent, and savory welcome was confidently expected.

One glimpse through the momentarily opened door, as the bags and packages were carried in, confirmed this. A long table, whose drooping white cloth swayed with the candle flames in the draught, was laid with bright cutlery, blue willowware, Irish green glasses, sundry silver flagons

and pewter mugs, all of the landlord’s best. These, and the racks of dishes and utensils along the walls, winked and twinkled in the wavering light of a leaping log fire. The room was trimmed with pine boughs and evergreens, fresh-smelling with a new cast of white sand on the floor laid in squares, dots, and triangles. At one end, the bar, now temporarily deserted, glowed jewel-like under a whale-oil lamp hung by chains, with the varied colors of bottled liquors, decanted rums, and foreign wines. Along the ceiling, as the cold air rushed in, hung a faint cloud of aromatic steam escaped from the kitchen just beyond.

Mahaliel Tozzer, the driver, and a quiet youth, young Nat Hawthorne, carried in the bags and packages. The horses were led off, leaving their breaths behind them in the frosty moonlit air. The news of the return of the Forresters now spread through town with the speed of tattling rumor. Ordinarily, they would have gone directly home. But there was no time to open and warm their mansion; tomorrow would serve for that, and The



Sun for supper. In fifteen minutes Judge Joseph Storey himself arrived.

Followed Cousin This and Cousin That, singly or by couples: Storeys, Andrews, Forresters, Mannings, Dikes. And from just across the street, from what was then perhaps the most interesting house in America, came old Doctor Benjamin Oliver, after locking up his sick brother along with the medicine vials, lens polishers, antifriction devices, microscopes, telescopes, tuning forks, and lightning machines. Doctor Oliver smelled pungently of chemicals, herbs, medicaments, and himself. His visage was like a yellow wrinkled glove; his locks dirty silver and scraggly, like thin clouds about a waning moon. Snuff and dandruff dusted his coat. His politics were royalist, musky as his aroma. He still wore knee breeches—but he was a fine old Tory gentleman and scholar, a medico, a mathematical scientist, an inventor, and a brilliant salty talker with an uncanny taste for and knowledge of good wines. His arrival marked a crescendo in the conversation. He laid a yellow claw on the head of young Nat Haw-

thorne whom he was tutoring. The boy shrank back shyly, while Mr. and Mrs. Forrester began the distribution of certain of the English packages. A crackling of brown paper, a chorus of feminine ohs and ahs, and a grateful clinking of long glasses amongst the gentlemen marked the distribution of gifts. Everyone now was having his or her preprandial drink.

There was Mocha and Java coffee laced with rum. Some took Stone Fence foaming under a hot poker. There was hot buttered rum, there was mulled wine, a posset for dainty Miss Dike, and brown nutty sack for others. A tall glass of '63 Madeira was decanted for Doctor Oliver from a pipe that had been across the Atlantic thrice in colonial times. A hush, a warm glow accompanied these servings—and then suddenly supper was served amid the flourish of napkins and the scraping of chairs.

The specialty of The Sun was "Jamaica Potage," i.e., green turtle soup. Turtles were brought to Salem from the West Indies in the fall and "mulled" with bay leaves, mace, pepper, salt, limes and white wine. The



soup was served from a porringer by the landlord himself, and ladled from it into individual pewter tureens in every one of which a piece of toast was floated. Upon this, as upon a raft, the sacred green fat was deposited. Over that a glass of sherry was poured and the result inhaled as well as eaten. The rector of St. Peter's used brandy, and this went without remark, although felt to be uncanonical. After the rite of the soup had been duly observed, a large oyster pie, thick but light crusted, was served by the inn's waiters. Gentlemen who preferred raw oysters or clams rose and had them opened by old Pompey at the bar, where ale was on tap. The oyster pie, however, was the last item served as a course. After it there was a pause during which an immense variety of pickles was passed around, ladies had a glass of sherry, elderberry, or parsnip wine, and the gentlemen long liquors as they listed. Appetites were now supposed to be properly whetted for the traditional Christmas Eve feast served annually at The Sun.

Two serving tables on casters were now rolled in from the kitchen by the inn attendants, while the landlord stood by with an array of knives in his apron ready to carve.

On the first table was a roasted boar's head, smoking, smooth with brown sugar, with an orange and a grin in its mouth belied by the look of glazed horror in its glassy eyes. It was surrounded by a pot of baked beans on one side and a finely molded pigsfeet-jelly on the other side which enshrined the quaking features of the father of his country surrounded by a laurel wreath, an agitated but delicious and patriotic work of culinary art.

Table two, much longer, discovered a more prodigal variety, to wit: a large roasted glazed goose, a huge roast turkey cock stuffed with oysters, crackers, and celery; a bowl of roasted pigeons with dumplings, a giant roast of beef sweltering in its own juices, and a tureen of creamed codfish on a tray surrounded by a royal guard of scarlet boiled lobsters. Guests rose, took their plates, and were served to such dainties and choice bits as they chose by the landlord, who carved with unerring skill and considerable ceremony. Appropriate gravies and dressings, giblets, cranberry sauce, and buttered oyster juice were ladled out by his assistants. Relishes were ad lib. A mound of mashed potatoes swimming in butter, creamed onions, and a dish of rice with raisins and ginger roots were served from wooden bowls.

The company then settled down to the serious business of the evening, ingesting the feast, and that with undisguised heartiness and

gusto. Daintiness and elegance were genteelly laid aside. The conversation was constant and merry, although since there were ladies, decorous. And it was interrupted only to be given new impetus from time to time by the advent of further relatives and neighbors. Toward the very end of supper, when mince pies were being served and a blazing plum pudding going the rounds, Mistress Nancy Forrester Barstow and Miss Abigail Moriarity arrived, two of the liveliest of local baggages. They came from the country in a white sleigh drawn by a white horse, tucked in by a white bearskin rug, to the chime of an octave of silver bells. And their voices now seemed to be a more metallic echo of the chime as they discussed the merits of the supper and the frailties of the neighbors with equal fervor, and "posted" Mrs. Forrester clean to date. There were now two dozen people in the room, and it was afterwards recalled, albeit somewhat dimly, that an equal or even greater number of toasts were drunk.

Mr. Forrester genially proposed them. There was of course "Our Federal Union" and "The Ladies"—and then it was all quite personal, and certainly witty and gay. Only once was the evening given a pause, when old Doctor Oliver, as his custom was, proposed "The King, God bless him!" The chronicle avers that he was permitted to drink this alone.

And it is at this point that we must leave him, standing alone with his glass raised gallantly but futilely to the past. For it was precisely at this juncture, probably taking advantage of the shocked lull caused by Dr. Oliver, that his young pupil Nat Hawthorne chose to depart—and with him went the eyes through which we have been looking at this long vanished company.

Young Nat went home with a covered dish containing fragments of the feast, which he left with his mother in the upstairs bedroom to which she had comfortably retired some years before, and from which she never emerged again. The boy went to his own room and set down in a notebook certain somewhat ironical comments under the punning title of "The Storey of the Forresters' Return." Otherwise all, or nearly all of the important people at The Sun that evening would be totally forgotten. He closed the book just before midnight, so he says. But we can justifiably infer he went to sleep to the sound of sleigh bells returning from the party, to the tolling of town clocks, and the chiming of ships' bells in Salem harbor. "Bells, bells, bells" (as an admirer of his remarked somewhat later). The Christmas bells of 1819. #





12 BOOKS

for a man's Christmas

by LOUIS UNTERMAYER

1. ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS

by Robert E. Sherwood: An intimate history of a crucial period in American history. Written from private and personal files.

2. THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

by Henry L. Mencken: A sage and scholarly job on the words we use. Solid, fascinating, and often full of a fine, lusty humor.

3. THE PORTABLE HEMINGWAY

edited by Malcolm Cowley: A comprehensive collection, confirming Hemingway's importance in literature. A complete novel, 26 stories, as well as other material.

4. MODERN ART

by Thomas Craven: Large, handsome volume, containing more than thirty full-page plates, covering "living" art, both domestic and imported.

5. NOTHING BUT MURDER

by William Routhead: A compendium of crime and cruelty by a connoisseur of murder and mayhem. Includes accounts of world-famous killings.

6. THE GREATEST STORIES OF ALL TIME

edited by W. Somerset Maugham: A tasteful and entertaining anthology of more than 100 of the best short stories ever printed.

7. AGAINST THESE THREE

by Stuart Cloete: Three biographies, a sort of African triptych, the lives of Paul Kruger, Cecil Rhodes, and the native, Lobengula.

8. CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY

by Alan Paton: South Africa is the background. Novel deals with clash between black and white, simplicity and civilization.

9. A SUBTREASURY OF AMERICAN HUMOR

edited by Katharine and E. B. White: From Washington Irving to S. J. Perelman, a comprehensive and critical anthology.

10. REVOLT IN THE DESERT

by T. E. Lawrence: A "personal history," a series of action-packed narratives about a fearless Englishman among the Arabs.

11. THE OREGON TRAIL

by Francis Parkman: Travel and adventure in the early-American West are delightfully and dramatically combined. A literary landmark.

12. POET'S CAMERA

edited by Bryan Holme and Thomas Forman: For the esthetic eye and the sensitive mind. A book of fine photographs, each faced with an appropriate poem.

LOOKING casually at the list at the left, anyone might ask why these books are especially appropriate for a man's Christmas. Is there such a thing as a book for one sex as opposed—and I mean opposed—to the other? Do the reading habits of men differ essentially from the reading habits of women?

The answer to both questions is a loud and reverberating yes. Women, most of whom belong to my second favorite sex, are creatures, not creators, of fashion. Men, not women, have made the styles in every art and industry. Even in the domestic and sartorial sciences, women are the followers, the willing slaves; the leaders, the originators, from cookery to clothes, have been the imaginative males, the Brillat-Savarins and Escoffiers, the Mainbochers, Adrians, and Diors. So it is with books. To plunge further into a large and controversial generality, it is men who are the writers, as well as the readers, of the world's best literature. Women go joyfully (and for the publishers, profitably) for the specious and shoddy, the blue-plate fiction prepared especially for the beauty-parlor trade, the slick romance-of-the-month with its impossibly cute opening, its phony complications, and its inevitably smooth (and obviously false) solutions. It is not men who follow the best-seller list and pride themselves about "keeping up" with the latest "Jalna" and the current crop of Kathleen Norrises. It was a woman who spoke of a summer acquaintance with great scorn: "I looked over her shoulder, and what do you think she was reading? One of last year's books!"

Men are little concerned with "what's new in reading matter." They are not beguiled by pretty bindings, pastel-colored jackets, flamboyant blurbs. I will admit the brazen double-breasted wenches on the dust-covers attract many a masculine eye, but I doubt that many men buy these books. It is the women who like to identify themselves with the loosely dressed, loose-living lovelies; who (safe in their proper domesticity) long to live wickedly with Sheiks, Princes of Foxes, and Captains from Castile.

This is not to say that men fail to enjoy books of adventure. On the contrary, they wallow in them. But they demand genuine adventurousness, the reality of—choosing at random from the list above—Francis Parkman, T. E. Lawrence, and Ernest Hemingway. I know only a few women who will last all the way on the long and brutal course of *The Oregon Trail*, but I can't imagine a man who wouldn't want to travel eagerly through the pages of that classic journey. Only a masculine mind—and a stomach that isn't squeamish—can enjoy *Revolt in the Desert*, that superlative narrative by a super-

spy. Although some women admire the Hemingway of the novels, all men must respond to the brusque impact of such pieces of naked intensity as *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber*, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, *The Killers*, and (my favorite) *Hills Like White Elephants*.

But there is another kind of adventure—the adventure of discovery. Such a book as *Roosevelt and Hopkins* is an exploration, a record of an extraordinary mind and historic achievement. So is *Against These Three*, a tough and muscular account of three incongruous characters who gave an old continent a new shape: Cecil Rhodes, ruthless English empire-builder; Paul Kruger, visionary Boer farmer; and Lobengula, noble and last king of the savage Matabele. And there is the joy of discovering such unusual works as Thomas Craven's *Modern Art*, which, far from being academic, is challenging in attitude and vigorous in style, and *Poet's Camera*, which, establishing a relation between photography and poetry, is for the eye as well as the ear.

Some of the books listed are best when they are read straight through—novels like the magnificent *Cry*, *The Beloved Country*, the much-lauded story of compassion which is being made into a play by Maxwell Anderson. But there are also the volumes which should not be attempted at a single sitting, but should be sampled at intervals, nibbled, tasted, and relished in small portions. In this connection I think especially of Mencken's *The American Language*, that pioneering examination in what makes our common speech so rich and racy, by a man who has remained an implacable foe of the common man, the illiterate "booboisie"; *Tellers of Tales*, reissued as *The Greatest Stories of All Time*, an almost ideal wide-ranging collection edited by W. Somerset Maugham; Routhead's *Nothing But Murder*, an imperative key volume for every connoisseur in crime; and *A Subtreasury of American Humor*, edited by Katharine and E. B. White, a book to dip into for almost inexhaustible pleasure and stimulating ideas.

For all their differences, such books as these have something in common. They appeal, first, to that mysterious combination of genes and chromosomes which is indefinably but unmistakably masculine. But, though their prime function is to entertain, they fulfill a deeper desire than pleasure: they answer the need to know. They educate painlessly while they entertain. They enrich the imagination as they quicken the blood. They recharge the mind.

That may be a large order for a dozen more or less odd volumes to accomplish. But if books can do it—and I am sure they can—it will be done by just such books as these. #



***"I'm tired of waiting on you, Abdul—you'll just have to come down
and get sand in your shoes like the rest of us"***



One of These, My Brethren



As a doctor, he made a great businessman with ten suits and plenty of the green stuff that meant everything to him until he recalled that he started by doing something for nothing

A Story by HAMILTON BENZ

STEPHEN DUDGE left his office door ajar, crossed the foyer, and stood outside under the marquee. The pavements had been scoured clean by the day-long rain; now a soft mist was rinsing them in a thin drizzle. Street lamps, narcissuslike, danced on glistening auto tops, and from the chromium fixtures a hundred high-lights twinkled.

His shoulder instinctively sought the familiar niche in the façade of the building—not a dignified posture for a professional man. Flush with his chin, neatly blocked in handsome gold lettering, STEPHEN DUDGE, M.D., EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT had looked out on East 54th Street for exactly eighty days. Professional? He snorted: a doctor without a case, without a client. He slumped further against the niche, utterly fatigued from the most damning of all ailments—inactivity. Apartment and office rents were due next week, his car was in hock, his cupboard was bare. Hand in pocket, he jingled assets to a thin tune of seventy-eight cents, the last of a \$2000 loan. And he had the gall to pick New York for his practice! Whom to touch for another loan? Saunder, the hospital head? And how would it look for the prize intern, “the most likely to succeed,” to say: *Doc, my success is likely if you could lend me \$2000!*

HOURS 10-12, 3-6. Maybe it should read “Open Day & Night.” That 12-3 break for lunch certainly had the professional touch, but he could prove it was a fake: his meal was a sandwich and a glass of milk at his desk. Next week he’d give up the milk . . . or should it be the sandwich?

He rubbed a hand along his jaw and thought of all the nice things he had heard about his looks: the forceful chin, the well-defined mouth, thin-lipped but not uncharitable, the straight nose with the wide nostrils of a humorist, the blue eyes with the oddly white tinge to the lashes, the well-shaped head. The recollections warmed his innards; then loneliness surged in like a sickness. A passionate longing to hear speech forced him to talk aloud: “No money, no friends . . . no business, no enemies.” That was a wry twist! On the other hand, he had never liked company, never had a friend.

In eighty days his phone had rung five times: four wrong numbers and the telephone company about the bill. He raised his eyes heavenward: *Dear God, how about just one little case? Say, a boy with a wart or a girl with a wen?* But this was no way to pray—to a burnt-out bulb in a marquee! Get out in the open, Dudge, hold your head high, and let the mist launder your soul.

He shivered as he looked at his watch. Ten past six. God was long-past due. An old beggar woman in a dirty shawl and carpet slippers sidled up, stretched out a hand. Dudge, imitating her gesture, checked an impulse to laugh in her face. With a sigh she turned away. Hurriedly he took out a dime, pressed it in her hand. As she peered out from under

the shawl, she showed as antique a face as he had ever seen. Long practice in the craft of mendicancy had reduced her features to a bi-expressional mask; as he studied her, the “down,” or pleading aspect, yielded to the “up” look of gratitude. It was an effortless, inanimate function accompanied by no change in the watery blue eyes.

“You’re very kind,” she muttered, and started to move on.

Dudge put a hand on her arm. “Not exactly,” he said. “One never gets something for nothing.”

She turned and Dudge saw the face drop its mask, as the eyes showed fear. “What I mean is,” he continued slowly, “you might have to do the same for me someday.” He forced a dry laugh as the lines of the old face froze a moment at suspicion: this unexpected concern seemed to require a little more than the usual effort. She groped into her reserve stock of phrases, then with a click of the tongue: “God’s blessing on you for your charity!”

“You see?” Dudge countered. “Now, that’s certainly worth more than a dime. Except that you give no guaranty with that blessing.” The old lady grimaced, almost in pain, as she tried to follow; but for a ten-cent piece the effort was too much. She turned and shuffled off. He called after her: “I think it’s more blessed . . .” she was lost in the crowd . . . “to receive than to give!” He finished his sentence to the burnt-out bulb in the marquee, then turned into the foyer.

At the far end, elevator doors parted for two

women in mink and orchids. As they moved toward him, his telephone rang. He rushed to the door, braked to a dignified walk abreast of the mink and orchids; then bee-lined for his telephone with a gait that he thought must look ridiculous from a rear view—the funny hip-action of walking racers.

It was Saunder calling from the hospital. Yes, doctor . . . no, not *too* busy but glad to be on my own . . . a case? Splendid! (Watch that enthusiasm!) Cataracts, eh? . . . in the Ghetto? . . . oh, charity . . . (Now let’s have enthusiasm!) Of course, delighted to take it. . . .

As he packed his instruments, it didn’t seem odd he should be thinking of his stomach rather than someone else’s eyes. Why couldn’t it have been a bone in the throat. A good-sized sliver from a T-bone—it would make good soup! Dudge, you’re a wit. He forced a chuckle—a bizarre sound in the empty office. Again that feeling of loneliness, this time with a twinge of apprehension: cataracts, the toughest job of them all! But why wasn’t it Park Avenue instead of Broome Street?

A frame tenement, four flights of rickety steps, one 40-watt bulb to a landing; the smell of *gefuehlte* fish and laundry soap; radios blaring, babies bawling; doors opening and inquisitive tenants jack-in-the-boxing with the precision of a calisthenics class.

Four little heads peeped over the top railing. As he reached the landing, a squat figure in undershirt and trousers suspended with twine held out a bashful hand. A mumble of Yiddish directed Dudge into the flat. The quartet of kids trailed in behind.

The room was a hodgepodge of furniture, with the orderly confusion of an antique shop. Every piece was old, but a 1910 pine chair looks more ancient than a Chipendale on exhibition, and a late-model leather sofa in a house of nine children puts to shame the antiquity of a Louis XV love seat. A portrait of Truman flanked by two American flags looked across the room at a print of September Morn.

Three children sat at the linoleum-covered table. Supper dishes had been pushed aside to make room for homework. Through an open door Dudge saw an aproned young man against a background of dishes piled high in the sink.

What kind of a beginning was this for an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist? The silence was respectable, but oppressive. He thought of his professional dignity and unconsciously stiffened his spine. What could he say? He was ready to change places with any of them—preferably the tyke, thumb in mouth.

A well-ordered maneuver had placed all the children in a line as straight as the confines of the room allowed. From Truman to September Morn, the symmetry evidenced a practiced pattern: the eldest at one end, the youngest at the other. The nine faces (Continued on page 192)



“Not much of a showing these winter nights”



THE REPUTATION

The toughest title in the world to hold is that of The Oldest Living Killer

A Story by C. HALL THOMPSON

TOTTER said, "He's still in there."

Brock's gaze moved along the deserted street. The town was dark and waiting without a sound. At the hitching rail, in the bilious glare from the saloon entrance, a calico pony's coat glistened with sweat and the dust of a long trail.

Parsons nibbled his limp mustache. "It won't be easy, boy."

Brock kept quiet, but his narrow face was tight now and one hand caressed the butt of a thigh-thonged Colt. The townsmen drew back a little. Guthrie said, "You can do it, Brock. Ain't I seen you fan six holes in a tin can 'fore she could hit ground?"

Parsons kept worrying his mustache. "Jesse Clanton's the quickest draw this side of the Red—"

"Jesus God," Totter said. "You want the job done, don't you? Clanton's a born killer. Ain't no place in a peaceful town for the likes of him. We got to protect our women and kids. The man that faces him down is doing a real service to the people. He deserves that reward money."

Brock's eyes narrowed, but he did not speak. Parsons spat a blob of shagjuice in the dust. "It's a mighty slim chance. Remember Black Tucker? And the Bobb brothers and Wyatt? They figured they could get Clanton. . . ." He shook his head. "It'll take a fast man to—"

He stopped short. Without a word, Brock was slowly crossing the street toward the saloon. The calico pony whinnied skittishly. Outside the swinging doors, Brock hesitated. His back was ramrod stiff; his

fingers hung just above the gun butt. Then he went in.

There was no sound in the bar. The chairs were empty. On a green felt table, cards lay scattered around an unclaimed, suddenly forgotten poker kitty. Kerosene lamps listed gently in the wind from the door. Brock's emotionless eyes swung to the bar. At the far end, a man stood drinking. The barkeep was rigid by the row of bottles in front of the bar mirror. Brock nodded to the rear door. The lone drinker did not look up. It didn't take the barkeep long to get out. Then there were only the two of them and the muted whisper of the swaying lamps.

Deliberately, Brock walked to the bar. The drinker kept studying his glass. His face was lined and drawn and needed a shave. His mouth was tired with a bitter twist, and he leaned over the bar, a weary weakness hunching his narrow shoulders. Brock frowned. Jesse Clanton wasn't what you expected. You heard stories of killers' eyes and the quick movements of a rattler.

Clanton said, "So they talked you into it."

The voice was not hard, but worn gentle and fuzzed by whiskey. Clanton's eyes were dark, and deep in them a sour smile glinted. Brock met them without blinking. His gun hand ached with tension. Clanton shoved the tequila bottle along the polished bar. "Have a drink. It helps."

Brock did not move. Clanton rinsed liquor through his teeth and swallowed. Now his lips were smiling too. "I heard about you, kid. The fastest gun in these parts. So you come (Continued on page 211)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE KANELOUS

G. Kanelous



The Lady Picked a Winner



It is difficult to predict what a horse will do. It is more difficult to predict what a woman will do. But Donovan, foolish and brave man, tried to do both



DANNY DONOVAN sat alone in his darkening office, his personal gloom deepening as the daylight faded into dusk. He detested his job, which was to handicap race horses for the *News-Telegram* string of evening papers; and when he dwelt upon the fact that he was chained to his present occupation for four more long years, by contract, he felt like volunteering his services as a pilot for the first experimental rocket to the moon.

Had his contract been an ordinary one, Danny would have simply walked out, but Mr. C. Allison Maxwell, the sole and influential owner of the *News-Telegram* Syndicate, did not fuss with ordinary contracts. The only sure way for a man to gain his freedom around the *News-Telegram* was to arouse the ire of Mr. Maxwell, and that was dangerous. Once aroused, Maxwell had a habit of throwing his weight around.

A young woman, notebook in hand, popped into the office, snapped on the lights, and frowned at the three-day accumulation of mail on Danny's desk. "You want to answer any of that?" she asked.

"No," said Danny. "Want to look through it for laughs?"

"Later, maybe," the girl said, and went on out.

Danny never even read his mail, much less answered it. Most of the letters were from sorry people wanting a hot tip on a long shot. The rest of it usually touted some bizarre system for picking winners—like subtracting 3.1416 from the number of words on the last page of a King James Bible.

Danny found handicapping tough enough, and he wasn't particularly good at the job. Today had been his best in three years. He had picked the winners of the first five races at Hollywood Park, in Inglewood, but he had done it by sticking a pin through a folded list of starters, which is not considered a good way to handicap race horses.

Sighing and scrooching lower in his chair, Danny tried to raise his spirits by thinking of what he wanted most. He wanted a little cottage in the middle of a ten-acre orange grove, time to do some writing, and a sweet, understanding wife. The wife would be tall and slender, with black hair and dancing brown eyes.

The office door opened again. The girl who stood there had neither brown eyes nor black hair. She was tiny and blonde, with big blue eyes. But she was, Danny concluded in a split second, what no young man with an orange grove could do without. He jumped to his feet.

"Are you Mr. Danny Donovan?" she asked in a breathless way.

"I am," admitted Danny, suddenly glad he was not someone else.

"Then you received my letter?"

"Letter?" Danny unconsciously glanced at the unopened mail on his desk.

"I'm Bonnie Smith."

"Of course," said Danny with a smile. "How are you, Miss Smith?"

A Story by

JAMES CHARLES LYNCH

"Fine, thanks," she said, nibbling nervously on her gorgeous lips. "Did you, Mr. Donovan, bet on the sixth race at Hollywood this afternoon?"

"Certainly not," said Danny. "Nor the seventh or eighth. In fact, I never. . . ."

"Oh, that's wonderful!" cried Miss Smith. Her nervousness evaporated with such a jar that Danny thought she was going to fly right at him and throw her arms around his neck, but she did not, which was disappointing. "I don't know how to thank you," she finally murmured. "I must have simply loads of money coming, don't I?"

"Money?" said Danny, startled.

"I can certainly use it," said Miss Smith. "You have no idea. I'm going to buy—but you wouldn't be interested in that."

Danny found himself jumping with interest, but this didn't seem to be a good time to contradict such a lovely person—not, anyhow, until he found out what she was talking about. So he pushed Miss Smith into his chair, then hastily scraped the mail from his desk and crammed it into his pockets. "I've got to see my boss," he told her. "You wait right here until I get back."

Miss Smith looked up in a way that made him feel like a swindler of poor widows. "Honest," he said. "I'll be back. I promise."

"Very well," Miss Smith said, her voice small. "I'll wait."

Down the hall, Danny took refuge in the

janitor's broom closet and sat down on an up-turned bucket to run through his mail. None of the pink or perfumed envelopes was from Miss Smith. Hers turned out to be a typewritten, businesslike note, with a twenty-dollar bill enclosed. Miss Smith wanted Mr. Donovan to bet the whole twenty on his choice to win the first race at Hollywood Park this afternoon. Mr. Donovan was then to bet the winnings on the second race and so on for at least five races—a staggering parlay, if Danny had ever seen one.

From his memory of the closing odds, Danny figured that the final take, had he done with Bonnie's twenty dollars what she had asked him to do, would have been around twenty thousand dollars. He propped his throbbing head in his hands and contemplated his predicament. The right thing to do was to return Miss Smith's twenty dollars and tell her the truth—which was that even had he opened her letter on time he would not have placed the bet, having never bet on a horse in his life, not even for himself.

That news would be bound to affect Miss Smith in one of two ways. Either she would walk coldly out, angry at Mr. Donovan because she did not have the small fortune she thought was now hers, or she could assume that he was lying, that he had actually made the bets and intended keeping the money for himself. That line of thought could lead to complications. . . .

Danny finally stumbled upon one slight ray of hope. He wanted to get rid of his job anyway. If he could make Mr. Maxwell fire him, no matter what the cost, he could blame the non-betting rule on Mr. Maxwell. He could also blame his being fired on the fact that he had raised Cain with the boss for not allowing him to place the bet. That might make Miss Smith so sympathetic that she would feel in Danny's

debt—which would certainly be a nicer situation than the one now existing.

His mind made up, Danny ascended to the penthouse office of Mr. Maxwell. Here, in this holy place, employees walked on tiptoe, kept their heads bowed, and said "Sir." So Danny barged in, slammed the door with a crash, and said, loudly, "Hello, Baldy, old boy!" and waited for Mr. Maxwell to tear up their contract and throw it in his face.

When Mr. Maxwell finally extricated his cigar from his throat, he showed his teeth in what turned out to be a smile. "Danny!" he said, waving a trembling hand. "Sit down. Nice of you to drop in."

Groggy as he was from such a sneaky counterpunch, Danny kept trying. He sat down, leaned back, and hooked his heels on Maxwell's desk. "Charley," he said, with the kind of intimacy that had caused Maxwell to discharge the best managing editor he ever had, "Charley, I want to shake the dust of this crummy outfit from my feet."

"I guessed that," said Mr. Maxwell. "I suppose you want to retire to that beautiful orange grove of yours that (Continued on page 187)"





"Meecham loves to sit and dream before the fire for hours"

THE Flowing Bowl

Liquor, water, sugar, lemon, and spices go into the Christmas punch bowl; laughter and comradeship come out. But the nectar's gentle appearance deceives: punch can pack a wallop

by JOHN BRIGGS

ON November 26, 1694, Admiral Edward Russell, commanding the British Mediterranean Fleet, received a delegation of top brass from London (junketing on an expense account, no doubt) aboard his flagship. After appropriate ceremonies, the party rowed ashore to the Admiral's quarters in the Spanish town of Alicante. In the Admiral's garden, there was a fountain shaded by orange trees; and, in honor of the visitors, the fountain had been turned into a giant punch bowl. A ship's boy rowed a small boat about the fountain, ladling out the punch to thirsty guests. During the ensuing week of festivities, a silk canopy guarded the punch from dilution by rain; the party ended when the small boat was aground.

Anyone with expansive tastes and a marble fountain in his garden can try Admiral Russell's punch recipe. Here it is: Four hogsheads of brandy (a hogshead is 63 gallons), 250 gallons of Malaga wine, 20 gallons of lime juice, 2500 lemons, 1300 pounds of sugar, 5 pounds of grated nutmeg, and 8 hogsheads of water.

Punch appears to have been a fairly new kind of drink when Admiral Russell introduced it at his party. It probably came to England and Europe by way of India, since its name is derived from the Hindustani *pānch*, meaning "five." This refers to the required number of ingredients for a respectable brew—liquor, water, sugar, lemon, and spices.

In hoop-skirt days, punch was the principal party drink of England and America. "The flowing bowl" was the symbol of conviviality. Punch-drinking began to decline from its peak of popularity in the second half of the 19th century, mainly because the ingredients are usually expensive, and the preparation is time-consuming. However gratifying the end-result, punch is not the sort of thing one would stir or shake up for a quick one before dinner.

Nevertheless, punch is still popular for parties and special occasions. The literature of mixed drinks is top-heavy with recipes for making punch, and endless variations can be wrought on its five basic ingredients.

As in most kinds of drink-mixing, there are Schools of Thought regarding punch. There is the Rum School, and there is the No-Rum School. The former holds punch unthinkable

without rum. "No rum, no punch," the saying goes. The latter maintains that rum ought to be reserved for the Daiquiri and Cuba Libre.

Another punchy faction holds out for the so-called "attraction of opposites." This group insists that well-constructed punch ought to contain the elements of hot and cold, sweet and sour, strong and weak. A sample recipe: Hot—tea; cold—ice water; sweet—sugar; bitter—lemon; strong—whiskey; weak—the consumer after a belt or two at the punch bowl.

There are, of course, a seemingly limitless number of recipes, but certain drinks recur over and over with slight variations. One of these is milk punch, which is guaranteed by its devotees to put you to sleep, wake you up, cure a cold, eliminate a hang-over, or manufacture one, according to your need of the moment. It is made by boiling a quart of milk, to which are added two or three ground almonds, the thinly pared rind of one lemon, and sugar to taste. Strain mixture, then stir in the white of an egg beaten to a froth, meanwhile adding a wine-glass (about 4 ounces) of rum and half a pint of brandy. For best results, serve piping hot.

One of the most formidable of drinks is Philadelphia Fish-House Punch, which was originated when Philadelphia's fashionable restaurants were water-front seafood palaces.

One exotic recipe for Fish-House Punch uses as its basic ingredients champagne and peach brandy. Sugar, lemon, lime, strawberries crushed in mint leaves, and a good bourbon are added. The brew is compounded in fifty-gallon glass demijohns, covered but not corked. It is useless to cork the mixture; for, say the experts, when it begins "working" it will either blow out the cork or burst the demijohn.

After four to six weeks, the separate ingredients will have fused into a smooth compound, tawny gold in color, deceptively suave—and with the impact of a bursting bazooka shell.

By way of contrast with the elaborate ritual of Fish-House Punch, there is nothing more admirable for brevity and simplicity than a recipe that comes from Ireland. It is called Father Maguire's Mixture.

"First put in your sugar," the recipe reads. "Then add the whiskey—and every drop of water after that spoils the punch." ‡‡

PRINCE OF PUNCHES: "Fish-House"

In the days of Continental Congresses and midnight rides, the rugged revolutionaries wore lace at their throats, carried swords in their hands, and knew how to make a punch with a real jolt in it. Far and away the Philadelphia favorite was *Fish-House Punch*, made from the following simple recipe. Prime requisite is a good-sized punch bowl like the \$8,000 silver masterpiece in the Kodachrome on the right. Start the punch by dissolving two pounds of sugar with a pint of fresh lemon juice and a quart of sparkling water. Add a quart of pure, old Jamaica rum, a quart of cognac brandy, and a pint of peach brandy. Then, pour in another quart of sparkling water and stir. The operation is completed by putting a large lump of ice in the punch bowl and allowing the mixture to brew for two hours, the maker stirring and sampling it occasionally. It serves twelve with ease, tastes wonderful, and looks even better when orange, lemon, and lime slices, plus red cherries are floated on top. *Cheers!*

Table setting by Carole Stupell, Ltd.
Punch bowl, circa 1701, courtesy Peter Guille, Ltd.

ROMAN PUNCH (*Ponch a la Romaine*)

Prepare a very rich sherbet, extra sweet, frozen to a semi-ice. For every quart of ice, add and work in one gill (fourth pint) of old Jamaica rum; for every two quarts of ice add one pint of the BEST champagne.

Add this cream mixture: whites of two eggs for every quart of ice (eight whites in this case) beaten to a stiff froth stirred into boiled sugar.

This boiled meringue stirred into the punch should produce a smooth, white mixture, as thick as a good double cream. Serve in tall glasses.

EGG NOG *Nashville style*

The whites and yolks of eighteen eggs
One quart Bourbon (Bonded)
One pint Jamaica rum
One pint brandy
Three quarts heavy whipping cream, two cups sugar, cloves and nutmeg.

Christmas Eve: Mix the whiskey, brandy, rum, cloves, and sugar. Allow to stand for six hours. Egg yolks, well-beaten, are added a little at a time. Cover bowl overnight, cooking the yolks.

Christmas Noon: Add stiffly beaten whites and cream separately, a little at a time. Drink. Freeze some for dessert at supper.

(From *For Men Only*, copyright 1937 by Achmed Abdullah and John Kenny, courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons)





Wishing You an

**Old-Fashioned
Christmas**

And this is what we mean when we wish you an old-fashioned Christmas.

It's the flames making prairie-fire patterns in the chimney soot, the stockings being hung, the note up the chimney to Santa Claus, and the hush of a magic expectancy.

And it's faces in the firelight. It's the Family. It's their special laughter as the gifts are wrapped, as the eggnog is served, as the mistletoe is hung... the once-a-year laughter of a great knowing that shows in their eyes when the toasts are drunk, when the snow begins to fall, when the tree is brought in.

And it's the Tree! Symbol of all that never changes, fragrant and full, an old-fashioned sort of tree. It's the box of tarnished ornaments from years gone by, and the strings of popcorn, and the old-fashioned angel for the top, and the candy cornucopias of long ago.

It's the embers settling for the night with a sigh, and the clock striking the hour, and soft snow falling, and the sleep that smiles like childhood, and the stockings bulging with magic.

But most of all, it's Giving; all the bright, new, wonderful and exciting gifts in return for that greatest gift of all—The Family.



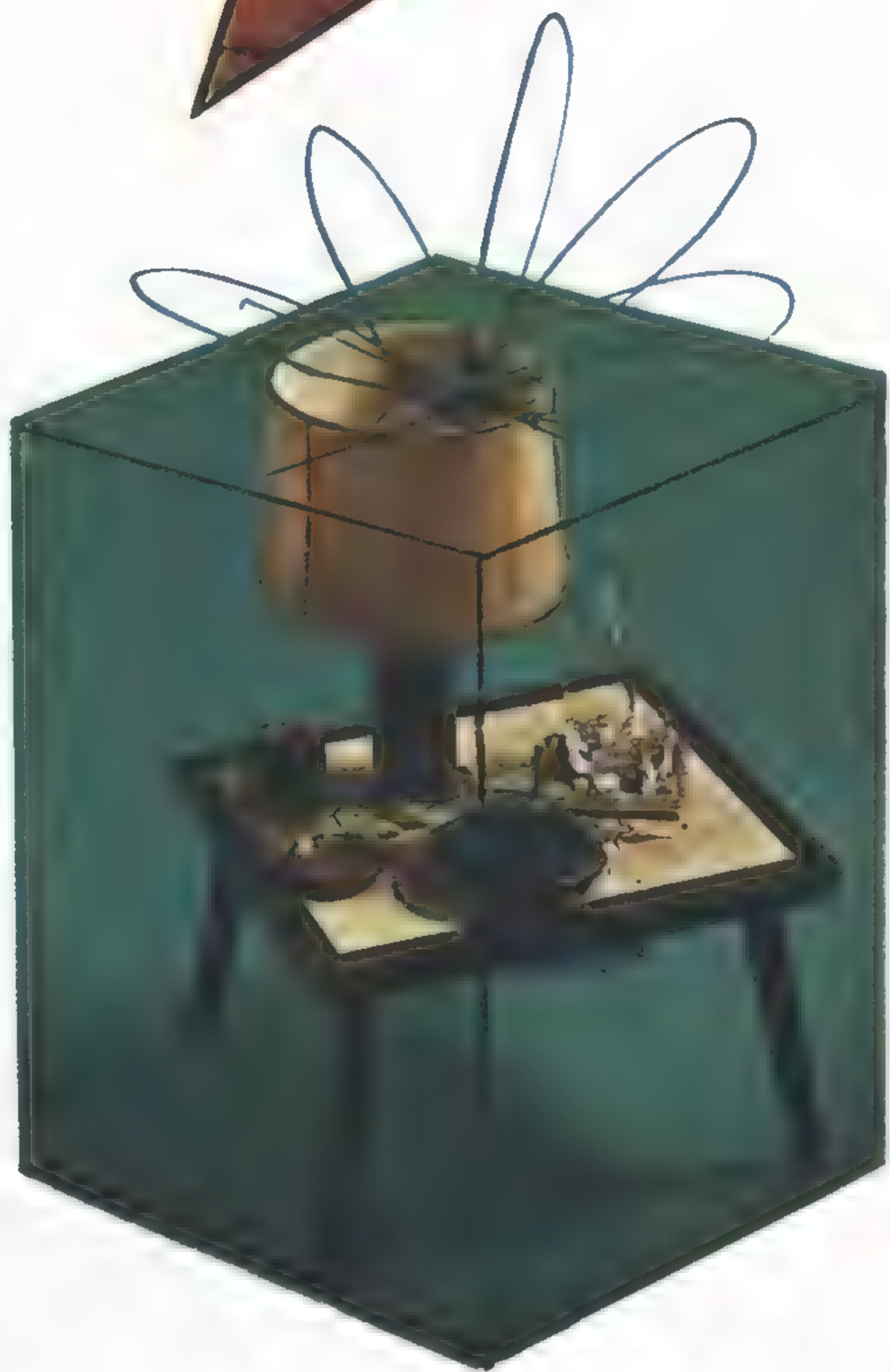


for the

Family Tree

"... All the bright, new, wonderful and exciting gifts in return for that greatest gift of all—the Family." For the sedentary branch of the tree, for instance, is the Christmas ball: Comfort, music, books, with time to read them (the multitime traveling clock), a book lamp to see by, and a typewriter and smoker's essentials for the contemplative one... For the Goers, the seven-league boot, with thermos jug and camper's stove, yachtsman's kit and ski-going gifts. And in the cone: A very special portable bar, fully equipped, for the thirsty voyager, portable radio-phonograph, traveler's bookcase, pocket chess and gear for the golfing Gulliver. In the heart, there's a color slide viewer, a camera carrying case, cameras (both peewee and pocket size), a film splicer and light meter... The bell is for the belles: flowers and fragrance, shocking pink stocking cases, caracul collar, band and bag, and a compact or two. In the lantern, look at the luggage for peregrinating Polos and don't overlook the nest of six suitcases that will pack away... one inside the other.







for **Heavenly** and **Home**

The household will glisten and gleam with this galaxy of gorgeous gifts, gadgets and games. In the Christmas ball, there's a lamp, wastepaper basket and bookends (holding 3 best sellers) bound in cowhide. The salad bowl's copper and wood, the vegetable dish, Dirilyte. Then there's a tile tray and tiles you can use for a trivet. The starful of glassware will make any host or hostess shine. In the cone there's a decanter for every man, an antique tole tray, dinner bell and an hour-glass shaker. The next ornament holds ashtrays and porcelain animals, a bridge set bound in leather and a leatherbound penny bank. In the man-sized package at the left are a butler's tray and accessories for the bar (note the seagoing glass holders). Next, a tile coffee table and the wherewithal for an evening of ease. With the records and the television set is a tape recorder—which records an hour of music or speech and then plays it back or preserves it indefinitely at the flick of a switch. There's fun for all in the latest games, 16mm movies and assembly kits. On the tea table is a mammoth coffee decanter, silver and special coffee cups for Christmas morning.





for the **Dinner** **Menu**

Never did Tiny Tim dream of such a feast nor such fixin's for it as are spread on the top of the table. There are smoked oysters and turkey, exotic teas, pungent and peppery sauces, spices, pickles and preserves, caviar, confections and candy and a great basket of citrus fruits. And to flatter the feast and foster fellowship there's a hamper of Christmas spirits on the opposite page along with the wherewithal for fixing the feast. At the right of the table is a cooling unit which dispenses beer by the barrel, a regal rotisserie that roasts three chickens at a time, broilers, a toaster and waffle iron. Under the Christmas tree the copper and brass ice bucket, chafing dish and coffee pot are jumbo size, look even larger next to the pepper, salt and coffee grinders. Below, there's a corn popper, dishes for chilling shrimp or fruit cup, a coffee set and server, pint-sized cup and all the knives a kitchen could hope for. At the far right, there's an Italian coffee pot, a kettle for steaming clams, a streamlined ice cream maker, two mixers and a mortar for grinding spices.





from her to him

from him to her

from **Man to Man**

from **Santa Claus**







for the Man and His Family

The hats on the hat rack are as old-fashioned as Esquire's Christmas wish for you, but they're brimful of the latest and best in men's merchandise. The derby displays accessories which are musts for a man, and the two miniature hats in the brim enclose gift certificates he can swap for a lid to his liking. No sleuthing by Sherlock Holmes could uncover more suitable suggestions for the men in the family than are found in the cap and high hat. Above, the fedora's full of fun for the bar, including a whiskey dispenser that plays *How Dry I Am* while it pours, an ice cube-ball maker and a duck that dispenses cigarettes. Suspended from the tree is a globe of gifts devoted to the gals—as is the man who gives them the jewel case, perfume or sapphire-circled clock. The penguins parade around a practical plastic bag which keeps food hot or cold. Equally practical is the overnight cosmetic case and electric hair dryer. The last package on the page is a five-gun salute to the outdoor man, features casual cold-weather wear.



Esquire wishes to thank the following concerns, all in New York, for assistance in the preparation of the Christmas gift pages: Abercrombie & Fitch Co., Barmart Inc., Baur's Pastry Shop, Charles & Co. Inc., Dale Luggage Inc., Finland House Corp., Hammacher Schlemmer & Co. Inc., Georg Jensen Inc., Krain & Canton, M. Lehmann Inc., Lewis & Conger, Peterson Pipe Co., Plummer Ltd., Polk's Model Craft Hobbies Inc., Post Mart, Rabson's Camera Shop, E. A. O. Schwarz, Steuben Glass Inc., Stumpp & Walter Co., Vendome Table Delicacies Inc., James Weir, Wilke Pipe Shop, Willoughby Camera Stores, Inc., and Ye Olde Mantel Shoppe Inc., where background photographs were taken.

For answers to your gift queries, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Esquire Features Department, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17.



Your Evening Clothes Are Right Only If They're Comfortable

The old torture is gone forever. Your new holiday outfit is smarter than ever before, and just as comfortable as your daytime clothes

Your dinner jacket:

No Christmas present is going to pull a bigger smile out of you than the news that you can now turn in your strait jacket, old-style, for a dinner jacket, new-style, that's cool, lightweight, and better looking besides. Your whole new outfit is of breezy tropical worsted — porous, light, and just as effective in the mild tropical heat of dancing a samba as was your favorite summer suit last August. The secret is, of course, that this fabric, light as it is, also holds its shape perfectly, so that your newly pressed appearance never relaxes.

The details:

The relaxed characters on the left illustrate how perfectly the new lightweight dinner clothes show off their 1950 cut. The double-chested shawl collar is it this year, gentlemen: the facing is satin for a touch of extra elegance. The bow tie matches, in satin, and you will note particularly the fin-tail shape, a new idea. Even newer is the simple way to tie it, which is shown below. Just one end, nothing to baffle you. The pique shirt has broad pleats (solid stiff bosoms are out). A new design in studs and cuffs features husky discs with concave tooled circles. Your shoes are black suede pumps, very light and comfortable. Ribbed black nylon socks.

Outdoors:

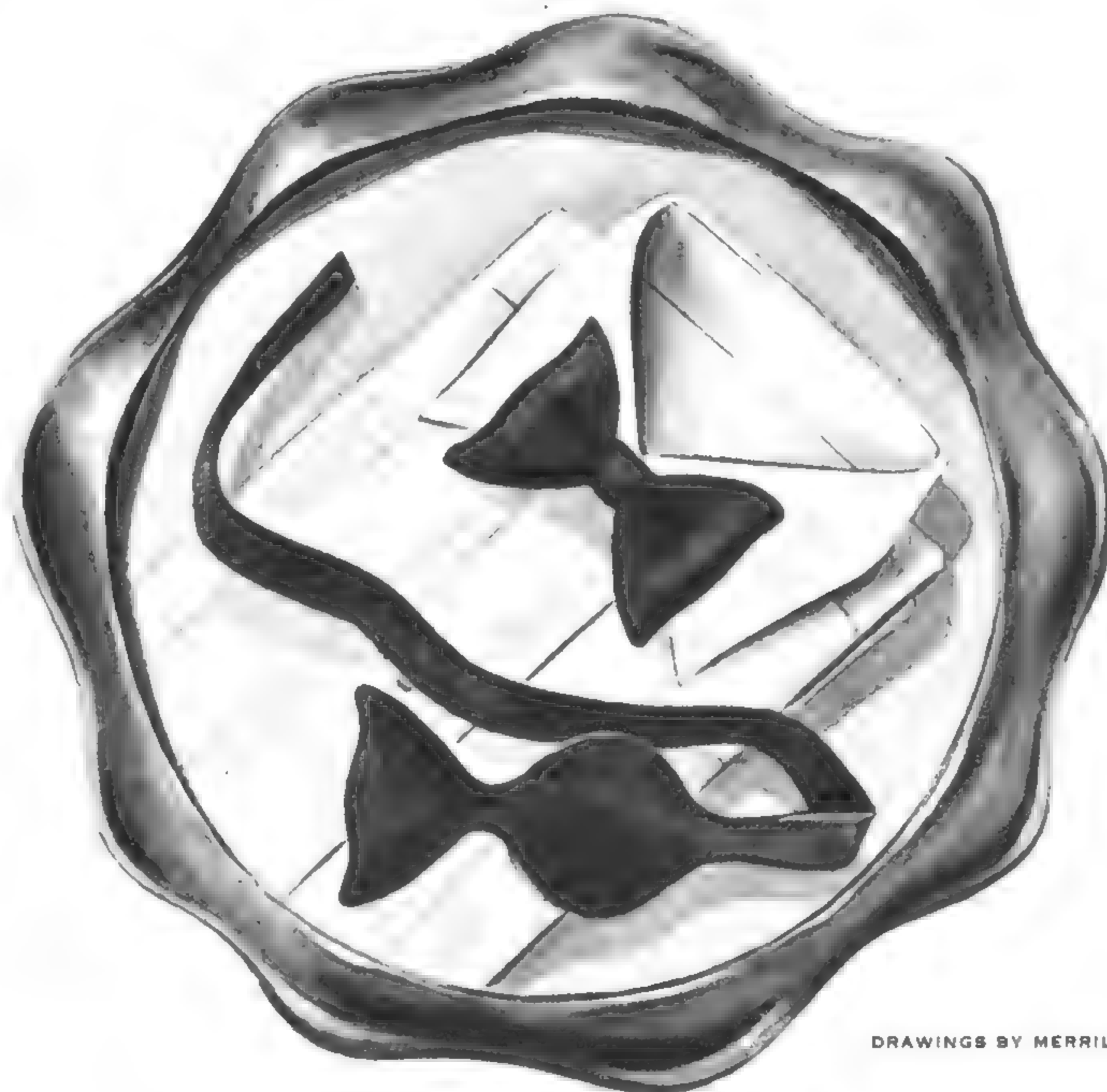
Our friend on the right in the illustration wears a very luxurious deep-blue cashmere overcoat, double chested. The muffler is Palladium grey, a brilliant new metallic hue that is perfect for formal wear, as are the Mocha gloves to harmonize. His hat is a midnight blue job in a semi-Homburg style with a welt-edge brim.

Out of sight:

The thin moire wallet shown to the right will hold your bills and tickets, and still lie so flat in your pocket that you won't be accused of walking out with the silver. The watch, clipped to the moire braces, is a neat and new touch.

The one-end Tie:

This new construction does away with dancing in front of a mirror or having your wife give the old four-ends business a try. You simply tie it by knotting the straight end with the flared end and tucking the leftover beneath and to one side, concealed by the turn-down collar. Stays put, too.





Oh, Senator, be festive; don't spend this day alone.
Shout glad tidings to your friends—but keep them off the phone



ALBUM of Christmas Cards

*you'll
never
receive ...
by Dedini*



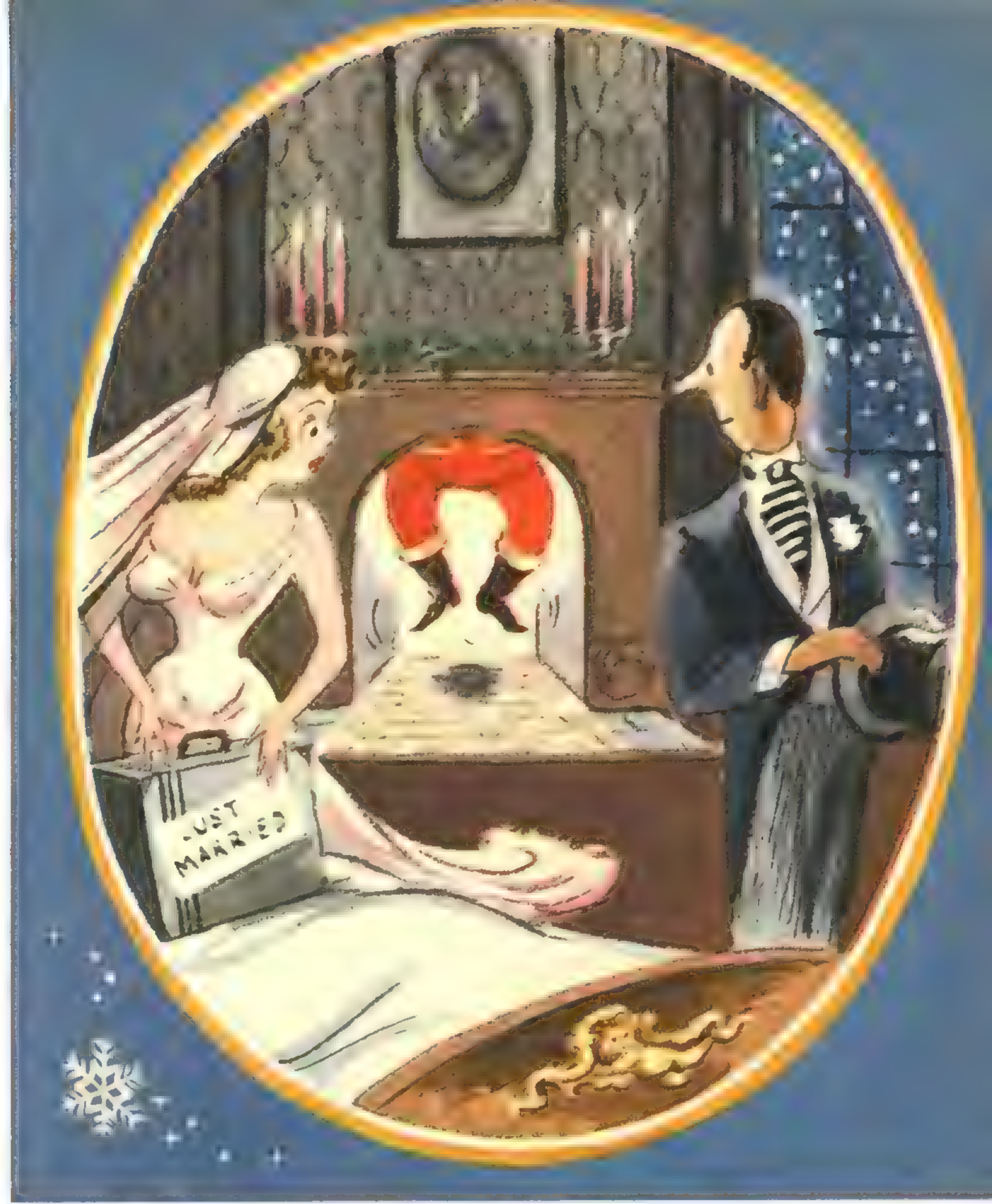
Meet me under the mistletoe, for an hour or two of fun,
But keep it light, my winsome sprite, if your daddy's got a gun



Ring out, wild bells, your Christmas carol,
There's bats in our belfry and wine in the barrel



It's cold this Christmas and my fiddle's hot,
We could play *this* all night, but I'd rather not



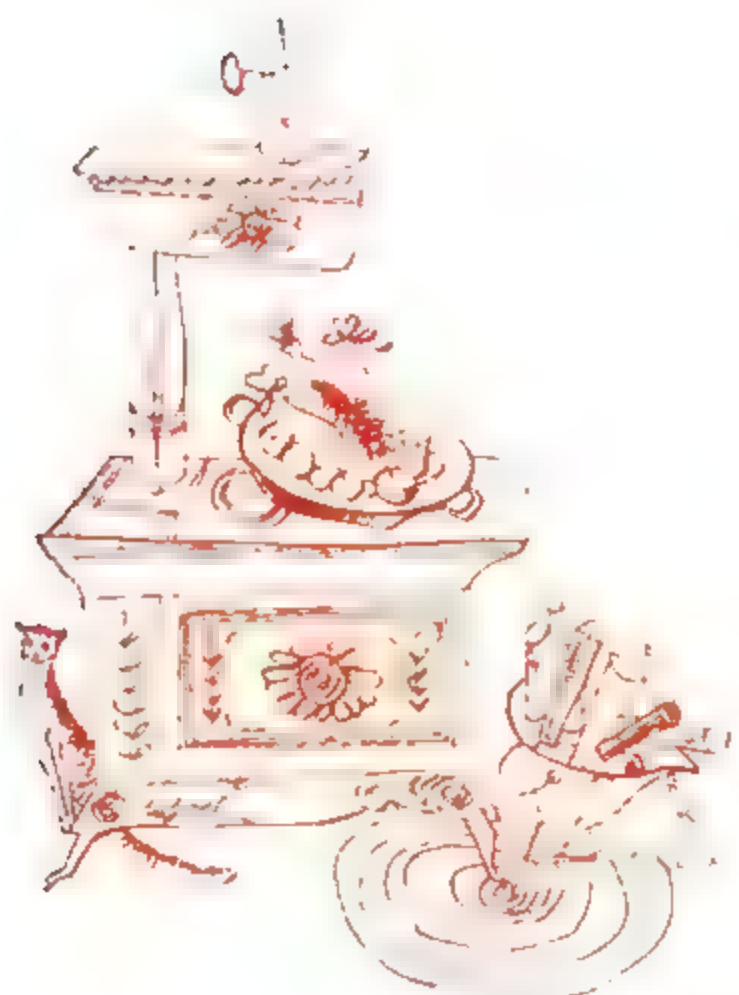
Please, old St. Nick, since you've never been rude,
Is this the time and the place to intrude?



A Christmas adage from which nothing can turn us:
There may be snow on the roof, but there's fire in the furnace

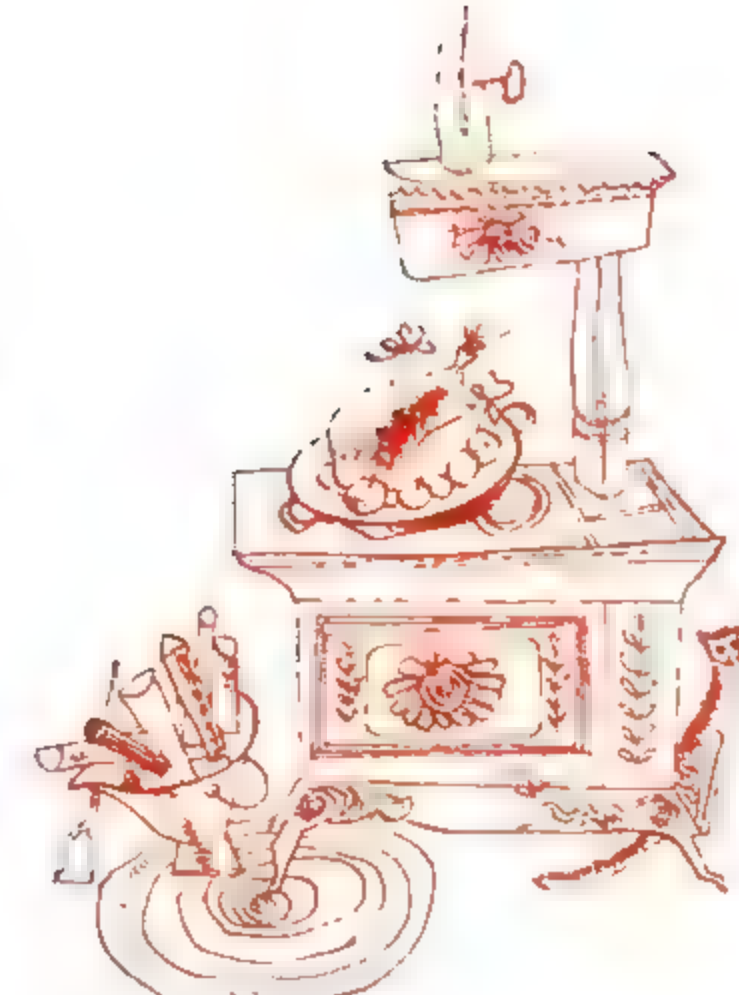


Think about this while the Yule oven roars:
That people are people; and bores are still bores



It's No Trick to Relax

Ever wonder how the busiest men in the U.S. still seem to be the most composed? Each of them has his own secret of relaxation—here are a few to steal



An Article by GEORG MANN

YEARS ago, I bummed around with a veteran newspaperman who'd managed to edge into most of the big stories of his time. He'd covered them all—the San Francisco earthquake, Pershing's Mexican steeplechase after Pancho Villa, the Valentine's Day massacre, even Floyd Collins. But he swore that, for sheer excitement, nothing except a volcanic eruption could compare with covering Teddy Roosevelt on a campaign tour.

En route, Teddy could sink into a convenient seat in the campaign car and drop off to sleep immediately, oblivious of the continual racket around him. When the train began to slow for a stop, his private alarm clock would go off, Teddy would stir a little, and rub his eyes. By the time the wheels were complaining against the rails, he'd be in the aisle, heading for the rear platform. Yawning, looking as though he were still asleep, he'd reach the back door just as the train slid to a stop. Then, in a flash, as he heard the cheering of the crowd gathered outside, he would straighten up and come completely wide awake. Half a second before, he'd looked like a sleepwalker. Now he became the dynamic Teddy the voters loved—bellowing, waving his arms, shouting his famous "Bully!"

No matter how often my friend saw this performance, he never could stop wondering or applauding. It was like Fourth of July fireworks fifteen times a day.

The truth of the matter was that Roosevelt had learned one of the prize secrets of modern times. He could turn his energies on or off as casually as you turn a faucet. When he worked, he worked with all his might. When he relaxed, he could relax completely. And he wasn't the only leading figure who has learned—or who was born with—the ability to relax at will, to take advantage of odd moments for storing up energy. It's a pretty generally accepted medical fact that people who know how to relax have a definite advantage over those who stay tense and wound up all the time. And, happily, anyone who really wants to, can acquire the art of relaxation—which will improve his ability to work hard.

The people who can relax have developed a definite rhythm in their work. They go all out for a time, then step back and take things easy. They have a keenly developed sense of values. They keep the results of what they are doing constantly in mind and weigh them against the effort it's costing them. They don't just work for the sake of working. Even more important is their ability to relax their muscles in any part of their body. And finally, like Teddy Roosevelt, these individuals can go to sleep whenever they want to.

The cat-nappers probably have the most valuable approach to relaxation. They can take a quick snooze anywhere—on a bus, in the subway, relaxing in a chair behind their desks. It's amazing how often politicians have cultivated this ability. William Jennings Bryan, who not only ran for

the Presidency three times, but worked the Chautauqua tent circuit during the boiling mid-western summers for decades, used, sometimes, to schedule as many as seven speeches a day on his speaking tours. But Bryan could sandwich in a five-minute nap wherever he was—in the jolting seats of day coaches, in the back of a surrey rolling along a country road, on a pile of blankets in the back of the Chautauqua tents. After a few minutes, he was up and ready, with the golden voice that could carry for three blocks, with the appetite that left a dinner table looking as though a threshing crew had just departed.

Soldiers, too, have learned to cultivate cat naps. Napoleon could catch up on his sleep anywhere, any time—even on horseback. Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr., killed leading the Tenth Army on Okinawa, could turn his back on his staff gathered around his desk and take a sound five-minute nap. Even in the ranks, the art of cat-napping can be acquired. The private who hit the beach at Makin and killed the first six Japanese he had ever seen took a brief snooze in the midst of the fighting and woke up ready for more battle. Carlos Romulo, who learned rugged living on both Bataan and the American lecture circuit, says, "I can sleep anywhere. When I go down to the station and have a five-minute wait for a train, I sit down on the bench and sleep for five minutes."

For years, Thomas Edison campaigned for the idea that human beings didn't need more than the four or five hours of sleep that he got every

night. People marveled at Edison's stamina and drive. What most of them didn't know was that by taking frequent cat naps during the day, he was constantly recharging the dynamos of his energy.

Others have relied on a fixed nap during working hours. This fits in with the findings that you can work an eighteen-hour day if you make a complete break with work from time to time. Winston Churchill led Britain's war effort at an age when most executives are forcibly retired from U.S. businesses. He's a staunch advocate of the nap after lunch. Referring to his World War I activities, Churchill said, "I found I could add nearly two hours to my working effort by going to bed for an hour after luncheon."

The after-lunch rest has definite effects; it doesn't merely make you think you feel better. Tests were run off on students at Stephens College. Half a group was kept awake after lunch, the other half allowed to relax as they pleased, as long as they stayed quietly in their rooms. Results showed that the latter half got distinctly better grades in their studies than the former.

But even if you don't have a chance for cat-napping or a quiet place to lie down after lunch, there are other ways to rest your mind. You can try walking, for example. Bernard Baruch, who's heading for eighty in fine physical and appallingly active mental shape, regards a mile walk a day as an absolute must. A first-rate boxer in his younger days, he also keeps fit by regular setting-up exercises in the morning. And he likes to spend as much time as possible in the open air, which explains his fondness for "park bench diplomacy." When events pile up on him, when he thinks the pressure is too great, he simply retires from activity. As a result of taking care of himself, he's outlived at least one doctor and headed off several illnesses that would have crippled or killed a lesser man.

Thomas Mann is another who finds relaxation in walking. Gustav Egloff, Chicago's famed oil chemist, is literally a walking encyclopedia of chemical knowledge. He regularly walks the four miles to his office in the morning and uses the time to plan his day's work. Percy Grainger insists on walking to his concerts. And Robert Young, the revolutionary of the railroads, is another daily hiker. He has a set route of three miles along the cliffs near his Newport home—a route that he covers once or twice a day. There he watches passing ships, shapes new *banderillas* to stick in the thick neck of the railroad industry, and broods about the iniquities of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Even a switch in activity can be relaxing. That's why many a top-flight executive retires to his basement at night to fret over the vagaries of wood and metal instead of making split-second decisions on which his career may depend. Making a chair or a ship model banishes the day's tensions. Home workshops have attracted everybody from the Queen of Egypt to Vannevar Bush, from Philip Wrigley to Ezio Pinza. James L. (Continued on page 214)



"Your wife wants a report on your condition"



"Trouble with me, Doc, is I gotta inferiority complex"

A CORPSE FOR CHRISTMAS

PART I OF A BOOK-LENGTH MYSTERY by HENRY KANE

Christmas can be merrier than you think, if spent with a very dead corpse and a very lovely woman

IT WAS the night before Christmas. 'Twas the day before Christmas. 'Twas Yuletide in New York. Who knows day from night? 'Twas the twenty-fourth of December of a glum afternoon with rain. The phone rang. The voice was an aching sound at my ear, but it wasn't the voice. It was the ear. It was the man attached to the ear. The man attached to the ear was superbly fit for a long-drawn steam bath, a rugged rubdown, and slumber. Heavy slumber, like when you get hit in the head with a soft-lead pipe, or a hard-lead pipe, or a sandbag, maybe even knuckles at the chin. I grappled with the phone piece. I registered a rigid hip against a resisting desk. I brought up a cigarette and pushed smoke at my lungs. I tried, vainly, to dissipate the luminous antics of the flickering spots spelling out nothing in large and unreadable letters.

Who said hang-over? Close the book! Go turn your face to the wall. "I've got an eye," the voice said, "that wants an eye." The voice was Detective-lieutenant Parker of Homicide. My throat felt like parchment with wrinkles. My tongue felt like chopped fuzz imbedded in tobacco. My head felt like a bloated sponge blowzy with prickles. It had been a large evening. That was yesterday. This was tomorrow afternoon. I was in my office for a fast handshake with my conscience. One shake. I was ready to go home and go to bed. I was ready to pull the covers over my lethargy and hope for evening. Humor out of Homicide frisked over the wire with all the piquancy of an emetic. "Listen," I said. "Hang up. Go work that one over on another boy. Merry Christmas, and all that. . . ." "Now, look, brother. . . ." "Not today. Today I'm not looking. For nobody." I hung up. The phone rang. "Down here," he said, in capital letters like a telegram, sadly, querulously, funereally, "down here, louse of a shamus, I have got a private eye which wants another private eye. On a case. For pay. So I call you. So what do I get?" "Me. In a very weak moment."

"Abuse. That's what I get." "Sorry." "Better." "Down where?" "Traffic Court. Downtown Traffic Court." "You?" "Me." "Not you." "Now, look, you poisonous son of a—" "I mean—you—Homicide. They break you?" "What the dickens are you talking about?" "They got you writing tickets for a living?" "Very funny. Exeruciating. You coming?" "Is it dough?" "Of course it's dough." "Of course I'm coming." That's the way it is. Money. I hate it. I hastened out of the office into the butress that is Miss Miranda Foxworth. Miss Miranda is secretary, amanuensis, wet nurse. Miss Miranda is built like an old-fashioned icebox, but colder. She is also bulgy. Her marble-blue eyes behind her glasses are a display forever of disapproval unwinking. Miss Miranda rustled a paper. "You're supposed to sign this." "Later." "Now." I signed the paper. She watched me sign the paper. "Go home," she said. "Go to sleep." "I'm going out. On business." "Then have a (Continued on page 134)



ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS



drink. A large one."

From Miranda, that is not a skittish proposal for fun. It is a peremptory prescription from the doctor. She frowned, right up to the hairline, waddling off like an emperor penguin. Have you ever seen an emperor penguin, white-shirted, dignified, shuffle-footed? Once, on a case, I went all the way to the Antarctic, yes, sir, and there, on the Ross ice shelf. . . .

That was another case.

On this case, I went all the way to Trennem's Dark Morning Tavern (across the street) and there I had me Miranda's drink. Two of Miranda's drinks (doubles). So, warmed in the stomach, and steadier in the hand, I reached over and patted Trennem's expansive apron. I smiled with the teeth and I paid and I left. The rain had frizzled to drizzle. The sky cried hazily. Christmas.

I took a cab to Traffic Court, downtown.

Her name was Gene Tiny, but she wasn't small. She was built in luscious bunches, beautifully spaced, marvelously hyphenated. It took you time to get to her face. She was unusual. She was wonderful upstairs, too. She had wide black eyes under high black eyebrows, a white forehead, and thick black curly hair, casual and long down the back. She was pert-nosed and red-lipped and her face was strongly shaped. Her teeth were white and level, and when she smiled one eyebrow moved up and shadows gathered beneath her cheekbones and a full wicked curve grew on her mouth. The whole effect warmed you like a double at Trennem's Dark Morning Tavern. Two doubles.

She was tall. She wore a red off-the-shoulder Russian blouse, a black skirt, champagne nylons, and black Cuban-heeled sandals. She carried a black jacket over her arm, and a fur coat hung over one shoulder. No hat. She stopped me colder than a dowager's glare, right there in front of the wire net of the detention pen, and, sort of, I leaned on Parker.

I'm impressionable.

"Lovely," I managed. "You even look good in the pokey."

Severe, she moved her eyes to Parker.

Severe, she was better than two shots at Trennem's Dark Morning Tavern. There is a place downtown called Matty's that fires up a special zombie he learned about on McCadden Street on the West Coast. . . .

"A saucy one," she said. "So this is Peter Chambers."

"Yeah, saucy," Parker said.

Her eyes came back to me.

"Merry Christmas," I said.

Morose she said, "You're top man in our industry. You're Number One. You're the guy that can be trusted—"

"Look, lady. My chum asks me down to meet a private eye. I go, because my chum asks me. So what do I get? I get pulchritude behind a fine mesh wire. What do you expect?"

She softened, smiling, eyebrow up.

"Boor," I said.

"Who?" Parker said.

"Me," I said.

The smile spread. The eyebrow hinged higher. The eyes slanted. Dimples came through. Throw away those two shots at the Dark Morning, forget the zombie at Matty's. . . .

Parker observed. He tightened his mouth and he rocked his shoulders. He turned and he waved at a turnkey. A turnkey is a turkey with a civil-service job being uncivil to everyone, for which he has to pass a rigid test. Parker pointed at the lock. The turnkey turnkeyed. "These two," Parker said, "will want a private room. It's okay."

The turnkey looked evil. "Private room. Okay with me if it's okay with you, Lieutenant."

"It is okay with me."

We sat across from each other on bare chairs at a bare table in a small bare room. She put the fur coat over the back of another chair and

the jacket over that. Steam hissed from a radiator beneath a window with bars. She stared at me. I stared at her. I got more out of that than she did.

"Whiskey?" She sniffed.

"Pardon?"

"You smell."

"So do you."

"Guilty. Four Martinis and no lunch. I had a conference."

"Scotch. Two eye-openers at Trennem's Dark Morning Tavern. No conference."

"I like you. I'm sorry I was rude before. I'm Gene Tiny."

"I know. Parker told me."

"Trennem's Dark Morning Tavern. I know that too. Fabulous."

"Yeah."

She took her handbag off her lap, an outsize leather knapsack. She dug in for her wallet and poked and came up with five bills, all centuries.

"Fee," she said and handed them over.

"For what?" I took them.

"Help. This business, this crazy business of being arrested. It cut right into a deal I'm working on. You know, I'm glad it was you Parker chose. You have a wonderful reputation, you really have, despite your quirks."

"Thanks. You really a lady dick?"

"Lady dick." She brought out credentials. She was licensed by the State of New York as a private detective. "Do you remember McKennish Karken?"

"Sure. He was a grand operator, in his time."

"I used to be in his office. Before that, I was a model."

"I could bet on that."

"I met Karken while I was modeling. He used me on a couple of his deals. He liked the way I worked. He offered me a permanent job and I took it. He had me licensed. When he died, a couple of his accounts retained me, and I opened my own place. Okay for background?"

"What's the five hundred for?"

"Ever hear of Barney Bernandino?"

I opened my eyes for her. "That's a large firecracker."

"It's a large deal. Ever hear of Sheldon Talbot?"

I rummaged around in back of my head, and I remembered. I showed her how smart I was. "Sheldon Talbot was a scientist, a professor. Made a pile of dough out of an invention and retired. Went to Chicago, where he tangled with a twelve-ton truck. He's dead."

"You'll do, brother. You're good. He's not dead."

"How's that?"

"Not dead."

"But Sheldon Talbot—"

"Not dead. And he's part of this deal. That's why the five hundred."

I didn't say anything.

"This is a deal between Barney Bernandino, who is always very much alive, and Sheldon Talbot, who is not dead. I'm in the middle. The deal is all cooked. I was with Barney for a short while rounding out the angles. That's when the Martinis happened. I was on my way down to Sheldon when I ran into this parked car. It was raining, and I suppose I was going pretty fast. I was excited. I had a deal hopping and if it went through, there was an enormous fee. I skidded, and bang. So I'm here, and Sheldon Talbot is waiting, probably jumping out of his pants."

"That's me."

"That's you. You go down there and tell him everything is jake. Tell him what happened to me. Tell him to sit tight, till I get out of here, that I've got it all arranged. Do you know where you can reach Barney Bernandino?"

"Yes."

"Fine. Call him, and tell him too. Right?"

"Not entirely."

"What's wrong?"

"The five hundred, that's wrong. Having

Parker call someone, that's wrong. A lot of money for nothing, that's always wrong."

"Patience, brother."

"Don't call me brother."

"Listen. I operate alone. I don't have a staff. When I need help on a case, I use Julie Latch or Max Carney. I don't trust either one of them. Do you know them?"

"I knew Julie Latch before he had his license revoked. Strictly a strikebreaking hard guy, with a whole string of professional hoods behind him. Carney's more peaceable, but they're both alike."

She nodded, smiling. "Right. They'll do when it's a straight job you have to throw them. But on a deal like this, if either one of them got their teeth into it, he'd start chewing. That explains why I wanted somebody with . . . well, integrity. I appealed to Parker."

"That clears one point. Now clear the five hundred."

She moved her chair closer to mine. "Talbot was supposed to have been killed in that accident in Chicago. Hit by a truck. He wasn't. Somebody else, though, was, and that somebody else, who was practically demolished, carried Talbot's papers. The whole top of the guy was smashed. Identification was made on the papers. Do you begin to see why the five hundred? The police don't know that Sheldon Talbot is alive. The minute they do, they'll start moving in on him, looking for explanations. I don't want them to know, not till this deal is consummated, and I get paid. After that, I'm not interested in Sheldon Talbot, or Barney Bernandino, or the police, or anybody. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"I'm telling you because you're Peter Chambers, because of your reputation in the business, because Parker picked you. I left it up to him, but I was very glad when it was your name he mentioned. You've been around, Mr. Chambers, you know how we operate, always along the knife-edge. So I can tell you, and I don't worry. You take it, or you leave it. At least I know you won't hold me up, and if you don't take it, I know you won't talk."

"Sold. You want me to hang around with him, Sheldon?"

"Anything he says. Just keep him happy."

"Where do I find him?"

"Thirteen West Thirteenth. Second floor back. He's under the name Fred Thompson."

"And where do I find you?"

She held up the wallet and I looked through the cellophane window. Fifty-two East Seventy-seventh. Apartment 2 C. "I'll either join you, or I'll be here, or I'll be at Barney's, or I'll be home. I wanted to plead guilty, and pay my fine, and get out of here. But my lawyer insisted that with all the charges against me, I might go to jail if I pleaded guilty."

"So?"

"So he's out there now. Waiting our next on the court calendar."

"Keep your legs crossed, sister."

"I beg your pardon."

"I mean, for the judge. Skirt up, legs crossed, and release that smile, pensively . . . and you're in. Or, out. You've got nothing to worry about."

I pushed my chair back. We got out of there. I waved good-by through the wire screen. "Terrific," I said to Parker.

"Everything's terrific to you, only sometimes you're right, which is this time. Subject closed. I'm a married man."

We walked through the corridor and out into the lobby and I lit up. "What's she in for?"

"Why?"

"I'm working for her. I like to know just how criminal my employers are."

He screwed his eyes up. "Boy, you get worse as you get older. Stick around, I'll see if I can get the arresting officer."

I stuck around. I smoked. I blew rings. I looked at pictures of wanted guys tacked onto a bulletin board with re- (Continued on page 139)

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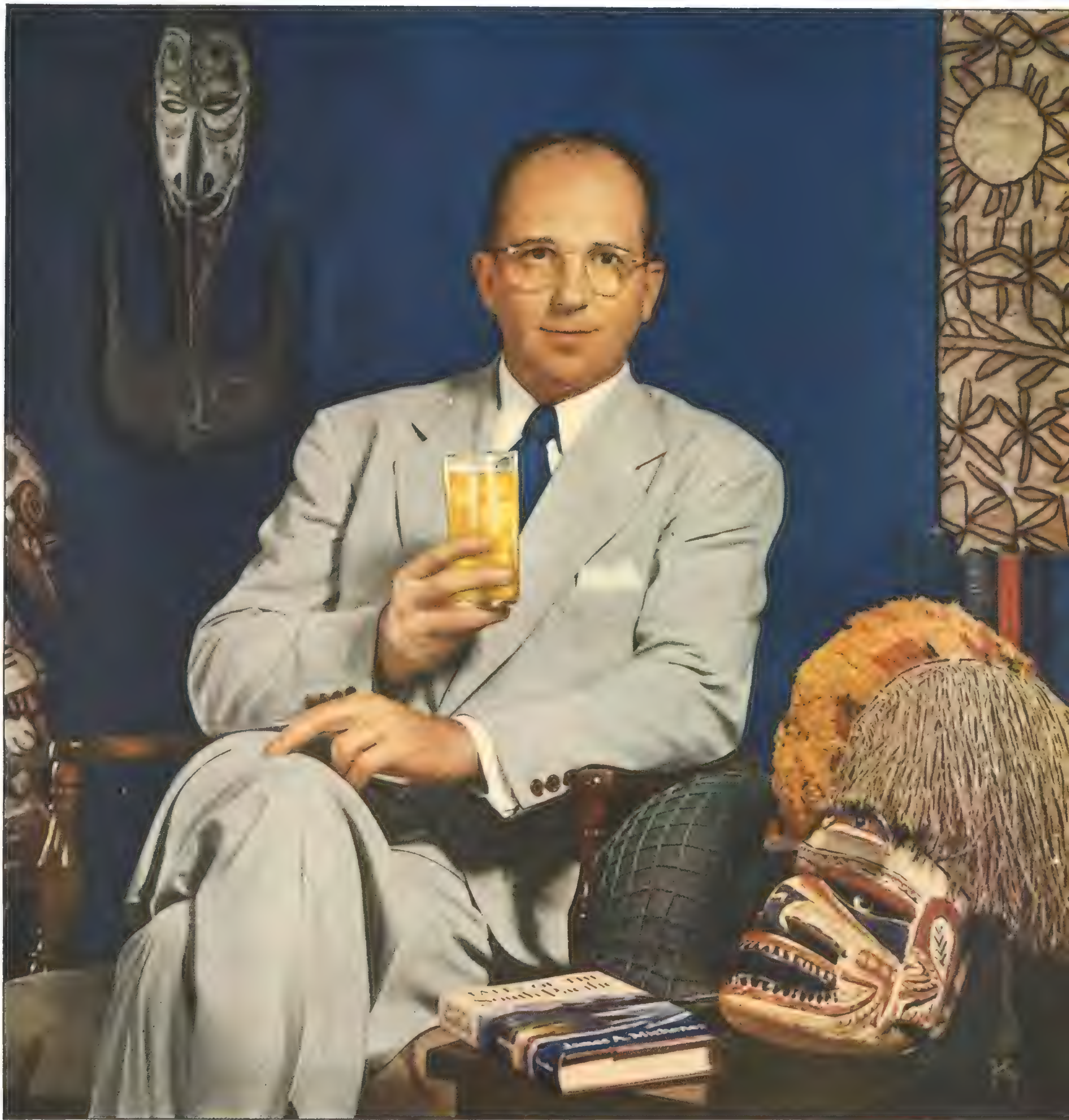
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A Corpse for Christmas

Continued from page 134

wards under their names. They always look ugly.

I thought about Gene Tiny for an antidote. I liked that. I went out and stood on the courthouse steps and watched the rain dribble to a stop. I smelled the clean air, filling my lungs, and then Parker came out with a guy that looked like his lungs were always filled. He was a barrel-chested cop in leather puttees and a Sam Browne belt, a motorcycle guy, with a weather-seamed face and nasty red-rimmed eyes.

"The star witness," Parker said.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"What's it to you?" he answered.

"Be nice," Parker said.

"Yentseyalli."

"What?"

"Call me Yents."

I called him Yents. I asked him what had happened. He wanted to know when. I said this afternoon. He wanted to know where. I said I didn't know where. He wanted to know with whom. I said with Miss Tiny. He wanted to know why. I said I loved her. He wanted to know—me, and how many others. I said me, and I didn't know how many others. He said, "Sucker."

"Who ain't?" I said.

"This happened. She's coming down First Avenue maybe doing sixty. I'm on her. I got the wailer wailing, but she's giving it no good gahddam. Then bingo, she swerves into this parked Chevvie, and this parked Chevvie, mister, does a double for an accordion. So I latches on to her, and I get sass, but sass. I like to busted her one, but I ain't ever hit no lady, yet, though this one is certainly begging for it. So I ask her for her license, so her license is home. So I get more sass, which is called abusive language, plus she's polluting the air with alcoholic fumes. So I waltz her in. So what's it to you?"

"Be nice," Parker said.

"From the way he sounds," I said to Parker, "there are a good many charges racked against my beloved."

"Plenny," Yents said. "You're going to be a lonesome guy waiting for said beloved, take it from me."

"Speeding," Parker said, with a grin, "reckless driving, drunken driving, malicious mischief, no license, abusive language."

"How many are going to stand up?"

"Depends," Parker said. "She's got a good lawyer."

"A good lawyer will blow this red-faced bird higher than heaven on the witness stand, with only a slight prod of cross-examination."

"Red-faced bird, huh? Blow, huh? I would like to put in here and now that that jane was fried. To the ears. She did not skid. She simply ran into that Chevvie. When you skid you leave marks. She left nothing. She was fried. I will not blow on that. Fried." He floated his eyebrows. "Fried, at twelve-fifteen in the afternoon."

"How do you know?"

"I smelled her."

"That the test?"

"Test enough for me."

"You see what I mean?" I said to Parker.

"To me, beloved," Yents said, "you're fried too. Simply on the

smell. How do you like that?"

Parker parted us and took me down the courthouse steps. We walked to where his car was parked by a hydrant. "I'm heading uptown," he said. "Can I give you a lift?"

"Thanks. I'm going to Thirteen West Thirteenth."

We said nothing for a couple of blocks, then I said, "Where do you fit in this?"

"I don't fit. I got a call at Headquarters from her lawyer that she wanted a favor. She's always shaped up a pretty nice kid; McKennish Karken broke her into the business. Well... I had to be at Traffic Court anyway, a couple of things to attend to... so I told him I'd talk to her myself."

"You're a married man. Remember?"

"Quiet. Down here, she told me she needed a recommendation urgent, and when I mentioned you, she liked it, because she'd heard of you... so you bite my ear off when I call you."

"Sorry. When did that ape bring her in?"

"Oh, about twelve-thirty."

I looked at my watch. It was half past two. "Two hours they've got that lovely thing cooped in that dirty pen. Just because maybe she had a couple of nibbles. So what? So she ran into a car. So what? Everybody's covered for running into cars. Nobody was hurt. What's the crime?"

"Look, I'm Homicide. For me, murder's a crime. Less than that it's out of my province. Province, good, huh? Province is also a small town—"

"Hey, we're passing Thirteenth."

He backed up and turned. "Be a good boy."

"Thanks for the recommendation."

"Merry Christmas."

He dumped me on the corner of Thirteenth and Fifth, waved, and went wrong way up a one-way street. Cops.

I went into a drugstore with red crepe Christmas bells dangling in the window. I pushed past a Christmas tree and found the phone books. I checked Barney Bernandino. Barney owned the Kitten House on East Eighty-ninth. The Kitten House was four stories of modern glass brick with a lavish night club in the basement and a plush saloon with distressing prices on the main floor. The next three floors, in perpendicular order, were a private gaming room in green décor with suave attendants presiding over the enticing attractions of blackjack, roulette, shimmy, and crap; and a private gaming room in red décor offering the same, but at higher minimum stakes; polished, well-mannered and soundproofed; and on top, Barney's penthouse. Barney's influence reached out in a compelling triangle, New York to Chicago to Miami, and up along the East Coast back to New York. In the East, a reference to the Syndicate is a reference to Barney Bernandino.

I dialed and I asked for Barney.

"Who's calling?" a girl asked.

"Pete Chambers."

"One moment, please."

Barney (Continued on page 140)

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A Corpse for Christmas

said, "Hello, Pete, Merry Christmas. Look, guy, I'm a little busy right now—"

"I've got a message from . . . Sheldon Talbot."

"What?"

I let him cook for a while, for the hell of it. Then I said, "You too busy right now?"

"Never too busy for you." Nonchalance missed wider than a banker's piazza. It clogged in his throat. The girl hadn't exaggerated. This was a deal. When Barney squeaked, it was real money. For the jump of a second, I wondered about how I could cut myself in. I let it slide.

"It's a message from Gene Tiny."

"Yes, Pete."

"I'm to tell you there'll be a delay."

"On what?"

"On Talbot."

"What have you got to do with this?"

"Nothing. I'm just to give you the message. She's in jail."

"What?"

"A traffic jam."

"Oh." Relief brought a pause. "Where's he?"

"I don't know."

You could feel him wiping a handkerchief over his face. "Traffic jam, huh? Sure. She's up here for maybe a half-hour and she laps up four Martinis. I'll get a shyster over there quick. Where, Pete?"

"She's got her own. He's down there now. Nothing serious. Nobody hurt. Nothing like that. She ran into a car."

"Oh. All right. All right, Pete. Thanks."

"She says for you to wait."

"Thanks, Pete." He hung up.

I brushed around the Christmas tree and went out. Barney was in a sweat and the girl was in the pokey and this was a real deal and I was around and loose. Could that total to more than five hundred dollars? With Barney perspiring, would a lady operator know enough to put on the squeeze? She had mentioned a big fee. Was it big enough? I wrapped my coat around me and blustered back at the December wind. Barney Bernardino was squeaking in the throat. That was an excellent symptom. Perhaps, with further probing, a growth of stipend could be diagnosed for the comely Gene Tiny. And incidentally, for me.

The house was an eyesore. In a street of old mansions and quiet apartment hotels and gold-knocked town houses, it stuck out like a broken tooth on a smiling prima donna under a bright-white spot. It was three crumbling stories of peeling paint, a brownstone stoop with cracked brass bannisters, and an old red door. A grey sign said ROOMS in black letters and beneath that, NO VACANCIES.

I walked up seven worn steps. There were no bells. The door opened on pressure. The lobby was small and square and dim, with a wooden door on either side. There was an old mahogany table in the middle wearing a frayed doily on which postmarked letters were scattered, and postal cards, and flap-in-the-envelope Christmas greetings. It smelled of dust and disinfectant. Front and center was a steep wooden stairway with a smooth wood rail.

The steps creaked as I went up.

That was the only sound. I stopped for breath on the first landing. There was an apartment in back, facing the stairway, and an apartment in front. Nothing else, except dirty walls. I walked along the hall and around to the next flight of stairs. I trudged up. The door to the back apartment was ajar. Presentiment put a coil of prickles on the back of my neck. On the landing, I leaned against the rail, breathing with my mouth open, catching up with my heartbeat. I thought about knocking. Then I pushed the door open with my foot.

Disarray said hello. The room was a shambles. A venetian blind hung from its moorings. Green portieres were askew. A window was broken. A sofa sat on its side. A table was upside down. A desk chair was shattered. Ink stained the rickety desk, reaching down to a splintered inkwell on the floor. Lamps were overturned and pictures were twisted. The room was a jumble of the mute farrago that is the residue of violence. On the floor, straight and supine against the table with the stuck-up legs, in a clean white shirt and pressed plaid pants, a man without a forehead stared at the ceiling. He had a fine full head of wine-red hair and a fluffy wine-red beard. Most of his forehead was shot away, sharp white bone sticking out over one eye. The rest of the forehead was a thick wide crust of blood. Blood splattered the worn carpet in ugly design.

I gulped once, stemming nausea.

If not for the girl, I'd have done a quick right-about-face and bumped down the stairs and opened my lungs to the brisk resuscitation of December ozone.

If not for the girl, I'd have moved faster than a nervous Romeo pricked by the click of a uxorious key in the latch. I'd have been out of that apartment. I'd have never reached that apartment. I'd have been waylaid by a passing saloon, returning to was-sail, to the everlasting loss of the five hundred apples. I'd have returned to Christmas cheer. I'd have.

But there's always a girl, Lord preserve them.

She was huddled in a fat-bodied armchair, horror in her eyes, and a gun in her hands, facing the man with the wine-red hair. I looked from him to her and back to him. I closed the door and leaned on the doorknob with my hands behind me. If I was intruding, no one noticed. He couldn't see, and she didn't look. I let go the doorknob and passed one hand over my face. Nothing changed.

"Excuse me," I said.

No one answered.

"This you, lady?" I pointed at him. She didn't answer.

"Lady!"

She turned her head, young, pale, with enormous black eyes. She looked at me, but she didn't see me. I saw her: the round smooth face and the deep black eyes and the full curved glossy mouth, a red underlip protruding in a pout that flicked at your libido despite the flung-about furniture and the dead man turned to the ceiling and the narrow wind pushing in through the broken window and the blue gun in both her hands.

"What goes?" I said.

Continued on page 142

This Christmas

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Santa—I know how much you love Christmas. It's your whole life. And that's why I sacrifice my good wool, so you can give the finest wool hose at Christmas. But—believe it or not—I get double-crossed. Because some manufacturers drop my wool into chemicals—to preshrink it. Ugh! Fools! Infidels! Those chemicals kill my wool . . . cut away its natural softness. Make it stringy and harsh. You're left holding the bag—except you call it a sock. It's wool in name only. I could never face you again if I didn't know of one hose—Byford Hose—that's never been touched by chemicals. Now there's a *real* gift!



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A Corpse for Christmas

Her eyes slid back to him.

"Lady."

"Yes?" Still staring at him.

"Lady."

She came back to me.

"Yes?"

She wasn't out of her trance. The yes was the yes of an idiot, the wailing yes of a mimic, the extended high-pitched yes of shock. Her brown fur coat was buttoned to the neck and her fur cadet-type hat was forward on her head, strapped beneath her chin.

"This your party?"

"No."

"You do this?"

"No."

"You're wearing a gun."

She looked at it, and opened her hands. It dropped to the floor.

"Whose gun?" I said.

"His."

"How do you know?"

"He always had it."

"How do you know?"

No answer.

"Lady!"

Her eyes came up to me, enormous. The bubble of tears held for a moment in the inside corners, then ran down her nose. She shuddered, and cried out loud, half-laughing, her upper lip tight back, white teeth showing to the gums. I crossed over and slapped her with my left hand. I caught her face coming and slapped it back with my right. I lifted her part out of the chair and her hat fell off and she stood up out of the chair, and there I was with a girl in my arms (again), insulated, of course, by a fur coat, but a girl, nevertheless.

"God," she said at my ear.

"Oh, my God. God."

I shook her. "Slow down."

"Yes."

"Take it easy."

"Yes."

"Please."

"Yes."

We stood like that, cheek to cheek, in the pose of newly discovered lovers, body to body, divided by a fur coat. She shook. I waited. She stopped shaking.

"Fine," I said.

"Thank you."

"All right now?"

She pushed back. "I'm all right."

"Let's talk it up, huh?"

"Yes."

"You do it?"

"No."

"You know who?"

"No."

"You know him?"

"Yes."

"Sheldon Talbot?"

"Fred Thompson."

"Don't con me, sister."

"Fred Thompson."

"How long you been here?"

"I don't know. Ten minutes."

"Sit, huh? Sit down."

"All right." She went back to the chair. She kept her eyes off him.

I looked at him and I looked at her and I looked at the gun and I looked around at the battered room and I looked at her again and I sighed. I was in. I had joined. I was a member. So I did it right. All it could cost was a couple of minutes. I went toward him, toward the vertical soles of his pointed shoes, and around them, and I touched him. Cold. His hands were white and smooth, unworked. He wore a gold wrist watch, smashed. The pointers said ten after one. There

was an electric clock on the floor, a desk clock, plug out in the turmoil. I took my leather gloves out of my coat pockets and sighed again and put them on. I turned over the electric clock, face up. It said one-thirty. Maybe it meant something. The wrist watch said ten after one, the electric clock said one-thirty. I went back and touched his pants. There was a wallet in the buttoned-down back pocket. It had eighty-two dollars and Sheldon Talbot's driver's license, outdated. "Take Fred Thompson's wallet," I said. I tossed it into her lap. She put it in her pocket-book. There was something funny about the shoes that stayed with me. I went back and crouched in front of them. I sat on the floor and looked at them. They were brown shoes, similar, but different. I got up and went to the closet and found another set, brown shoes, similar, but different. I held each in one hand, fighting against time, shoving one out and then the other, until I got it. One had a built-up heel, like small men use, the other was normal. But they weren't a pair. I went back to him, with the shoes. He was wearing one of one pair, and another of the other pair. I put them back in the closet, opened the bathroom door, looked in, closed the bathroom door. There was a small kitchen. Nothing.

"All right," I said. "Let's get out of here."

She picked up her hat and went to the door.

"Just a minute," I said. I took the gun, a round-bellied forty-five and put it in my coat pocket. "Okay."

The key was on the inside of the door. I left it there. I rubbed each knob of the door with my leather gloves, and I left the door as I had found it, snap lock clicked back. Outside, she waited on the landing, while I walked halfway down and looked around. Then I motioned to her, and she came down. We went into the street and hunched our shoulders against the cold. It was beginning to snow.

The wind put color on her cheeks. She was lovely, but that wasn't it. Nobody kills a man between one-ten and one-thirty, and then sits around looking at him till three o'clock. And if they do, I'd like to hear about it, before I yell copper. We walked toward Sixth. "You can use a drink," I said. "I'd love to buy you one, but I haven't the time."

"Who are you?"

"Pete Chambers."

"No . . . I mean, who—"

"It's a long story. Too long for now. What's your name?"

"Stella."

"I'm a detective, Stella. I'll try to help you, if you'll let me. Plays like corn-cob, doesn't it: 'I'll try to help you if you'll let me.' I mean it. Okay?"

"Yes."

"Where can I reach you?"

"Tamara Towers. 11 B."

I brought her to a parked cab and put her in. "See you," I said.

I took my hat off and scratched my head. I put my hat back and put my hands in my pockets. I bumped the gun. I took my hands out and swung them. I saw a saloon and started for it and changed my mind. I walked back to the peeling house and up the seven stone steps and through the unlocked door into the vesti-

Continued on page 144

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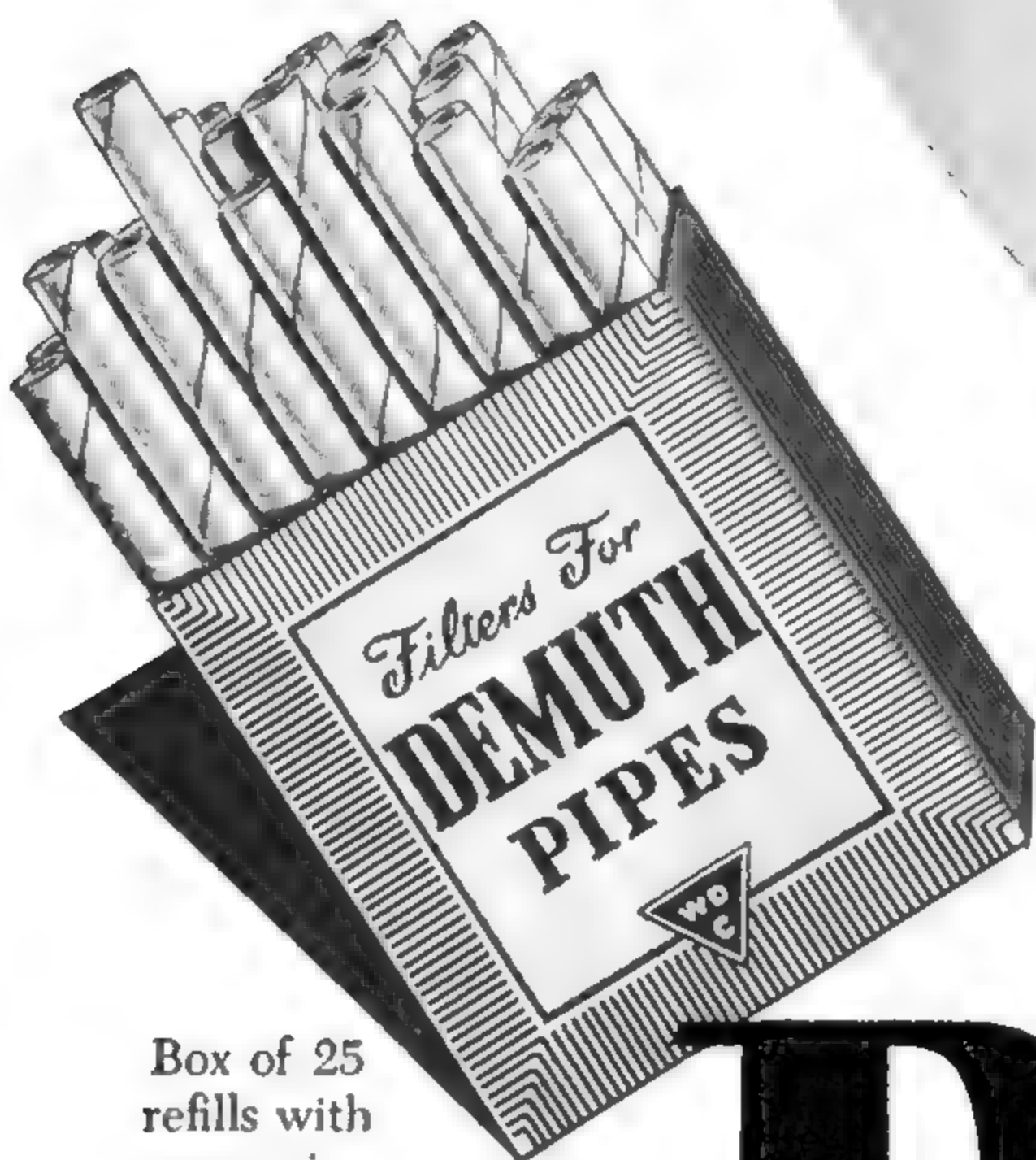
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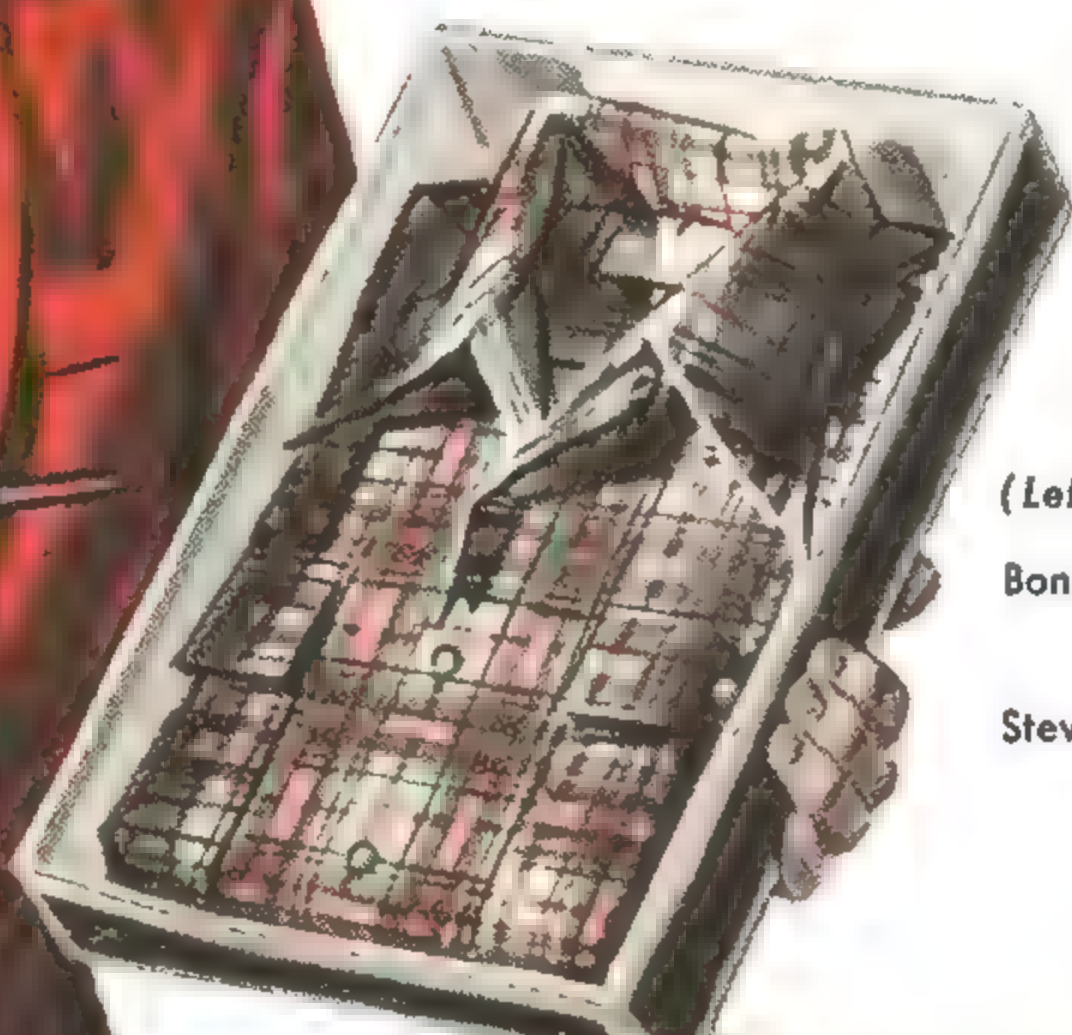


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A Corpse for Christmas

bule. I knocked on the door on the right. No answer. I knocked on the door on the left.

"Who's that?" The voice was dry and tired.

"Message."

"For who?"

"Thompson."

"Second floor, back."

"He's not in."

An apparition in a rust bathrobe that fit like a blanket opened the door. It was a man's bathrobe going down to gay incongruous pompon house slippers and up to a folded dish towel wrapped around her neck and held together with a safety pin. Her hair was a faded blonde, falling swirl. Her eyes were blue and squinting. Her face was red with the spirit of the Yule and her breath reeked accompaniment.

"Merry Christmas," I said.

"Yes, he is."

"What?"

"In."

"Who?"

"Who you asking for?"

"Thompson."

"That's who. Who do you think?"

"But I knocked, dear lady."

"Knock again, dear boy."

"But lady, how would you know? I mean...."

"Listen, that's a crumb with a habit of slamming the door when he goes out, it's enough to drive you nuts. Well, today he don't slam the door, so he don't go out. That's how I know. No slam, no noise, no nothing, and I been in all day—nursing this." She pointed at the swath of towel. "Got a frog in the throat. Got something. Got no tonsils. Maybe it's that postnasal drip everybody talks about. Postnasal drip. What is it? Sounds like a name for a broken-down bookmaker. Go on up, sonny, and knock again, and if he don't answer, maybe he's sleeping. Tuck it under the door."

"How long's he been here, ma'am?"

"Go deliver your message, bub."

"I mean, how long—"

"Look, bub, I manage this house. I got enough with slamming doors, and missing mail, and gripes about heat, and empty bottles instead of rent.... I don't need a nosy messenger boy on top of it. Go tuck it under his door."

"But, ma'am...."

"Go tuck it, bub."

She slammed the door.

I walked up one flight, letting her hear, rested on the landing, waited, chugged down. I went out, solicitous with the street door, unslamming. I walked to Fifth and waved down a cab and went to Traffic Court. I walked up the courthouse steps, remembering it was Saturday. In the lobby, I buttonholed a beadle.

"It's Saturday," I said.

"Thank you. Nice to have you inform me."

"No. I mean, Saturday, don't they close shop around here?"

"Oh. Traffic calendar's overloaded. Chief Magistrate comes up with one of them directives.

Clean them up before Christmas, all you can. So we're open for business today. Got a beef?"

"No beef. Merry Yuletide."

"Yoo hoo," he said. "Yuletide."

I swung through the doors just as the party was breaking up. Gene Tiny was smiling and a sharp-faced young man was shaking her hand. I sidled up and tapped her. "How'd you make out?"

"Oh, hello. Got fined a hundred dollars, but it could have been worse, I hear. Say, what are you doing—"

"Let's you and I get out of here, huh?"

She said good-by to her attorney, and I said good-by to her attorney, and I led her through the swinging doors, exclusive, this generation, with courtrooms and saloons, which may have a significance (consult, as who doesn't, your analyst), and we marched down the courthouse steps, blinking against the snow.

"White Christmas," she said.

"White Christmas."

I tugged and she followed.

Halfway down the block was a Bar and Grill

that was all bar and no grill, four deep with merry roisterers exercising a legitimate excuse for afternoon swilling. We worked our way through to the lonesome tables in the rear, and waited for service, and gave that up. "I'll get them," I said. "What'll it be?"

"Double Martini."

She handed out her fur coat, and I hung it up. I found an opening and got through to the bar. "Double Martini, two on a tray. Two double scotches, too."

"I know what you mean, mister. Sorry, but we just can't wait on the tables. Christmas comes once a year, you know."

"Yeah," I said. "And a white Christmas."

"Wunnerful, huh? White Christmas."

"Wunnerful," I said.

"What's with the scotch?"

"Water."

He made them and I paid for them and the boisterous boys and girls broke ground for me. I set them up on our table and put the tray under the chair. "Luck," I said.

"Luck."

"He's dead."

"Who?"

"Sheldon Talbot."

You either set the Martini down or you gulp it. She gulped it, and when she set it down, she set it down hard. The stem of the glass broke off and I wiped it up carefully and put it on another table.

When I came back, the flush of the gulped Martini was off her face. "You kidding?" she said.

"No."

"It's impossible. He—"

"He's dead."

"How? I—"

"Shot in the head. Dead on the floor. The room like a whirlwind

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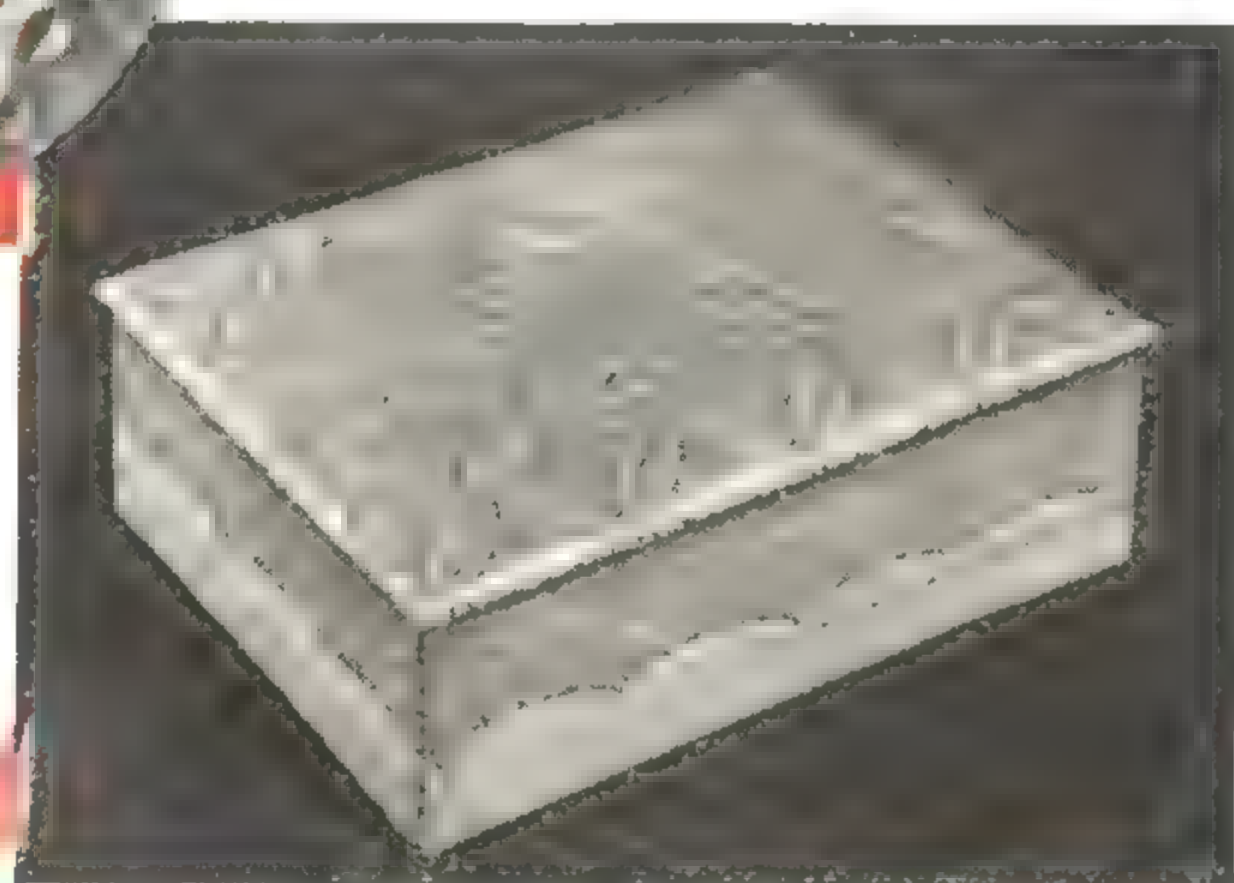


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si, Mantriac for... let's see,
where am I?"

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A Corpse for Christmas

hit it. How much of your five hundred do you want back?"

"Barney. Does Barney know?"

"No. I called him before I went up there. I came directly to you. You've got a deal cooking. I didn't want to jam it."

"Listen, are you sure?"

"Dead as Kelsey's."

She drank part of the second Martini. She reached for her coat. "You keep that five hundred. The fact that you work like you do is good by me. I'm going to call Barney. Barney might want somebody to go down there and look the place over, before it breaks. That ought to be worth five hundred, and I ought to be reimbursed."

I helped her out. "That joint's been looked over, believe me. If Barney asks you to do it—don't. Somebody's liable to walk in on you, and that's half-mast, sister, with a dead man on the floor. Let him send one of his boys."

"Thanks."

"I'll watch the coat."

She put it in my lap and she went looking for the phone. I poured all my stuff into one glass and said "Merry Christmas" to nobody and stroked the fur coat. A waiter showed up. "More?" he said.

"Yes. Scotch and water. No more Martinis, I don't think."

I sipped and stroked the fur. The waiter came with the order. "In here," I said. He poured the jigger into my glass and added a drop of water and the amber of the deep-amber highball deepened. I paid and tipped him, and watched her coming back.

Even in the black suit, her figure was something, swinging through the tables. She leaned her hands on the edge of the table and looked down at me, her eyes big and black and worried. Two sets of black eyes I'd run up against in the last few hours and the best I could do with either of them was rub a fur coat.

"All right," she said.

"You want me?"

"No. Barney's sending a couple of his boys down to Talbot's place. And there seems to be a garage right here, around the corner, that Barney owns. Someone's coming to pick me up."

"Can't you go alone?"

"You know Barney."

"Where's your car?"

"Smacked up. Towed in."

She finished her Martini standing up.

"Gene—"

"Here we go," she said, pointing. A tall man had come in looking over the heads of the people at the bar. "I'll be in touch with you."

"Sure. I'd like to earn part of that five hundred."

The man came up. "Miss Tiny?"

"Yes."

"I'm Steffen."

"How do you do?"

"Let's go."

I sat alone in the deserted rear of the saloon listening to early noises of happiness from the bar. I sipped a deep-amber highball, pondering. The waiter came and added more amber to the highball, said, "On the house," and went away. I pondered some more, sat sidewise, extracted five one-hundred-dollar bills, looked at them, put them back, shrugged and got up. Outside, I found a taxi and said, "Tamara Towers."

"Sure pop, mister. Climb in."

Snowing like hell, ain't it?"

"Yeah."

"White Christmas. Whadaya-know?"

The Tamara Towers had a doorman shuffling in the snow with the off-balance dignity of a four-star general doing inspection with a bun on. Inside, a wavy-haired switchboard boy said, "Merry Christmas. Who?"

"11 B."

"But who?"

"Stella."

"Stella who?"

"Look, lovely, it's getting onto Christmas Eve. Must it be who? I don't know who?"

"Well. . . ."

That sounded like five dollars. I gave him two.

"Who's calling? Might you know that on Christmas Eve?"

"Pete Chambers."

He plugged in the poke, whispered into the mouthpiece, winked, said, "Oke. Elevator on the right."

A lady with white hair opened the door for me. "Well, now. . . ."

"New boy friend," Stella said.

"Cute, isn't he?" She wore a short-sleeved white sweater, black silk slacks and black high-heeled shoes. She came at me, not too steady, most of her in front of her, and kissed me on the ear. "Merry Christmas," she said. She had the biggest black eyes in the world, and she was throwing them at me, filmy, but with a look that lingered like a sacroiliac sprain.

"Well, now. . . ." the lady with the white hair said.

Stella said, "Drinkie?"

"A pleasure," I said. "If somebody will take my hat and coat."

"I will," the lady with the white hair said. "As it happens, I'm getting my own. I'll leave you two lovebirds."

"Not on my account, I hope."

"On my own account, young man."

She was a handsome woman, dark eyes too, with a young face and a quick stride. She smelled of expensive perfume. She took my hat and coat and put them in a closet. Stella clinked drinks.

It was a red room: red carpets, red drapes, red leather chairs. There were two dark blue divans. The rest was silver. It looked like one room with a hidden kitchen. It wasn't. It was two rooms with a hidden kitchen. The lady with the white hair said, "I'm Theresa, called Terry."

"Peter, called Pete."

She gave me her coat and I held it for her. She leaned back, smiling up. I held the coat around her, my hands in front, and I said Merry Christmas at her neck. She leaned further back, her neck touching my lips. "And a Merry Christmas to you."

"Break it up, you two," Stella said. "My new boy friend, Mother."

Mother did it.

I let go the coat and backed away.

Mother kept smiling. "I hope she knows what to do with you."

"Meaning," Stella said, "if I don't—she does."

"Something like that." Terry kissed her hand and waved it. "By, kiddies. And get dressed, Stella. The rest of your family will be picking you up right soon. And invite Peter. Peter what?"

"Chambers," I said.

"You're invited. Party at my place. The Sunstead. Bring

Continued on page 151

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EGG NOG for 12 — Stir 12 egg yolks with 12 tablespoonfuls sugar until smooth. Slowly stir in one pint OLD FITZGERALD and one

pint *unwhipped* double cream. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 12 eggs. Stir in an additional half-pint OLD FITZGERALD. Chill until serving time. Then fold in one pint *whipped* double cream — sprinkle with cinnamon or nutmeg — and dip in!

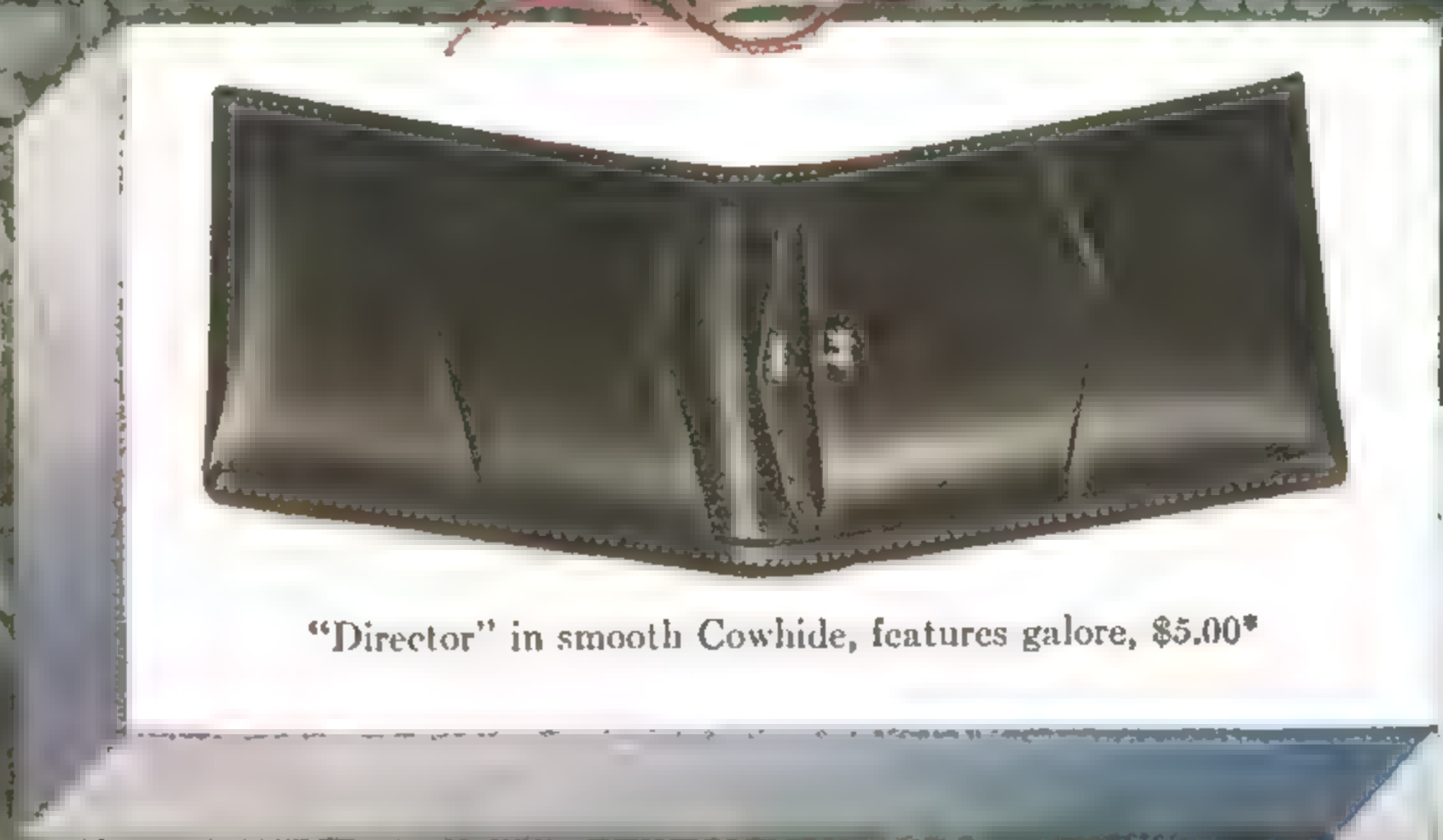
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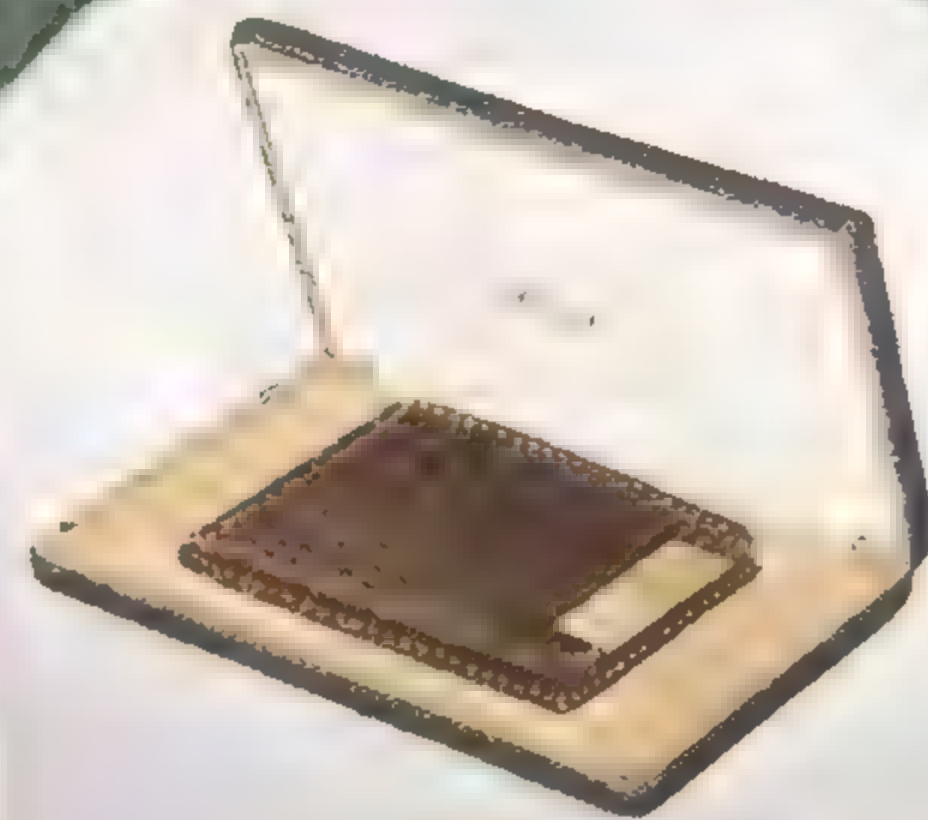
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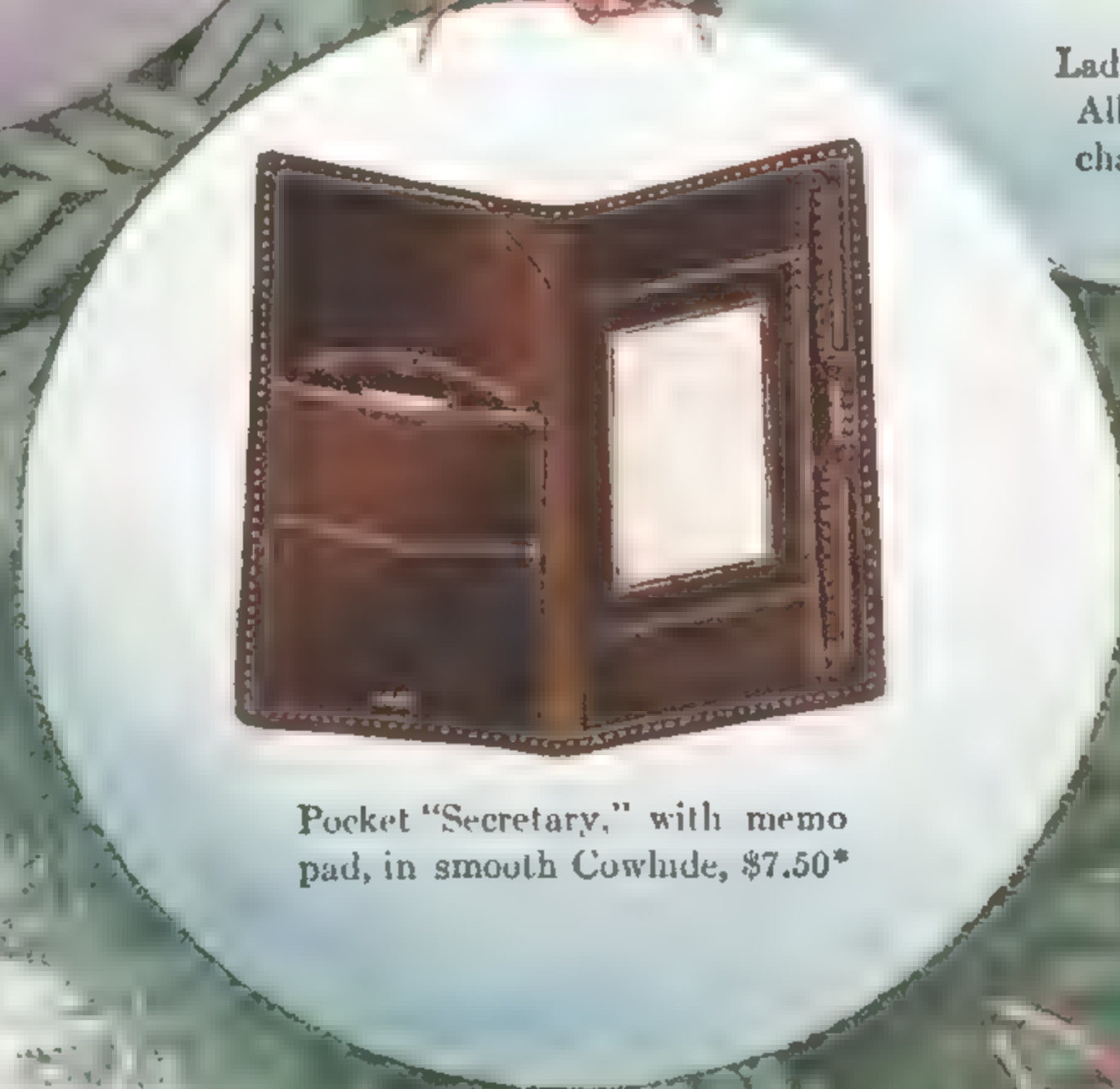
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A Corpse for Christmas

whomever you like, including my daughter."

"Thank you." I kept looking at her, because looking at Stella in the white sweater would keep any mother standing by, including the youthful Theresa, and, at that moment, I could live without her.

"By," she said and went.

Stella brought my drink. She walked like a cat, a soft tread with only the bottom moving, elbows far back and shoulders tight in a carriage that puts high-styled prominence to a crowded sweater. The pout of her lip was lower, almost sullen, wet. Her hair was cut black and thick, parted in the middle, a Crusader cut, without the bangs. Her face was round, olive, wide flares in a small pointed nose. She patted my face. "Thanks."

"For what?"

"For believing in me."

"Tell anybody?"

"No."

"Cops?"

"No. You?"

"No." I smelled the drink.

"Scotch. How'd you know?"

"Guessed."

"Where's yours?"

"I've had enough right now. I'm looped."

I sat in a corner of a dark blue couch and she came and sat close by me.

"Let's get it over with, baby."

"Get what?" She spread her hand on my thigh. She moved her face to mine. The smell from her mouth was a pleasant mixture of whiskey and the perfume off the shining lipstick.

"Well..." I said.

"I like you, mister."

"I like you too."

"No. I mean it. I really like you. That's the way I am. Right there, in that terrible room... the moment you came in, the way you moved... well... I had thoughts about you." Her fingers squeezed down, hurting my thigh. "It happens. It doesn't happen often, thank God."

I touched her ear. One finger. One finger at her ear. "According to Mama, we're expecting company. Remember?"

"Yes. Damn it." She took her hand off my thigh, rubbed it across her bare arm, stood up and went to the bar, a small blond-wood bar. She poured into a shot glass and drank it neat. "Merry Christmas," she said.

"Look, baby, what were you doing there?"

"What about you?"

"I had a message for him."

"Where's the gun?"

I put the dregs of the highball on the bar and went to the closet and took it out of my coat pocket, holding it at the point of the barrel. "It's got your prints on it, and maybe someone else's, but I doubt that. People who shoot don't leave prints. It's out of fashion."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Temporarily, I'll leave it here. Where?"

"In here."

I followed her into the bedroom. "Do you have something to wrap it in?"

She gave me a flowered bandana. I wrapped it and looked where to park it. She opened a drawer of a night table and I bent to put it in and when I straightened she was tight close to me,

swaying.

I said, "Company's coming."

"The hell with them. Please."

I held her and now both of us were swaying. She was full in front, but her shoulders were thin and as my hands went down I could feel her ribs.

"You're tall," she said.

"Six-two."

"Nice and tall. And skinny. I love that."

"Sheldon Talbot, wasn't it?"

"That's right."

"Not Fred Thompson."

"That's right."

"How are you mixed up in this?"

"He was my father."

It didn't take for a second. Then my hands dropped. "Look, baby, let's get it straightened away, once and for all, *before* the company comes."

"Whatever you say. But you're not going to duck, believe me."

"You're tight."

"Damn right I am. Sober, I'll be more coy. But it's not going to make any difference. You're not going to duck."

"Duck what?"

"Guess."

"I don't want to duck, baby. But right now... Talbot... your father—I don't get it."

"I hardly knew him. Let's go back to the living room. I talk better in a living room. Talk, I said."

"I heard you."

In the living room, we sat across from each other, she in a silver fanback easy chair, and I in my corner of the dark blue couch. She waved at the bar. I disregarded it.

"Would you like me to help?" I said.

"Why?"

"I'm a shamus. A private richard. A caper-kid. A wise-guy private eye. Talks hard with the tough guys, purrs with the ladies. All the girls fall for him. You know, like what you read about."

"No. It makes no difference to me who did it. Let the police find out."

"Then why don't you give them a chance?"

"What does that mean?"

"Why haven't you called them?"

"I would have, after the shock wore off, after I'd have got out of there. But then... you came. I became aware of the fact that I was holding the gun, fingerprints, that sort of thing. And then you took the gun, and I didn't know who you were. I was involved in something that was over my head. I didn't inform the police because I was afraid to. I waited for you. Should we do it now?"

"You'd be in it. Right up to your neck."

"Then what do we do?"

"Nothing, that way, for the time being. Involved is right. Ever hear of Barney Bernandino?"

"No."

"Gene Tiny?"

"Gene Tiny. Oh, yes. A tall beautiful woman with lovely black hair."

"Black eyes, too."

"Like mine?"

"Nobody has eyes like yours."

"You're improving."

"Not now, baby. What about Gene Tiny?"

"I don't know her well. She's a friend of one of my stepmothers."

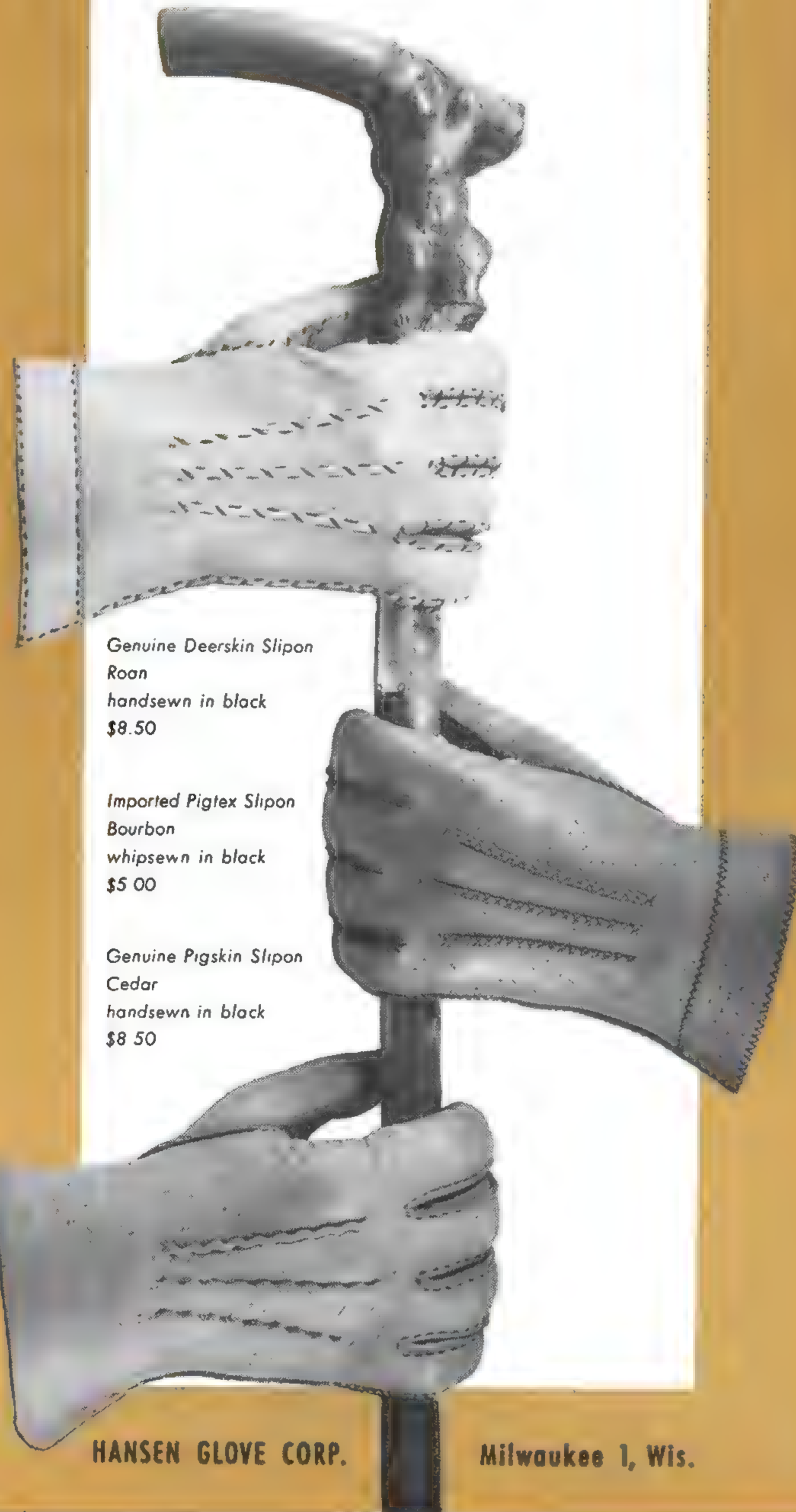
"One of (Continued on page 152)

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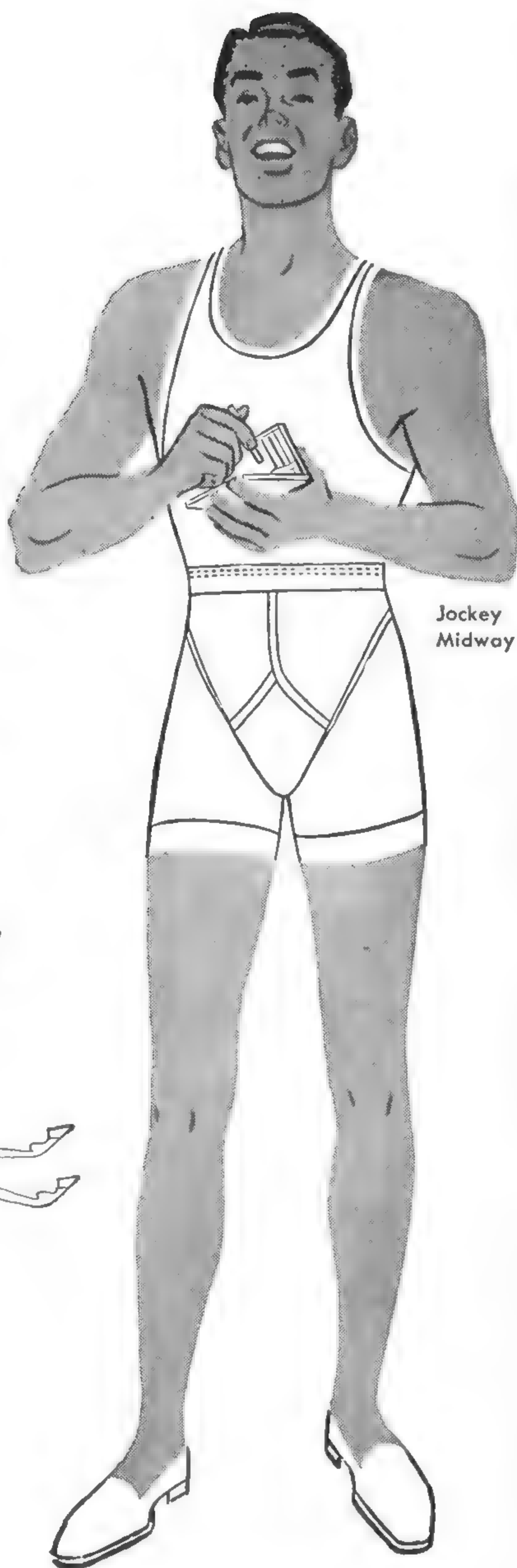
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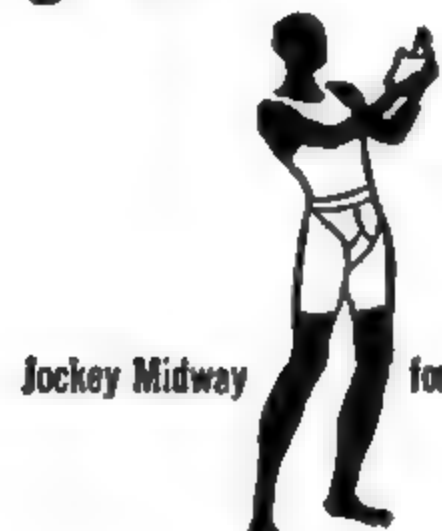
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A Corpse for Christmas

your stepmothers?"

"Theresa is my mother."

"You said stepmothers."

"There are two."

"Would you break that up?"

She crossed her legs in the rustling silk slacks. "Theresa was my father's first wife. They were divorced. Then he married Gay Zaygen, you know, the wild black sheep of the Newport-New York-Cannes Zaygens; lots of society, no money."

"Yes. Yes."

"They were divorced, and then he married Evelyn Dru, and they were divorced. You want me to continue with this?"

"Yes, please."

"Gay has since married Noah Cochrane, the Cremation King, the chap that made our country cremation-conscious. You know the signs on the billboards: 'A Niche Is Better Than a Hole in the Ground,' 'From Creation to Cremation,' 'Don't Let the Worms Get You,' 'Cremation Plus, Without a Fuss.' That's Noah Cochrane, a very nice man. Gay became Mrs. Gay Cochrane. Evelyn Dru is still Evelyn Dru."

"Edifying. Now what's it got to do with Gene Tiny?"

"Gene is a friend of Evelyn's. They both worked in the same model agency. Mama and Gene and Evelyn and Gay and Noah, they're all great friends. That's who's coming to pick me up. Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane and Evelyn. And you stay away from Evelyn."

"Evelyn Dru?"

"A blue-eyed blonde with a voice. The sultry slow-talking kind."

"Are there any other kind?"

"You wouldn't know. What's Gene Tiny got to do with this?"

"Nothing. She's a friend of a guy by the name of Barney Bernardino. Barney asked me to deliver a message to your father. Father . . . I don't get it. Talk some more, won't you?"

She stood up, sighing in the sweater, which made me immediately reach for a cigarette. She went to the bar. "Two little ones," she said. "It's going to be a long evening."

She brought me the drink and I gave her a cigarette and we smoked and sipped our highballs and looked at each other.

"Let's talk, huh?"

"Much rather," she said, "I wouldn't."

"Let's, huh? Let's get it cleaned

up and out of the way."

"Why are you so interested?"

"Habit, I suppose. I'm inquisitive about murdered people, and that guy was murdered, no matter how lightly you insist on taking it. Furthermore, there might be a fee lurking somewhere—if I collect enough facts. Now, you wouldn't want to do me out of anything, would you?"

"Would you?"

"What?"

"Want to do me out of anything?"

"But of course not, baby."

"That's an irritating habit you have, calling people baby." She sighed, swelling the sweater.

"Well?" I said.

"I hardly knew him. I went to school in Switzerland. I hardly knew her either, my mother. And when I got back for good, they were divorced. Oh, I used to come back summers, but Mama would be in Europe then, or somewhere, and he would be somewhere else. I really became acquainted with Mama, and Gay, and Evelyn, after I grew up."

"Do it easy."

"What?"

"This getting acquainted . . . with Mama and Gay and Evelyn."

"They're all good friends. Here, like this. Mama was married to Papa for a long time. They were divorced, but it was friendly. He always had a great regard for her . . . brains, intellect. They broke it up, but they stayed friendly. The others were two quick marriages and two quick divorces, but the three women knew each other, and liked each other, and they all liked me—they all liked Papa too, for that matter—and so everybody was friendly. I attended both weddings—when he married Gay, and when he married Evelyn—and so did Mama, and so did Gay, too: once as a bride, and once as an ex-wife."

"A character, Papa."

"Papa managed. It sounds strange, telling it, but I'm used to it, and it isn't strange at all. Papa was liberal with money. There was a trust fund settled on me when I was born, not big, enough to get along on. And the girls too, some sort of trust fund for each. The point is . . . I hardly knew him. He was my father, a man I heard a lot about when the girls discussed him, but a man for whom I had no real feeling. Can you understand that?"

Continued on page 154



"When I get fed up with men I go into a fur or jewelry shop and then I see them in an entirely different light"

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A Corpse for Christmas

"Sure."

"He's dead, and I don't like it, but I have no real feeling about it. I can't help that."

"Cold-blooded, isn't it?"

"No. It isn't. Do you have any feeling about it?"

"He wasn't my father."

"He wasn't mine, either. In the true sense. He—"

"I get it, kid. I'm the sensitive sort. You've got to hit me with a rock before I get a glimmer. All right, let's bring it up-to-date."

She gave me her glass and I took it to the bar and I settled back in a red leather chair and I watched her as she talked. Three sets of black eyes, including the dashing Theresa of the white hair, and thus far I had rubbed two fur coats, swigged whiskey, and worried about company coming. "Yes?" I said.

"He called me last night."

"When?"

"Late."

"How late?"

"I don't know. It was after one in the morning. I was in bed. He woke me."

"There was no phone in that furnished room."

"He called me from a night club."

"How do you know?"

"He told me."

"What night club?"

"He didn't say."

"They never do."

"I was frightened stiff."

I put a hand up, fingers open. "Hold it. Frightened stiff? Why? Haven't you ever been awakened by a phone before?"

"No. No. He was dead, that's why. No. You wouldn't know that. He was dead—supposed to have been dead. Please. Wait a minute."

I waited.

"My father was supposed to have been killed in an accident in Chicago. As far as I knew, he was dead. Now, at one o'clock in the morning, six months later, he calls me. That's why I was frightened stiff."

"All right, baby. I'm sorry."

"I knew his voice. It was Papa. I almost dropped the phone. He told me to see me. He told me that he had had a good deal of trouble, that he was back now trying to straighten out a lot of things. He told me that he had been in town for three days, that he had seen Terry, and Gay, and Evelyn, and that now he wanted to see me. He told me not to mention that he had called, not to say anything to anyone."

"Right." I got up and prowled while she talked.

"He told me that there might possibly be some trouble, and that there were many things he wanted to talk to me about. He said he was seeing Terry again in the morning, and he told me to come this afternoon at about half-past two. He told me his name was Fred Thompson for the time being, and he gave me the address. Then he hung up."

"All right, you went."

"Yes."

"And you found him like that?"

"Yes. And what he looked like . . . it . . . it . . ."

"That slug cut a big piece out of him. I know—"

"No. No. His appearance. . ."

"You mean when you're dead, you look different?"

"No. That red beard! That

awful red hair. Papa never had a beard, and Papa had silver-white hair as long as I remember. I'll tell you the truth—I don't know who that man was."

"Take it easy, baby. You mention any of this to anyone?"

"No." She was biting at the nail of her thumb.

I got off the subject. I walked, watching my shoes make marks on the red carpet. "Theresa of the white hair, she looks strangely young."

"She is young. Mama is thirty-seven."

"Thirty-seven? How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

Heelprints ceased on the carpet. I snatched a drink and folded into the silver fan chair.

"What's the matter, Peter?"

"You ought to start dressing. It's dark out."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

Somewhere along the stumble to maturity I had picked up a prohibition against eighteen-year-olds, I am not saying when or how; even a richard with literary leanings seals up certain sections of the book. Eighteen is delectable, unpredictable, devastating, prim, carnal, wistful, ribald, modest, bawdy, constant, fickle, possessive, shy, bold—wrapped together, and flung at you: trouble. Eighteen is wonderful. I rear up at eighteen like a race horse against a flying sheet of newspaper. I shy off.

"What's the matter?" she said, bending over me, touching my hair. "Most people love it."

"Sure."

"Cleopatra was Queen of Egypt at seventeen."

"Sure."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing." I tapped my wrist watch. "People are coming."

"I look older and I act older, and you know it. I've lived all over the world. I've always been on my own."

"Sure."

"I'll go get dressed."

She went. I sat.

Eighteen with a gun in her hands. Eighteen with a casual story about being frightened. Eighteen with wise words and a white sweater. Eighteen with ageless eyes. Eighteen, all woman, with a glistening mouth. Eighteen, living alone and loving it. Eighteen, and enticing. I scrambled out of the fan chair and headed for the bar. Christmas Eve. The rasp of the bell interfered with my journey.

"Get it please," she sang from the bedroom.

I got it.

Three people.

A tall mink coat.

A top hat over a round red face.

An ermine wrap under a blonde head.

"Newbutler?" said ermine wrap.

"Yes, madame."

"Got a friend?" said mink coat.

"I'm your friend," said top hat.

"Husbands and friends, dear ex-love, come in separate bins."

"Bin," said ermine wrap. "I've only bin once, and that was of such short duration, I wouldn't know. Cute, isn't he?"

"You like that?" said top hat.

"What?" I said.

"Being called cute?"

"It happens."

"Happens all the time to me too. I'm six-feet-four, weight,

Continued on page 156



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A Corpse for Christmas

two-hundred and twenty-eight. What's cute about it?"

"Six-two," I said. "A hundred and ninety. Is it cute?"

"I bet it is," said ermine wrap.

"Name's Cochrane," said top hat, sticking his hand out. "Noah Cochrane. The lady with the husbands and friends is Gay, my wife, Mrs. Cochrane."

"I'm Evelyn Dru," said ermine wrap.

"Peter Chambers," I said. "I'll take your things."

The ladies unsheathed and arms and shoulders and breasts and backs flung into view. The ladies swished toward the little bar. Cochrane helped me hang the things away. He put his top hat on the shelf of the closet and hung his coat and white scarf over a hanger. He shrugged his tails into position. "You coming to our party, Mr. Chambers?"

"Maybe, I hope."

"Hope so too."

He was a big boy, about fifty, with powerhouse shoulders, and a short-stepped muscular walk. He had a red, set, sandy face that looked like it needed a lot of shaving to keep it smooth. He was round-bald on top, brown hair clipped close around it in a monk's haircut, open slightly in front, like a squeezed-together horseshoe. He had a thick nose with round nostrils and light eyes like bleached raisins under dark slowly moving bulbous lids. His neck was red over the stiff white collar.

"One for me too," he said, going to the ladies.

I rubbed my hands, found a cigarette, sat down.

Evelyn Dru wriggled raised fingers. "Peter? What about you, Peter?"

"Scotch and water for Peter," Stella called from the bedroom. "And handed to him, straight-arm."

"What do you expect?" Evelyn called back. "That I sit on him, and administer it in little squirts?"

"Wouldn't put it past you, Mother dear."

"Don't call me Mother dear."

"Don't mess with my boy friend."

"Not Mother dear. Mother dear doesn't mess." She brought it to me and held my arm with one hand and touched her knee to my knee and whispered, "Not much I don't mess." She smiled and left the glass in my hand and went back to the bar for her own.

"Here we go again," said Noah Cochrane.

"Except me," Gay said. "I'm out of contention, handicapped by the presence of friend husband. Though that's one handicap that will shortly be surmounted."

"Now it's friend husband," Cochrane said. "Now we're all tossed in the same bin. Ah, consistency. Thy name is Gay Cochrane."

She whirled in her billowy evening gown and took a bow. She was tall, taller because of a crown of braided updo set in gleaming combs, dark skinned and slender, with shining white teeth. Her face was a triangle pointing to a small chin and when she wasn't smiling her lips were thin and there were jumpy knots in the corners of her jaw. Her eyes were brown, quick-moving, questioning. She was a shade too slender, wide-shouldered and tapering down. The dress fixed that. It was ivory white with no top, beginning in a tight hoop over her breasts and around her armpits, body-close taut to the hips, and then swirling out in a foam of spangles.

Not Evelyn Dru. Evelyn Dru had what to show, and showed it. Her dress was less dress than any dress I had ever seen. Pink. Pink and simple and starting nowhere and ending nowhere, but blending with the pink of her flesh and showing all of her, and where it didn't show, any imagination limping on one Mongoloid cylinder could imagine, and without any imagination, that wouldn't matter either. In back it was no dress all the way to the base of the spine, a smooth back, soft velvet over bones, and in front it was more dress, but not much more, and from there it clung like a drunk to his last drink come closing time.

Evelyn Dru was blonde, bouncy, ever-smiling and arch, graceful and shapely, with a small mouth, a smaller nose, and eyes that lifted you out of your seat like a national anthem. Blue, green-blue like sea in summer, and clean and wide and innocent, until she slid them sideways and they puckered and she tightened her mouth, and after that, you needed help, brother, and you knew it.

"Snow." Noah Cochrane sat down heavily beside me on the blue sofa. "It's really flaking. White Christmas. I wish you'd come to our party."

Continued on page 158



"I'll have to leave early today—my wife wants me to stuff the turkey"

"be an angel darling—
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A Corpse for Christmas

"I'll try."

Evelyn said, "No party of your own?"

"Nobody loves me."

"We'll fix that," Gay said. "If you've never moved in neurotic circles, mister, you're moving now. Everybody loves everybody, but we break it up for a new unattached man—we all concentrate on him."

"Who said he's unattached?"

Stella came into the room tangy with a perfume like faint incense, in a dress that worked a multiple double-take on all of us.

"Murder," Noah Cochrane said, nudging me.

She was a picture, built like she was built, standing there looking back at us, white of face, motionless in the black dress, an embroidered red dragon writhing across her middle like a snake. It was a chiaroscuro in vinery—but she smiled right through it. She wore nothing but the black dress; a bright ring exploded off the little finger of her left hand; nothing else. It was Chinese, without a fold, enmeshing her body, every line showing, slit up the sides of her legs, bare arms, jeweled shoes, and the bright ring on her finger. Simple, straight, it was black nakedness, but she was more fully clothed than either of the other two women.

"Likee?" she said.

"Love," Evelyn said. "Where in all hell did you capture that?"

"I made it, from a Chinese gown I bought."

"Murder," Noah Cochrane said.

"I've been saving it," Stella pointed at me, "for him. He doesn't like eighteen-year-olds."

"When'd you meet him?" Evelyn said.

"Today."

Gay said: "See? She's been saving it."

Stella's smile closed down to the wet pout. "Doesn't like eighteen-year-olds."

"He's crazy," Noah said. "Or he's a liar."

I drank my drink in a hurry.

"Don't blame him," Evelyn said. "I don't blame him in the least."

"You wouldn't, Mother dear. Nobody going to make me a drink?"

Noah made it. "Have dinner with us, Chambers."

"I'm afraid I can't."

"But do come to our party," Gay said.

Stella said, "He knows Gene Tiny."

"Good," Gay said. "She's coming. Everybody's coming. It's going to be a wonderful party."

"I'll try," I said. "I'd love it."

Stella came, mince-walked, elbows back, drink in hand. "Promise."

"I can't be sure."

"Promise."

"If I can at all, I will."

"What more can you ask?"

Cochrane said.

Evelyn said, "That Stella. When she pitches, she pitches."

"Thanks," Stella said. To me.

Cochrane went to the bar. "Gather round, kiddies. Last drink."

We waited, each holding our drink, until Cochrane was finished. Then we clinked glasses, warm in the room, glowing, everybody smiling, hothouse smell of perfume and sweat, shoulders shining, bright eyes covered with the crinkles of smiles, bright eyes

telling nothing to anybody, a warm huddle in a red room clinking glasses to Christmas. Who knew of a sprawled man sleeping on an old floor, edge of broken bone sharp-white over one eye, dry blood like rust on a yellow face without a forehead?

I looked at Stella: Stella was looking at me.

"Merry Christmas," everybody said.

We lunged into our coats, everybody helping everybody. Stella clicked off the lights. We crowded into the elevator and Gay Cochrane found my hand and squeezed it behind Evelyn's ermine and I squeezed back and we made love like that for eleven flights of the Tamara Towers, and then the elevator man slid his door back, his lips dry and caked with all-day nips from the neighbors. "A Merry Christmas to all of yez, folks, a good Christmas, and 'tis a white one too."

"White Christmas," said the man at the switchboard.

Outside, snow fell soft in cotton flakes. A car moved up, white-patched. A chauffeur in uniform came out with a bear rug. "Real good snow," he said. "White Christmas."

They ran across to the car, and the last was Stella. "Don't disappoint me," she called. "It's the Sunstead. The Talbot suite."

Cochrane put his head out. "Say, how'd you like to eat with us? Dinner?"

"No, thanks."

The doorman slammed the door, and they rolled, and the doorman came back, opening his greatcoat to pocket his tip. "Swell snow. White Christmas. Can I get you a cab, sir?"

"Please."

He used his whistle and he took my dollar (Ah, Christmas) and I climbed into the cab and I yelled White Christmas at the driver just one fragment of a second before he yelled it at me. He turned his head and grinned. "Tell you the truth, for business it stinks."

"Central Park South, by Sixth."

"Coming at you."

White Christmas in New York is one day of silent snow and constant comment, and days and days of slush and flood and high-laced boots and slowed traffic and broken ankles and strewn garbage and blocked roads and broken mains and photos of cops who delivered babies and tenement fires with dripping icicles and heart attacks and heightened discourtesies.

Everybody looks forward to White Christmas.

I sat back on worn leather, digesting whiskey.

"Fifty-ninth and Sixth," the driver said.

I went up to my apartment, thinking in mixed patterns of a long shower and lounging nude and listening to music and going to sleep and waking refreshed and going to a party. I put the key in my door, but it didn't need a key, and for the second time in one day I walked into an apartment that looked like a slice of cyclone had channeled through. I smiled politely at a small man with a weary face, waving my fingers as I went by. I disregarded the grinning man with the bent homburg on back of his head. I went to the bedroom and then to the kitchen. The whole place

Continued on page 160



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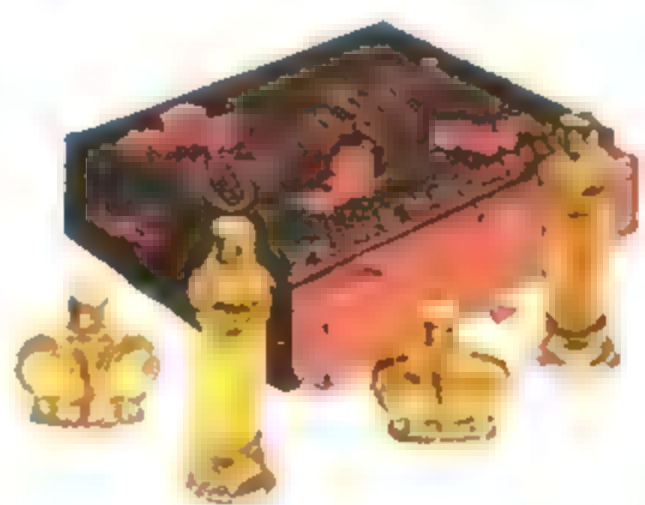
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A Corpse for Christmas

had been given a shuffle, from the cover of the teakettle in the kitchen to a set of books on anthropology stored in a hatbox in the bedroom closet. I came back to my tilted living room.

"Looking for something, I take it?" Jocularly wailed like the end of a scream. I coughed, adjusting my voice.

"Yeah," the man in the bent homburg said.

I pointed to the overturned television. "That's new."

"Yeah."

"Was it necessary?"

"Yeah."

"Find anything?"

"Nothing."

"Wouldn't you like to try someplace else?"

"We tried. You ought to see your office."

The small man with the weary face sitting on a corner of my oblique sofa looked up from the gun in his limp hands. "We were careful, bo. Nothing's spoiled."

"Thanks. Wouldn't you like to run along now?"

"Don't take your coat off," the weary man said.

"Fred Thompson," I said. "The way this joint is jiggled up, it reminds me of Fred Thompson."

"I heard about that. That was two other guys. Barney wants to see you."

"Barney can go and—"

"We been waiting a long time," the man with the bent homburg said. "Where the hell you been?"

"I was practicing at Fred Thompson's. Setting up furniture straight."

"Wise guy." He was big, coming at me, grinning.

The weary man said, "Slow down, Hook."

"A wise guy," Hook said. "I love a wise guy." I smelled garlic from his mouth as he stood there near me. His big teeth were yellow. His face had blond bristles. A point of flat yellow hair showed under the pushed-back homburg. His forehead was white, enamel white, no pores, shiny sick tight-white without wrinkles.

The weary man said, "Let's do it nice, fella. It's Christmas."

"Wise guy," Hook said. "Oh, how I love a wise guy."

"Don't touch him," the weary man said.

Hook turned and grabbed my coat lapels, his grin jutting, bloodstreaks in his dirty eyes. He pulled, and I lifted my knee, and he grunted, gasping, his big face bending to me, the grin wider. I pushed two fists into the grin, together, jumping a little, like a cheerleader asking for more noise. He went over sideways, the homburg falling, straight yellow hair lank over the sides of his face, over his ears, cleaving a ragged part in the middle of his scalp. He didn't go all the way. He lay out, raised from the floor on the heels of his shoes, one arm rigid behind him. For a moment I had the hysterical impression that he was going to break out in a Russian heel-dance. Then he started to move, over and onto his knees, and then up, the grin massive-wide now, a rotten black back-tooth showing, his lips puffy and pale. He came, staggering, chuckling in a cough, his right hand, a claw of flesh, stuck out in front of him.

"Don't touch him," the weary man said.

"The wise guy son of a bitch!"

The scream and the pop of the gun came together, the scream seemingly louder. Then Hook was waving blood from his hand. The weary man sighed.

"He's crazy," Hook yelled, shaking the hand, splattering blood. "He's off his cruller."

"Let's look," I said.

He showed me. The bullet had gone through the hand.

"It's not too bad," I said.

"Stop the hollering."

"Listen, mister," Hook said.

"Look out. That guy's crazy. He's nuts, I tell you."

The weary man brought out a handkerchief. "Tie it for him, will ya, fella?"

I tied the handkerchief bandage-flat across the palm. I used my handkerchief, rolled to loop, and tied that tight over his wrist.

"Crazy," Hook said.

"All right," I said. "What now?"

The weary man came off the corner of my couch. He was small and very slender in a long, blue, buttoned, double-breasted coat. He wore a blue snap-brim flat on his head without a slant. He looked like a scholar, deep lines on a thin white face, like a briefcase carrier out of a foreign embassy, except it was a gun he was carrying, not a brief case, pointing it nowhere, hanging limp, a part of his hand. "It's like I said before. Let's do it nice, fella. Barney wants to see you. Let's go, huh?"

We went. Hook drove the big limousine with one hand. The weary man and I sat in back. Snow drifted in a thick curtain.

We stopped in front of the Kitten House on Eighty-ninth and we used the private elevator to the top floor. Hook held his hand behind him with a brave look of patient suffering like a shy hero after an act of rescue. "How's it feel?" I asked.

He lifted a mild eyebrow. He was beginning to like it.

"Nothing," he said offhand. "Numb."

The elevator jerked open to a black-carpeted foyer. A large man took our coats as we stamped snow off our shoes. The large man was Potsy, a man I knew, ex-fighter, ex-entertainer, who had attached himself, early, to Barney.

"Hi, Pete."

"Hi, Potsy."

"Hi, fellers."

The foyer led to an immense room, all black-carpeted. A glittering chandelier shed a soft light. The walls were prison-grey with black-and-white pictures. Furniture that would have outfitted three rooms looked frugal in the lush vastness. A striped gold-and-grey draw curtain covered one wall. In front of that was a long black-leather desk and a wide black-leather swivel chair. Barney Bernardino was slumped down in the swivel chair, casual as a boy in a canoe waiting for the fish to bite. A tall drink in a monogrammed glass sat on a round gold coaster on the black desk. "Glad you could come, Peter."

"Nice of you to ask me, Barney."

Gene Tiny was in a far corner of the room in a gold tufted easy chair, her pocketbook beside her, a drink in her hand, and her feet up, shoeless, on a black hassock.

"Hello," (Continued on page 163)

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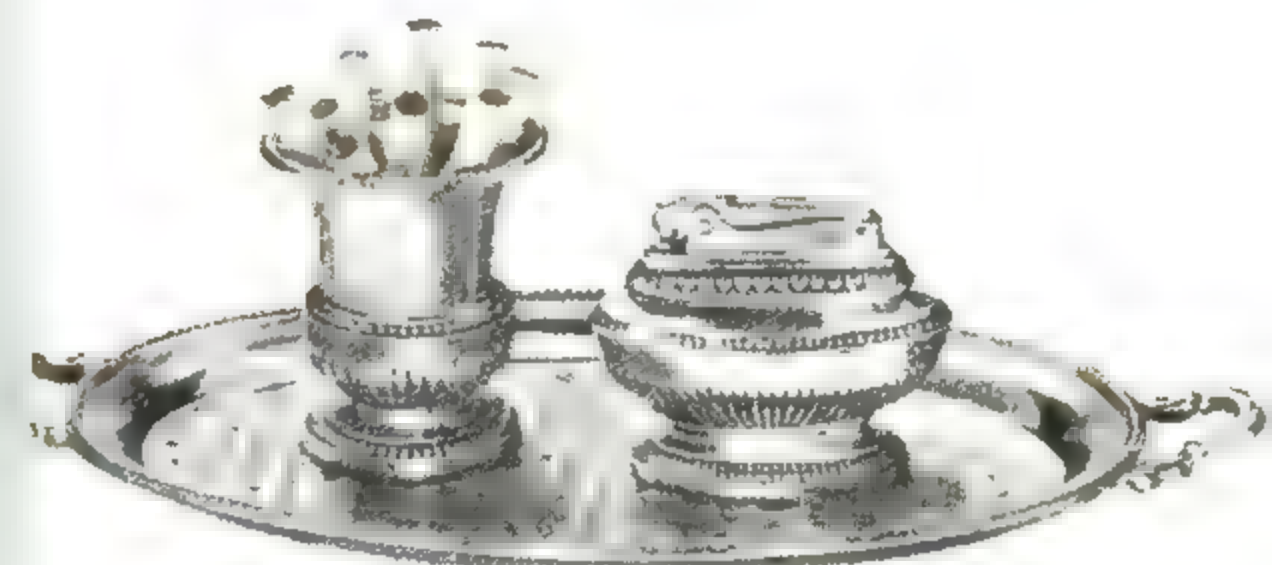
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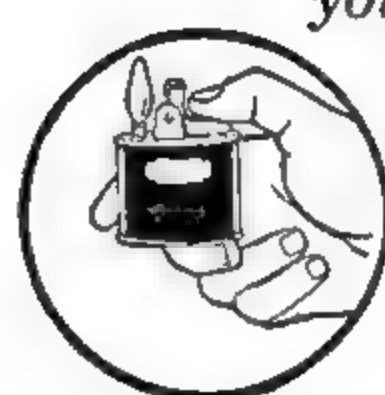


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I said.

"I'm sorry I got you into this, Mr. Chambers."

"Pete."

"Sorry, Pete."

"Why sorry?" Barney said. "It'll probably earn him some money." He was small and delicate with a thin up-and-down face, grey at the temples and cleft at the chin. He had blue eyes with bags and a long slender nose that moved when he talked.

Hook said: "Look, boss."

He unwrapped the handkerchief, flexed his palm. Blood started fresh. Barney turned his eyes to the weary man. The weary man said, "Strictly lucky it's only the hand."

"Go down and see Doc," Barney said. "Take him, Potsy." Potsy took him. Barney's eyes stayed on the weary man. The weary man said, "A gowster like that is undependable. He gets worse."

"So?"

"He pulled a wing-ding. On him—Mr. Chambers. You got to get rid of him, boss. He's geed up all the time. Lately, he's also shooting his mouth off."

"Yes . . . I've been thinking about that."

"I won't work with him no more, period."

"Nobody's going to work with him. Go down and tell Doc."

"How?"

"Tell Doc to check with me."

"Right, boss." The weary man cocked his head and nodded to Gene Tiny, straightened and nodded to me. He turned and his narrow back was absorbed in the gloom of the foyer. We heard the elevator come for him.

Barney sighed. "Good to see you, Pete."

"You too, Barney."

"How's tricks?"

"Fair."

"How'd you make out at Fred Thompson's?"

"I don't know what that means, Barney."

"Gene Tiny says he's dead."

"That's right."

"She says you told her."

"That's right."

"So we send a couple of guys to check that, and what do you know? He's dead. Joint looked like there was a terrific battle down there. You have anything to do with that?"

"Me?"

"Make yourself a drink."

I made a drink and I brought it back to a soft chair. I winked

A Corpse for Christmas

at Gene Tiny and she smiled at me. The phone rang, once and short. Barney picked it up, said, "Yes . . . yes, Doc . . . yes . . . any way you like." He hung up.

"Well?" he said. "Did you?"

"Of course not."

"No," he said. "It don't figure. But what the hell? A thing like this, you try not to skip any angle. You didn't see a package around, did you?"

"What kind of package?"

"Oh, I don't know. A small package. Maybe like this." He put both fists together.

"No."

Potsy came back and looked at Barney and Barney smiled at him. Potsy came to me, took the drink out of my hand and put it aside. "Stand up, friend."

I stood up.

He went through all of my pockets and put the things on the desk. Barney fingered them, looked through my wallet, counted my money, raised his eyes, lowered the corners of his mouth, sat back. I collected my junk and took my drink and went back to the chair.

"I apologize," Barney said. "But what the hell? You got to cover the angles. I apologize for your apartment and for your office and for the change of address down at the post office. But I pay for it, kid. Don't worry. I pay for all the damages."

"Change of address?"

"Like this, kid. Maybe you found the package. Maybe you didn't bring it to the office and maybe you didn't bring it to the apartment. Maybe you check it, you know. Then, like all the wise private guys, you don't want a check stub around with you. So you put it in an envelope and mail it to yourself. So we arrange a transfer of addresses at the post office, from your office and from your home—to here. Care of me. All your mail comes here for a week. And if you ever try to transfer it back, boy, that wouldn't even be funny; believe me, it wouldn't even be funny."

"Barney, I—"

"One week. I pay all the damages. What are you worrying about? How much you tell him, Genie?"

"Not a thing."

"You told him something."

"I told him to go down there and tell Thompson what had happened to me. I told him who Thompson was. I told him to sit tight with him until I got out

Continued on page 164

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A Corpse for Christmas

of jail."

"What'd you need him for? What's the matter with us?"

"Barney, you're excited. He didn't want any part of you, remember? He was afraid of you. I wasn't even to tell you where he was, and you agreed to that. The deal was to go through me as intermediary. How could I call on you, in the circumstances?"

"All right. All right. What else did you tell our boy friend here?"

"Not one other blessed thing. Nothing about the deal, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I mean. See, Pete? It don't figure, but I got to cover all the angles. Okay?"

"It's not okay."

"Well, that's the way it's going to be. If you're clean, what have you got to lose?"

"Nothing, except I don't like it and—"

"Shut up. I'll pay for the inconvenience. Now be a good boy." He stood up and leaned on the desk, rocking. "All right. You two can get out of here. I got a lot of thinking to do." He looked at Gene Tiny. "How about his family, this Talbot? They know he was in town?"

"I don't know, Barney. You know exactly what I know. He called me this morning, told me he was ready, told me where he was, and told me to go up to you and get it arranged. I did exactly that—and then I got tangled in that darn traffic thing."

"Stop those Martinis, sister, when you're working, or you're not going to stay in business long, believe me. If you can't take it, don't drink—"

"It wasn't that at all, Barney. It was just one of those things. I was in a hurry and it was wet and—"

"All right. Out. Out. Tell this guy what it's all about, will you? Tell him the whole story. Maybe we'll have him working on it yet. Tip the cops too. What the hell? Out. I got thinking to do. Give them their things, Potsy."

Traffic was the way it should be on White Christmas. We sat in a cab and skidded, stalled, stopped and lurched, while the windshield wiper punctuated the profane weepings of the driver. I didn't care. I wasn't in a hurry. I had a story to hear. "I know friends of yours," I told her. "We're going to the same party tonight, you and I. At the Sunstead. Stella, Theresa, Gay, Noah, Evelyn Dru."

"Charming," she said. "Charming."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, except a twenty-five-thousand-dollar fee has just dropped out of existence. How would you feel?"

"Lousy, my love. Lousy like mad."

She closed her eyes and leaned back. "That's how it started. That's how I got into this case. Those friends you just mentioned."

"All right. So tell me. Maybe it'll get your mind off the vanished twenty-five. Maybe you'll get human. Human, you must be something."

She opened her eyes and smiled, but it froze. White Christmas.

"That's how it started. Barney learned that I was a friend of the family's. He hired me to find Sheldon Talbot."

"Look," I said. "Was he supposed to be dead? Or wasn't he?"

"Blast. Damn," the cabbie said, as we slid into the side of a car. "How do you like these Christmas drivers? Wassail, that's what it is. Wassail."

"What's that?" I inquired.

"Who the hell knows? But believe me, bub, it happens every Christmas."

We didn't let him interrupt us again.

"First," she said, "about Barney. It was one of the few legitimate deals he was ever in, and, I suppose, it will cure him. Seems it blew up right in his face."

"Um," I said.

"Now, about Sheldon Talbot. A guy with a fortune out of an invention. Evelyn Dru, his third wife, is a friend of mine. We worked out of the same modeling agency. I got to know them all. The hot Stella, the mother Theresa, and that other one, Gay Cochrane. By the way, that marriage won't last long."

"Why?"

"I hear the guy's running out of dough."

"Who cares? So?"

"Talbot was a gambler. One of those compulsion things. He retired with a fortune, but he was hissing it away at the Kitten House, with Barney an affable host. It didn't take too long, maybe a couple of years, and he was milked to the bone. But Barney liked the guy, sort of took him over. Nobody knew it, but the professor was broke. Barney adopted him."

"Why?"

"Class. A professor in the syndicate, it gave it class. Plus there are times a racket gentleman needs a smooth front that is not a lawyer. He ran important errands here and there, and he was worth his keep. Barney maintained him in style. And it didn't do Talbot any harm. Working from the inside was better than working with a psychiatrist. He got cured of the gambling."

"A fine time to get cured. When you're broke."

"Keeps you from getting broke."

"So?"

"Remember Prince Krapoutsky?"

"Who?"

"Krapoutsky."

"Yes, I think I do. The guy that took that powder when the government had him? Skipped bail on a lovely transatlantic steamer?"

"Correct. The man of all political leanings, fascist, communist, royalist, republican — whichever way the wind blew fairest—the international leech. Recall how he slipped out of the States, and how later he was assassinated in Lisbon? A meatball. But about three years ago, he was Prince Krapoutsky, living here quietly, supposedly a reputable citizen. The government had begun, however, to accumulate facts for an espionage indictment. Krapoutsky, somehow, was tipped, and he began making arrangements for a fast get out. He was in a bad spot. Short of ready cash, real cash, plus if the government knew he was preparing for a monumental lam, they'd have moved right in on him, instead of taking their time building a case."

"So?"

"Krappie's mad money lay in
Continued on page 166

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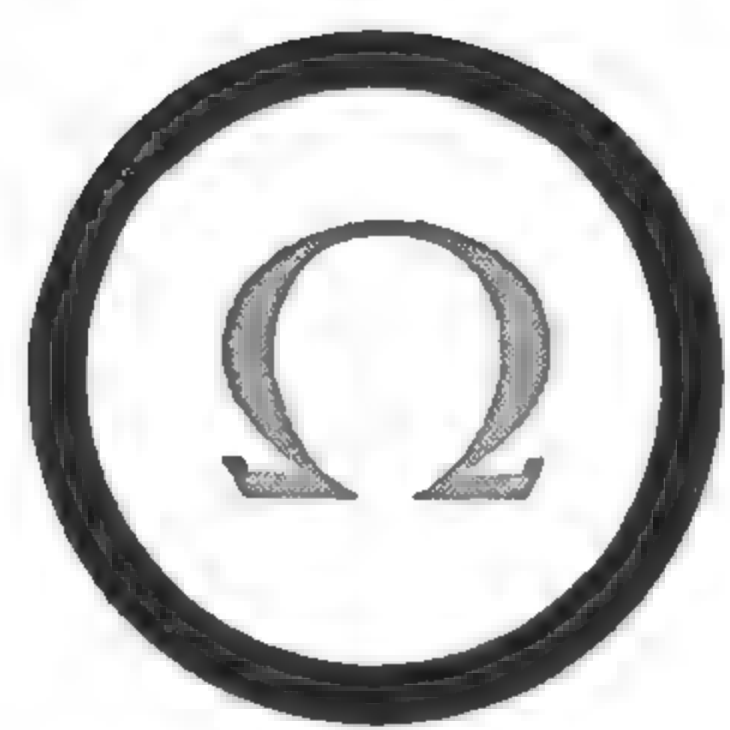
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A Corpse for Christmas

a small stock of jewelry, you know, the family jools. Really fabulous pieces, though, dating all the way back to the Renaissance, that kind of stuff. So now Krappie had to act. If he'd have put it up for sale, there'd have been a hullabaloo. That, he couldn't afford. If he tried a private sale, even at a loss, which he expected to take in his emergency, there still might be a leak, and that would be curtains. He had to prepare for what he knew was coming. So he went to Barney whom he knew through the Kitten House. He knew he'd take a trimming, but at least he'd get the cash, and he could depend upon Barney's silence and discretion—and he needed both of those as much as he needed the cash."

"So?"

"Barney is a wise, wise operator. That stuff is worth, oh, easily more than a half million, much more, really. Barney bought it for two hundred thousand, cash on the line, but Barney is very wise."

"How?"

"He had the sale consummated through Sheldon Talbot. Proper itemized bill of sale running to Talbot. That way, he knows he can get a quick and righteous turnover in legitimate circles. That way, there's no Barney Bernardino in it, there's no tinge of underworld, there's no possibility of a wrench getting thrown into a legitimate resale. Right?"

"Right enough."

"The deal is closed, but the government has accelerated its case, and Krappie gets nabbed anyway. He puts up fifty-thousand dollars in bail, forfeits that, and blows. Word gets out about the sale, the government investigates, and, of course, there's nothing wrong with Talbot having made a purchase from Prince Krapoutsky, especially since at that time nobody knew that Krappie was building up for trouble with the government. Word gets out, and offers begin to come in."

"I am commencing," I said, "to obtain a thin drift."

"This is three years ago, remember. Sol Trotto gets interested; Trotto, gem merchant de luxe. Trotto looks them over, and wants the lot—at a half million. Barney trusts Talbot, but he always has two of his best boys with him, regardless. The trans-

action is arranged. Comes the day when Talbot is to go to Trotto's office with his itemized bill of sale and his lovely jools from the Renaissance. In the cab, on the way down, Talbot has, we are told, a heart attack. 'Hospital,' he gasps. 'Hospital.' The boys get him over to a near-by hospital, fast. Bodyguard A goes out to call Barney. Bodyguard B stays with Talbot in Emergency. 'Bathroom,' Talbot gasps before a doctor ever gets to him. He stumbles toward a corridor. Bodyguard B, solicitous, accompanies him. Sheldon Talbot breaks for a stairway, first knocking Bodyguard B off balance with a very unheart-attacklike lunge. Up the stairway he goes, and that's the very last they see of Sheldon Talbot, Esquire, itemized bill of sale, jewels, and all."

"Good for the professor," I said.

"The professor really pulled one. Planned and well-regulated. He must have known which hospital they'd pass and he must have got the lay of that hospital well in advance. He certainly pulled one—and look on whom."

"You look. Then?"

"That was three years ago. Two years and eight months later, I'm hired, because Barney learns that I'm a friend of the family—"

"Central Park South and Sixth," the cabbie said. "And I would also pay a small donation to whatever charity named, not to operate a common carrier upon Christmas Eve. . . . I would be pleased to catch up with the chicken pox on Christmas Eve . . . but I have got a boss that is wiser than that there Barney Bernstein you're dreaming up, lady. . . ."

I rendered my donation to the taxi driver, leavened with tip, smiled, muttered in sympathy, said "White Christmas" dutifully, and took hold of Gene Tiny's fur arm. I led her past my doorman, matching my White Christmas to his, and then there we were, in the maelstrom of my apartment.

"Murder," she said. "What were they looking for?"

"Jools—if your long story develops as I expect it to develop." I took her coat and hung it away with my coat. "You want a drink first, or would you like to help me fix this joint up first?"

"Joint first."

Fixing the joint was accomplished, on my part, in small spurts. Mostly, she fixed. I at-



"Why . . . Miss Smithers!"

tended to the television, my latest and loveliest acquisition. I righted it and moved it back precisely cater-cornered, but for the rest, I wasn't of too much assistance, aside from proffering suggestions. Gene Tiny had removed her black jacket and dressed the back of a straightened chair with it. Facing me, each time she stooped, her off-the-shoulder blouse slid to much-more-off-the-shoulder, generating admiration and a non-fixing zest within me. When she stooped, not facing me, the whirl of seams running up the long long shapely champagne nylons also did not help with the fixing. Thus the room acquired a unilateral semblance of order, although I did help with the heavy furniture.

"Whew," she said. "I'd like to wash and freshen the make-up. Where?"

She took her bag, and I showed her where. "You wash and freshen," I said. "I'll make drinks. Martini, is it?"

"Scotch for now, if you please."

I brought out a bottle, brought water, soda, ice cubes and glasses. She came back, sighed, sat and crossed her legs. She took a cigarette from the bag beside her. I lit up and made her a drink, a large one. I made one for myself and sat opposite her, a vantage point. This Gene Tiny was extremely something, and here we were on Christmas Eve in my apartment, close and comfy, with snow piled up on all the window sills and the park all white and zest in me and admiration . . . so we had to be mixed up in a deal with a dead man with a wine-red beard, and jewels, and an unromantic jolt of disappointment involving a large twenty-five thousand. I sighed too. "I'll skip my wash and freshen, for the time being. Let's get that story over with."

She sipped the drink, put it down beside her.

"Sheldon Talbot disappeared."

"I heard," I said.

"I didn't know Barney at the time. There was gossip among us, his friends, that he'd run off with somebody, that's all. It sort of dwindled away. Then came that terrible news from Chicago. Theresa went out there and had the pieces put together and he was buried. The address on the papers that were found on him showed a bare furnished room, nothing else. That was that."

"But it wasn't."

"Right. It wasn't. About four months ago, I received a call from Barney Bernandino. I went up there and he told me the whole story. Barney said a man with perhaps a million dollars worth of jewelry doesn't leave no trace, just like that. Barney said that for two-and-a-half years he had had leads out looking for him, and that Talbot knew that. So . . . it was Barney's idea that it wasn't Talbot who was dead, but that it was somebody that Talbot had arranged to be dead for him, to take the heat off him. The truck had been found without a driver, the alleged Talbot under the wheels. There had been an investigation and it had been found that the truck had been stolen out of a garage. I honestly thought Barney was crazy."

"But—"

"I wasn't there to think for

Barney. He wanted me to go out to Chicago, at twenty-five dollars a day and expenses, to check and see what I could do. What recommended me was that I had actually known Talbot."

"So?"

"I went."

"So?"

"So, after a while, I began to agree with Barney. I came to the conclusion that, in his own field, Barney was a very brilliant man."

"Everybody does, sooner or later."

"I spent two months in Chicago. I didn't find Talbot, but the facts certainly were peculiar. The man who was killed was approximately the same size and build as Talbot, that's all. The place of residence had been an absolutely bare room, not even a suitcase. More and more, I inclined toward Barney's theory. I kept an ad running in the personal columns of the Chicago papers, but it didn't help. Remember that the only identification of that dead man had been Talbot's papers and a ring on his finger that was positively identified as Talbot's."

"Well?"

"I came back to town, and then I really had an idea. I told it to Barney and Barney liked it. I made Barney promise that if we ever turned him up, that there'd be no rough stuff, no violence, or I'd scream my head off to the police. Barney promised."

"Idea?" I mumbled.

"Talbot was a New Yorker who had lived here all his life. He probably never read a Chicago paper. You know how it is—the old idea of provincialism—you stick to your home-town papers. Whatever, it worked. I ran an ad in all the New York papers, something like: TALBOT, IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH BARNEY, AN AMICABLE ARRANGEMENT CAN BE WORKED OUT. CONTACT ME AND TRUST ME. GENE TINY. Three weeks later, I got a call, and I went back to Chicago."

"There were several reasons why he got in touch with me. First, he had committed murder, and it hadn't worked; we knew he was alive. So the fear remained. Then, he hadn't been able to sell any of the stuff, except some very small pieces, because of that very same fear of being found out. He was poor, ill and disgusted, and he was getting old. He had to risk it."

"Logical. Logical enough."

"When I met him, I hardly knew him. He had grown a beard and had dyed it and his hair that awful red color. He walked with a limp which he managed by always wearing one regular shoe and one with those elevator-heels that short men use. He was furtive, but he wasn't really worried. He felt that nothing would happen to him while he had the stuff hidden out. We talked for hours at a time. I spent two weeks there, and I think I convinced him. He said he'd come to New York shortly, and in the meantime I was to arrange the deal. He would sell the stuff back to Barney. All he wanted was fifty thousand."

"Cheap enough, in the circumstances."

"He wanted to make it sweet for Barney. Said he needed money to re-establish himself, while arranging (Continued on page 168)



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A Corpse for Christmas

the revocation of certain trust funds."

"Trust funds? What kind of trust funds?"

"He didn't tell me. It wasn't any of my business. He wanted no part of Barney. It was all to work through me. I called Barney long distance, told him, and Barney agreed. I was to come back to New York and wait. Barney's smart. Either way he had nothing to lose. He could send out and kill the guy, but then—no profit. At an additional fifty thousand, it was a steal. He would have paid Krappie that extra fifty, if Krappie would have insisted."

"Well?"

"That's all. This morning, he called me. He was in town. He told me where. I went up to Barney, talked to him, made the arrangements, and I was on my way down there to get it all in order, when I got into that miserable traffic mess. Period."

She finished her drink and I made her a new one, and one for me.

"So here we are," she said.

"What about the other fellow?"

"What other fellow?"

"The one mashed by the truck."

"Horrible."

"Yes, but what about him?"

"Someone he had picked up on Madison Street and fattened up for the part. Stole a truck and did it himself. I never wanted to listen to the details. Man by the name of Fred Thompson, which name, as you know, he took over."

I left her looking at her drink and I went and washed and combed my hair. When I came back, there was no more drink left to look at, and she smiled at me, really, for the first time. "You've been very sweet," she said.

I fixed her a new one and I sat down beside her, close. Warmth radiated from a full thigh. "Listen," I said, "if there's anything I can do to help, I'll do it. I like you. I like you very much."

"Thank you." She sipped once, put the glass aside, lifted her hands and touched her hair. "You know, I think I'm high."

That was all right with me.

Her eyes slid to mine and stayed there with a pert expression that could be worked into more various shades of meaning than a simple declaration at a U.N. conference. Boiled down, it was either "Come and get it," or "I know what you're thinking, dope, try and get it." Her hands stayed up at her hair, fluffing, putting additional, but immensely provocative, strain on the red Russian blouse. I construed the expression my way. I moved my head under her elbow, and put my mouth on hers. Her arms came down around me. I moved to get comfortable. So the phone rang.

I let it ring, but the moment was broken.

I wiped my mouth and I answered it.

"Pete?" It was Barney. "I want you to come up here, Pete boy."

"That's very nice of you."

"It's business, Petie. I been thinking. I want to talk to you."

"When?"

"Now."

"Well . . ."

"It's business, Pete."

"Well . . . all right."

I went back and I told her, "Barney wants to see me. Stick around, won't you? Whatever it is, I won't be long."

She stretched her arms and smiled. She stood up and came to me and kissed me on the forehead. "Perhaps it's just as well the phone rang when it did. I'll tidy up here for you. We didn't do a good job at all."

"Sure. Thanks. You may as well stay in practice."

"Why?"

"Sooner or later, Barney'll get the idea to give your place the once-over."

"How does he get into places, just like that?"

"Leave it to Barney. Barney has ways."

I closed my coat collar against driving snow. There was a cab right at the door for which I sent up fervent thanks. Snow is fine and beautiful, but I'm a hothouse number, city-bred. To me snow looks good on post cards or on travel ads where the girl on skis flies through the air with her green scarf flapping madly. Let her fly and flap. I'm patient. Sooner or later, she'll come down and the climate will change and the warm sun will shine and she'll have changed the ski togs for a bathing suit.

The cab munched while I dozed.

At the Kitten House, I suddenly remembered I had worked right through a hang-over. I had to send my name up and wait in a lounging room until Patsy came for me. We took the elevator up to Barney's black-carpeted quarters. Patsy grinned and took my hat and coat. Barney was slumped in his swivel chair wearing the penitent face of a horse-player the day after payday. "Make him a drink," Barney said.

"He didn't ask."

"He don't have to ask."

"Thanks," I said.

I took the drink and sat near him by the desk.

"I been thinking," Barney said. "I wouldn't be surprised I maligned you."

"Maligned," said Patsy. "The boss is getting real fancy these days, catering to the upper crumbs. What does it mean—maligned?"

"I don't know," Barney said. "But if it means what I think it means, then I did it to Petie over here. You sore, Pete?"

"No."

"I been thinking. You certainly don't figure. You wouldn't know what it's all about, and you wouldn't have the time to really operate. But you know how it is. You got to cover the angles."

"Sure, Barney."

"I'd like to have you working on this, Petie boy. The girl is a fine little tomato—how you doing there?"

"Same as your other figure. I haven't had the time."

"Sure. Sure. A sweet little tomato, and plenty smart, too, but now that the guy's got kicked off, I need a real operator."

"What about that guy, Barney?"

He brought up both hands and, delicately, pushed fingers against each temple. "Look, don't talk to me about that son of a bitch. How do you like that guy?"

Continued on page 170



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A Corpse for Christmas

Putting the buzz on me for two hundred G's. Two hundred G's. A professor, yet. And me taking care of him like I adopted him."

"Sure. After you reduced him to abject poverty."

"Abject poverty, my behind. I had that cookie set up like a prince. *Prince?* What am I saying? It aggravates me to talk about them. Look, Petie, you interested in working on this?"

"I have been working on it."

"Why?"

"I wish I knew."

"I'll give you a reason. I'll give you a lot of reasons, reasons you can spend, if you know what I mean."

"Wait a minute, Barney. Tell me something about the guy."

"Like what?"

"I don't know. Something special. According to you, you adopted him. You ought to know things about him, something, maybe, that could help."

"There's nothing I know except he's a smooth-talking professor, who's crazy about jazz, the late stuff, the modern stuff. Outside he loves to gamble, there's nothing else I know about the guy. I figured him for one of them simple characters, you know, educated, but simple, and look what he goes and pulls on me. . . ."

"Do you know he was in town for three days before he called Gene Tiny this morning?"

"No. How do you know?"

"I've been dabbling around."

"Dabbling," said Patsy.

"Everybody's fancy today."

"You know, for instance, that he called his daughter last night?"

"No. For Christ's sake. No."

"You know, for instance, that he's seen all of his ex-wives during that period?"

"No. No. No."

"See what I mean?" I drank a good deal of the highball.

"That's what I mean," he said.

"That Gene Tiny's a good kid, but this needs a real operator. Like you. I mean—"

"Wait a minute." I reached for the phone, closed my eyes, remembering a number, dialed.

"Who?" Barney said.

"An assistant."

A voice came on. "Yes?"

"Alger Shaw, please."

"Right now Alger Shaw is putting mustard on a frankfurter."

"Quite," I said. "When he's finished putting the mustard on the frankfurter, may I speak with him, please?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Mustard on a frankfurter?" Barney said. "What kind of assistants you got?"

"Quiet," I said, snobbish by the eyebrows.

I waited, watching Patsy replenish my drink.

Alger Shaw was a dogtender on Second Avenue near Eighty-sixth Street. His livelihood involved the unhinging of the succulent tubes, placing them on the sheet-metal broiler, rolling them as they fried, wiping grease from around them, and dispensing them, wrapped within toasted finger rolls, sauerkraut if desired. Occasionally, he pulled a lever for grape juice. In this manner, he earned sixty-five dollars a week, protected, in sickness and in health, by the Encased Meat Products and Salami Vendors Union, Local 69. Alger was young, dark, tall, slim and fetch-

ing, with a smile that had the girlies doing nip-ups standing still. Alger in a tuxedo was like a crooner in a swoon—the girlies flocked. He was a denizen of all the night spots, earning much more than the sixty-five provided by the union, but Alger was a smart young man who knew (wise lad) that the indiscriminate virility of youth does not last forever, so he clung to his union-protected sixty-five, come sickness or health, and occasionally he did odd jobs for the private richard.

"Hello?" Alger said.

"Pete Chambers."

"Howya, Pete? Something?"

"You busy tonight?"

"Busy squiring a predatory blonde from South Bend, if you can call that busy. What's it to you?"

"Can you squire her where you please?"

"Are you kidding?"

"You want to earn an easy C?"

"If it's easy, si. Si, and si."

"Listen. There's a guy I want to check on. A guy, I'm told, that has an interest in modern jazz. There's one joint uptown, Bop City. He wouldn't go there, too populated. But there's Eddie Nuki's joint in the Village, and that other place, Palace of the Burp. Can you make those two?"

"Why not?"

"This guy's easy. He was at a night club last night. He figures for one of those mad joints, the two I mentioned. Okay. He's a guy with a wine-red beard and wine-red hair and a limp. That wouldn't be too easy not to notice. Check?"

"A hundred?"

"Exactly."

"I'm hired, Pete. I'll be in touch."

I hung up and looked back to Barney. Barney looked at me.

"Unconventional," he said.

"It works."

"Suit yourself." He reached into a drawer and counted out twenty-five one-hundred-dollar bills. "You're working for me. I'm looking for a collection of jewelry. Genie told you, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Here's twenty-five hundred. Do it any way you like."

"What jewelry?"

"Prince Krapoutsky. I thought Genie told you."

"According to what she told me, the purchase was made in the name of Sheldon Talbot."

"That's right."

"Then what's your interest?"

"What? What?"

"If he's the owner of record—what can I do for you?"

"Do? Do? Why the son of a bitch of a professor—listen, peeper, I want that ice."

"Why?"

"It's mine."

"Is it?"

"Now, look, punk—"

"Barney, it hurts me, but I refuse the twenty-five hundred. I'm a man with ethics. You cannot employ me to attempt to recover a stack of jewelry that doesn't belong to you. Now, can you?"

"What are you giving me, peeper?"

"It was a straight purchase by one Sheldon Talbot, a famous scientist, from one Prince Krapoutsky, an infamous louse. Bill of sale and all. Under the law, then, the property of Sheldon

Continued on page 172

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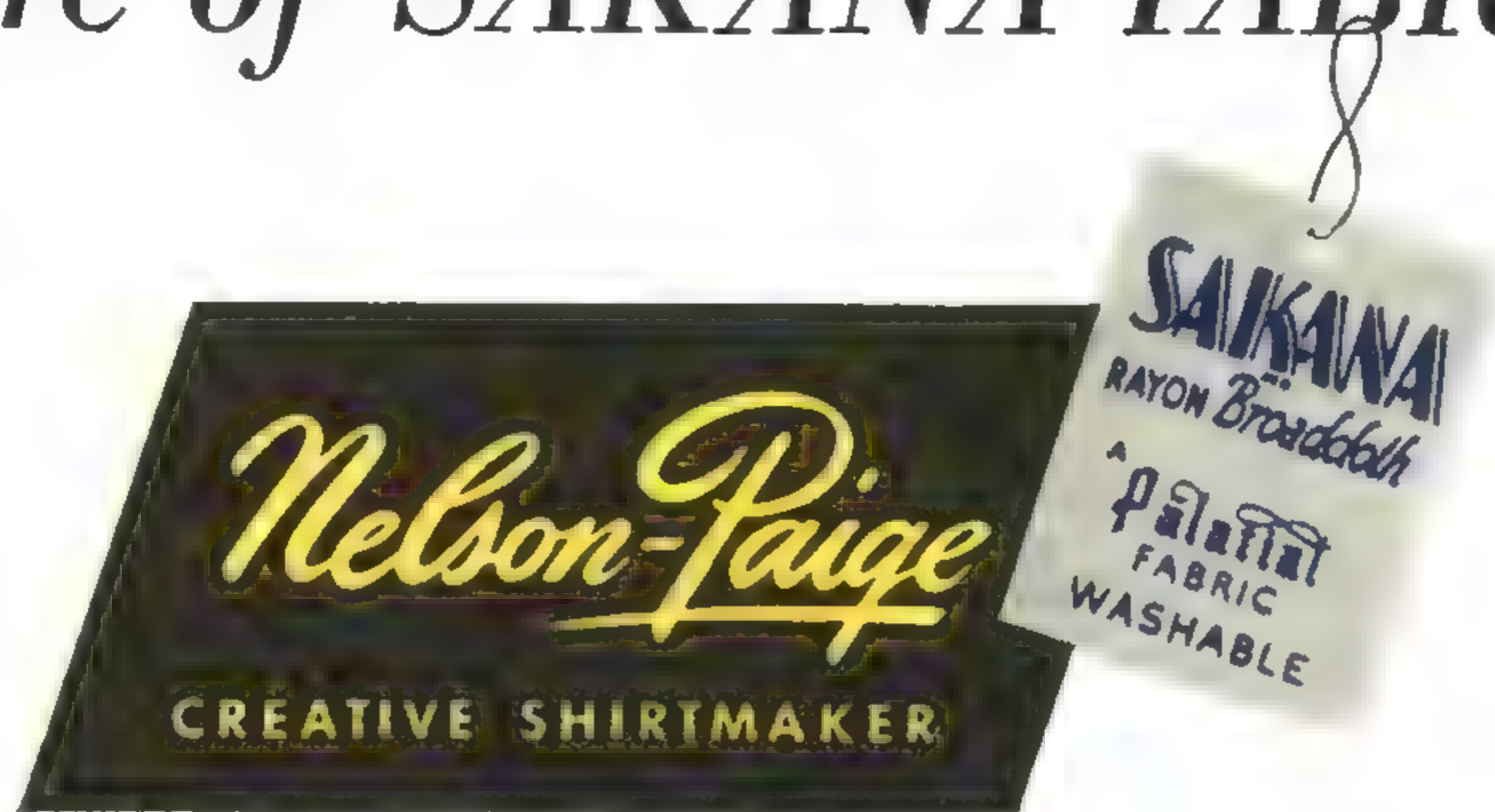
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A Corpse for Christmas

Talbot. What do you want to make me—a lawbreaker?" I lifted my innocent eyebrows.

"Look, punk—"

"Respectfully and regretfully, I must decline. I'm a stiff with ethics. At heart," I sighed deeply, "a country boy."

Potsy came and took my lapels and lifted me out of the chair. "I got an elegy for guys like you."

"Leave him alone," Barney said.

Potsy dropped me back in the chair. "A real elegy."

"Elegy?" I looked to Barney.

"Allergy," Barney said. "He means he's allergic to country boys."

"Oh, allergy. Allergy in a Country Schoolyard. Like that?"

"Wit," Barney said.

"I can make a rhyme to that, but I won't. Not in mixed company." I flattened my lapels.

"Look, Barney, you can't hate me for not taking your money. I'll do what I can to find out who blasted Talbot. That I'll do, I promise, and I'll let you know."

He patted the sheaf of money, looked at me, looked at Potsy, sighed, put the money back in the desk drawer. "Somebody," he said, "ought to pay for that."

"Agreed, underlined, and imprinted on my brain in italics. But who?"

"Me," he said.

"Forget it." I looked at my watch. "Is the audience over, your Highness?"

"Get the hell out of here."

Snow fluffed thickly. I fought the Yukon of buried sidewalks flailing for a taxicab. There were taxis standing still with wheels whirring in the tenacious grasp of White Christmas, and there were taxis plowing cautiously with flush-faced customers within, and there were taxis, stationary and driverless, buried beneath snowbanks. There was no taxi for me. I made it without snowshoes, but shuffling like a muscle-bound tennis player, to the subway, and then up the subway and to my apartment and out of my clothes and into the shower—and suddenly I realized that Gene Tiny wasn't there. I came out quickly and looked for her, shower water dripping on the carpet. I looked intently, like you look for a lost cigarette lighter or a dropped wallet, lifting the pillows on the couch, that sort of thing, until I realized that too many scotches

had caused the gorgeous Gene Tiny of fine proportions to dwindle in my mind to a slyly hiding Lilliput. I was heading back, head hanging, to the shower, when I saw the note. I lifted it with wet fingers. "I couldn't wait any longer. See you at the party tonight. You're sweet."

"So be it," I said, somewhat relieved, weary right through to the bones. I showered, rubbed and plumped out on the bed in the lovely nostril-dry warmth of a steam-heated room. Then I reached for the clock, set it for eleven-thirty and took it to bed with me. Peter Chambers in bed with a clock. Serves me right.

Somewhere in my dreams, the brightest phrase ever uttered by the illustrious Barney Bernandino took hold like a zipper on a marked-down pair of pants. It wouldn't come unstuck. *Somebody ought to pay for that. Somebody ought to pay for that.* "And how," I said, sitting up, looking at my ticking bed companion.

I had been asleep a long ten minutes.

Resolutely, I placed the clock on the night table. Strongly, I reached for the covers. Firmly, I closed my eyes.

So the phone rang.

I dragged off and answered it. "Honey," Gene said. "It happened."

"Congratulations. Name it after me. Regardless."

"No."

"No?"

"No."

"All right, we've run out of negatives. Wha' happen?"

"My place was topsy-turvy when I got home, which is just now. I stopped off for dinner first. Now how would you like to help me fix up? Oh, that Barney Bernandino."

"I would love to fix you up. But if I don't get some sleep, I'm going to die. May I beg off?"

"Sure, you poor guy. See you later."

The poor guy hit himself in the head twice, once for turning down twenty-five-hundred dollars, and once for turning down an invitation to do fixing in a bachelor girl's apartment. The poor guy was not himself. Either he needed sleep, very badly, or he needed a psychiatrist. Sleep is cheaper. I went to sleep.

(The concluding part of A Corpse for Christmas will appear in January.)

Continued from page 134



"Fifty thousand bucks tucked away wasn't enough. Oh no! You had to put in for Social Security!"

DIANA LYNN, lovely Hollywood star of Hal Wallis' Paramount release, "My Friend Irma," recommends Kings Men for your men this Christmas

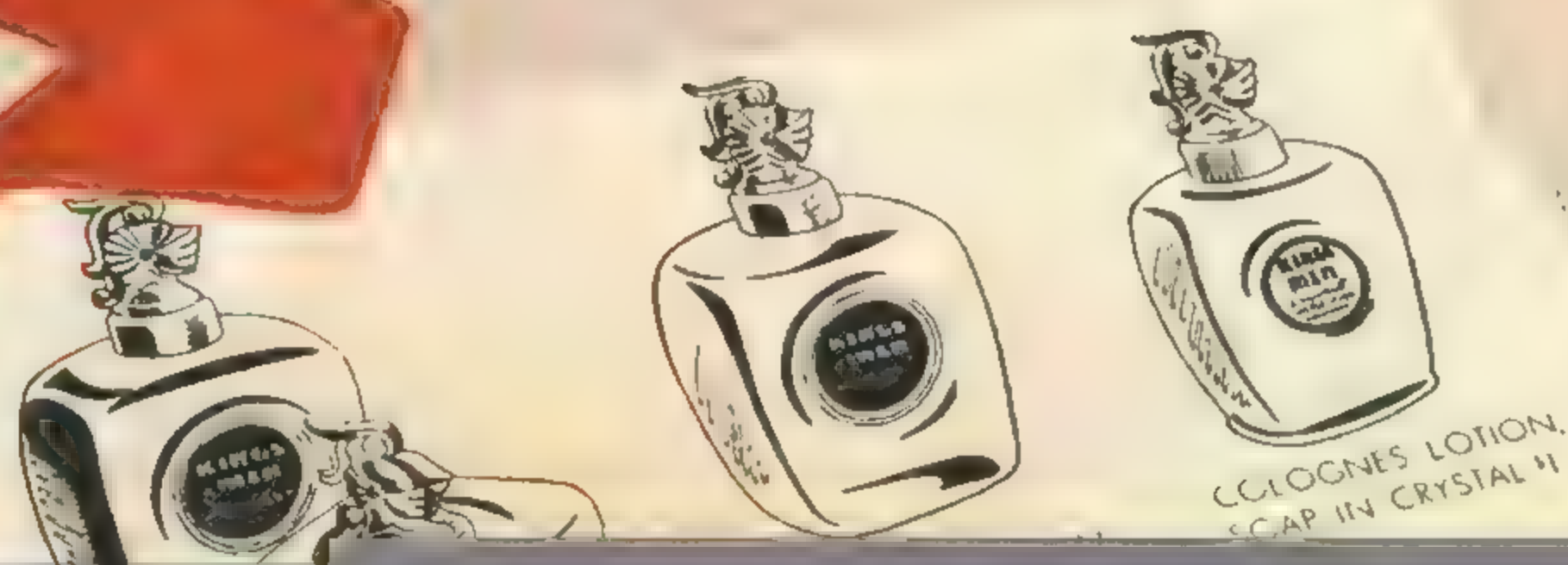
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he'll remember you each day
he uses your Christmas gift
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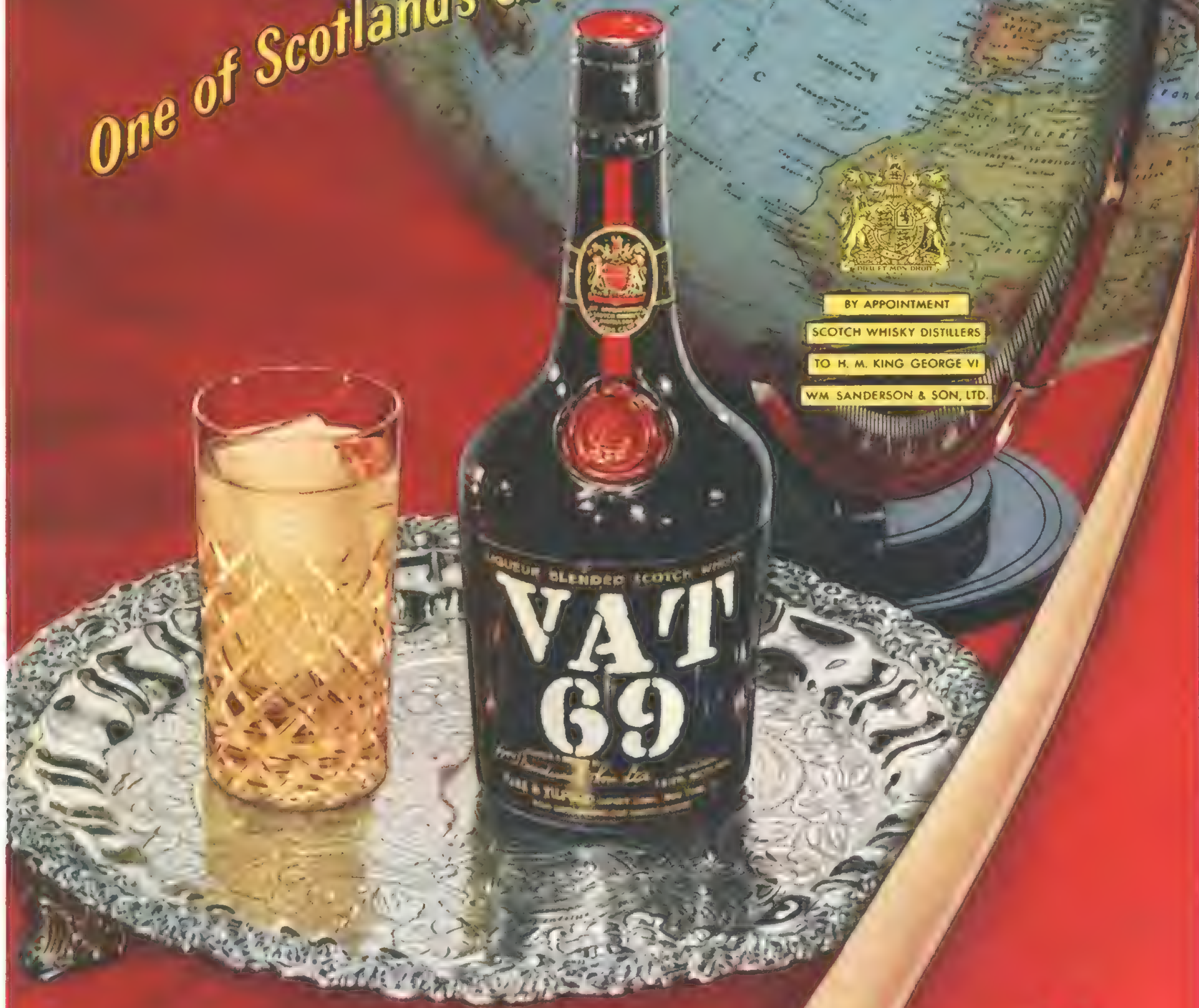


KINGS men

Toiletries



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VAT 69
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all over the World*

*"Quality
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Pomp and Circumstance

Continued from page 80

the war" was a mere 168-footer.

The graceful black steamer served many uses. She could ferry him up the Hudson to Cragston. When he was working in Wall Street during the summer months, he could dine and sleep and breakfast aboard her between week ends. A launch would meet him and his friends at the dock at West Thirty-fifth Street and take them across the river to where the *Corsair* lay at anchor off the Jersey shore; in the morning they would return, after a monumental breakfast at which astonished guests would watch Morgan work his way through a menu of fruit, porridge, eggs, hash, fried fish, and sliced tomatoes. Or the party would board the *Corsair* at the East Twenty-third Street landing of the New York Yacht Club, and she would take them through Hell Gate to an anchorage off Great Neck in Long Island Sound; in warm weather this was pleasantly cooler than the Hudson, and in the evening the *Corsair* might steam slowly up and down the Sound, while the company sat in wicker chairs on the deck and conversed, Morgan perhaps dozing off as they did so, his cigar between his fingers.

The *Corsair* also could be packed with guests for a cruise of the New York Yacht Club, of which Morgan was commodore in 1897-99, and for whose new clubhouse in West Forty-fourth Street he had donated the land; and it was from her deck, in 1901 (the year when he formed the Steel Corporation), that Morgan watched the first of the races for the America's Cup between Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock II* and the American defender, the *Columbia*. Morgan had a special concern over this contest because he himself had headed the syndicate which had built the *Columbia* and thus the lovely racing yacht was virtually his personal property. But he couldn't see the later races because he had to take a special trainload of bishops and other guests to the San Francisco Convention of the Episcopal Church—a convention during which his attention was from time to time divided between the ecclesiastical debates and a series of telegrams recording the leg-by-leg progress of *Shamrock II* and *Columbia* as they raced off Sandy Hook, with *Columbia* winning.

Morgan could also use the *Corsair* from time to time as a conveyance and a haven on his travels abroad, for she was seaworthy enough to cross the ocean, albeit uncomfortably, and thus could serve him as a floating residence in the quiet waters of the Mediterranean. And if he himself never ventured to make the crossing in her, that mattered hardly more than the fact that she could not ascend the Nile. In the last years of his life he engaged Thomas Cook and Sons to build for him a private all-steel Nile steamer, the

Khargeh, with paddle wheels; and as for his voyages across the Atlantic, in a sense he had his own ships for those, too. For did he not nearly always travel by the ships of the White Star Line, and was not the White Star Line a part of the great ship combination, the International Mercantile Marine, which he himself organized in 1902? And was he not therefore treated on board the *Oceanic* or the *Germanic* almost exactly as if he were the owner of the line and of all the ships that carried her flag? (It was said, for example, that before the ill-fated *Titanic* had even been built, he had been shown the plans and had picked out which was to be his suite aboard her.)

As one of these White Star liners, bringing Pierpont Morgan home from Europe, approached New York, the *Corsair* would steam down the bay to meet her, festive with pennants from stem to stern, while Morgan responded to her salute by leaning over the rail and swinging a handkerchief from side to side; then after the liner had been warped into her dock, the yacht would take him on up the river to Cragston. What grander welcome could there be to one's native shores?

There was one occasion when it was not Pierpont but Mrs. Morgan who was arriving, and he not only went out in the *Corsair* to meet her liner, but climbed into a launch as the liner paused at Quarantine, and then—as soon as the health officer had gone down the liner's side by rope ladder—swung his launch alongside the great ship, grabbed the ladder, and climbed up the full sixty perpendicular feet to the liner's deck—a cigar in his mouth and a straw hat on his head. At this time he was sixty-two years old and entirely unaccustomed to exercise, and the long climb was difficult for him. "The time was long enough," says Satterlee, "for the sporting element on the decks of the *Oceanic* to make bets as to whether he would ever reach the rail. If he should fail, there was very little chance of doing anything for him in that tideway. When his face, dripping with perspiration, appeared over the rail, and he got where he could throw his leg over it, he waved aside all the outstretched hands and asked, 'Where is Mrs. Morgan?' and without pausing followed the steward down to her cabin."

A frequently quoted remark of Morgan's about the proprietorship of a great pleasure vessel like the *Corsair* deserves repetition here despite its familiarity. Some successful man who was thinking of buying a steam yacht asked him about the cost of maintaining it. Said Morgan, shortly: "Anybody who even has to think about the cost had better not get one."

When traveling within the United States, Morgan customarily used (Continued on page 176)



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drink it straight"*

(served chilled with lemon peel)

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Pomp and Circumstance

Continued from page 175

a private car. He did not own one; he would simply use one of those owned by one of the railroads in which he was influential. And on occasion he used a special train, as when he took the large party of bishops and laymen and other guests to the San Francisco Episcopal Convention in 1901, putting them up for the duration of the convention at the large Crocker residence, to which he had sent in advance Louis Sherry and a catering staff; and afterward conveying them home by a roundabout route which included a stop at Seattle, where Morgan took his guests to a fur store and invited them to pick out fur rugs or fur collars or gloves as keepsakes from him. On another occasion, some years later, he was in a hurry to get back from a business trip to Chicago and made the trip home by New York Central special train with the track cleared ahead; time from Chicago to New York, 16 hours and three-quarters, which in 1908 was pretty sensational.

The wife of a Morgan partner said, much later, that her most vivid recollection of a trip she made on a Morgan private car was of the entranced expression on the porter's face when the banker tipped him with a hundred-dollar bill.

III

Morgan once remarked that he could do a year's work in nine months; but not in a year; and after he reached the age of sixty he was usually absent from the office routine for some three or four months of each twelve. Usually he would leave New York for England in March or thereabouts, and from then until June or July would divide his time between London—where he kept in touch with the office of J. S. Morgan and Co.—and the Continent. Wherever he was, whether at Prince's Gate or Dover House, or at the Bristol in Paris, or at Aix-les-Bains, or at the Grand Hotel in Rome, or journeying about to inspect works of art, or taking a look at the excavations conducted in Egypt by the Metropolitan Museum, he was in touch with his office by coded cable; either he would be accompanied by a secretary with a code book, or he would rely upon J. S. Morgan & Co. or Morgan, Harjes & Co. to decode the messages that came from New York, usually several a week. A message might say, for example, something like, "We have concluded a Burlington bond issue on such-and-such terms and unless we hear from you to the contrary will proceed," and he would cable his assent. But on these holidays he liked to throw off responsibility, leaving the conduct of affairs wholly to his associates; it was seldom that his return message counseled caution or delay. Part of the time in London he might be busy with banking consultations,

but much the largest part of his time was given to the art dealers who day after day besieged Prince's Gate or his suite at the Bristol, bringing paintings or porcelains or miniatures or rare books or manuscripts for his inspection. After his return to New York there might be a few other interruptions of the working routine—a voyage up the coast in the *Corsair*, a Yacht Club cruise, a church convention trip, or during the winter a few days in the Adirondacks or at Jekyll Island.

So accustomed was he to vacationing on this generous scale that it was not always easy for him to understand that such a life was not possible for a great many people. When one of his young partners-to-be, preparing to enter the firm, said he would like to be able to manage his work so as to get three months off each year, Morgan was all affability: "Why certainly. Of course. Let's see: you're coming in January first—why don't you pick up your family on February first and take them up the Nile? Have you ever been up the Nile?" The young man demurred. He and his wife had young children. He doubted if this would be possible. (Privately, of course, he was meanwhile wondering what sort of impression it would make in the Street if he went off on a long holiday at the end of his first month at the Corner.) But Morgan made light of his doubts. "Nonsense. Take a couple of nurses. Take a doctor if you want to." It was all very simple to him and he was cordial and enthusiastic, planning a trip which—as the young partner later said—"of course never came off."

IV

Morgan was very loyal to family ties and family rituals—the Sunday-evening hymn singing (at which he loved to hear, and sometimes to sing in a voice of uncertain pitch, old favorites such as *Blest Be the Tie That Binds*, *The Church's One Foundation*, *Rock of Ages*, or *Jesus, Lover of My Soul*); the family Thanksgiving dinner (with four kinds of pie); the Christmas festivities (a tree for the grandchildren, an expedition in a cab to leave presents at friends' houses, and a big Christmas dinner with the choir of St. George's Church to sing for the company, with the famous Negro baritone Harry Burleigh as soloist). When he was at breakfast at No. 219, he liked to have one of his daughters, usually Louisa Satterlee, with him, because Mrs. Morgan had her coffee upstairs; and nothing pleased him more than to have one or two small grandchildren playing about in the dining room. With Mrs. Morgan he was always affectionate and deferential. But she was seldom with him on the *Corsair* or on the European trips of his later years; when she traveled abroad, she

went separately. Being shy, domestic by taste, and in increasingly uncertain health, she became increasingly settled in the habit of remaining behind at No. 219 and at Cragston while he with his overpowering energy and hunger for human society roamed widely.

Usually on his voyages abroad it was a daughter who accompanied him—again most likely Louisa; and since he loved to have many people about him and had at his disposal big houses, a very big yacht, and almost unlimited means, he was accompanied wherever he went by considerable parties of friends. Once he remarked that no man who did not number among his close associates several men who would be willing to spend much time with him ought to consider having a yacht; otherwise he would find it the loneliest place in the world. The frequent presence of attractive women in the party on his trips abroad or on the *Corsair* caused systematic gossip, especially as he liked nothing better than to escort one of them to the jewelers' shops in the Rue de la Paix and ask her to choose what she liked. Exactly how much fire there was behind the smoke of continuous rumor is a matter of conjecture; without doubt there was some. But it must be remembered that in a puritanical society rumor always puts the most extreme construction upon any companionship that looks at all unorthodox, especially if a man of note is involved.

Morgan drank very moderately: ordinarily nothing before dinner-time (it was before the era of the inevitable cocktail); some wine at dinner and perhaps a cordial afterward; nothing in the evening. He smoked perpetually; or rather, there was usually a cigar between his lips or between his fingers from breakfast until bedtime, though it was often unlighted for considerable intervals. He breakfasted hugely, but lunched lightly; in the office he would have a chicken or turkey sandwich and perhaps a slice of pie set out for him in the back room, where he ate it alone; or perhaps, in the summer, nothing but a plate of sliced peaches which he would bury in sugar. No coffee, no milk; just a glass of water. In his last years, when he came to the office only briefly, he would sometimes arrive about half-past twelve and join the partners for lunch in the building; on one or more such occasions, a partner recalls his choosing a somewhat startling, if small, repast—a dozen raw oysters and a slice of mince pie.

But if his lunch was usually light, he enjoyed dining largely and well; and dining largely and well, during the first decade of the twentieth century, was among people of means a formidable thing indeed. Those were the days of multicourse dinners—six or eight or ten courses. Morgan belonged to a small dining group who called themselves the Zodiac

Club; they met from time to time at the house of one or another of the members, or at a club, and vied with one another in offering sumptuous meals. Here is the menu of one Zodiac dinner, given at the University Club; Satterlee, from whose book I quote it, swears that it was devised to be eaten right through from start to finish, though he imagines that most members preferred to let one or more of the dishes pass untasted:

Amontillado Sherry
Cotuit oysters
Bisque of crabs à la Norfolk
Consommé de volaille Sévigné
Hors-d'oeuvres variés
Rhine Wine, 1893
Soft clams à l'ancienne
Château-Latour, 1878
Saddle and rack of spring lamb
Mint sauce
Peas à la Française
Bermuda potatoes rissolées
Moët & Chandon, 1893
Terrapin, Maryland Club
Grapefruit au Kirsch
Clos-Vougeot, 1893
Canvasback ducks
Fried hominy
Celery à l'université
Parfait noisettes
Cheese
Fruit
Coffee
Cognac, 1805

V

Whatever Morgan did, he did in a big way, whether it was organizing a party or buying masterpieces. When Herbert Satterlee and Morgan's daughter Louisa were about to be married in 1900, their first idea was that they would prefer a modest service in the little church at Highland Falls, followed by a reception at Cragston. But Morgan took over the planning, and the result was that the ceremony was held at St. George's in New York, with cards of admission because the church would hold only fifteen hundred people; for the reception, Morgan had a large ballroom temporarily erected behind No. 219 to hold the twenty-four hundred guests who came. As for his purchases of art, they were made on such a scale that an annual worry at 23 Wall Street at the year end, when the books of the firm were balanced, was whether Morgan's personal balance in New York would be large enough to meet the debit balances accumulated through the year as a result of his habit of paying for works of art with checks drawn on the London or the Paris firm.

There is a story—probably apocryphal but nevertheless suggestive of Morgan's purchasing methods—to the effect that once two men who owned a steel mill decided, as they approached Morgan's office, that they would be willing to take five million dollars for it, but might as well begin by asking for ten; whereupon Morgan said to them abruptly as they entered, "Now, I don't want to hear any talk from you men; I know all about your plant and what it's worth; I haven't time for any (Continued on page 178)

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Pomp and Circumstance

Continued from page 177

haggling; I'm going to give you twenty million dollars—now take it or leave it." Often art dealers got much more money from him than they had dreamed of getting. On more than one occasion, finding that some object of art that appealed to him was part of a large and varied collection, he said to himself, "What's the use of bothering about one little piece when I might get them all?" and promptly made a large offer for the whole collection. Nor did he like to waste time. Once he was just getting into his automobile to take the steamer for Europe when a dealer came along and told him that such-and-such a collection was for sale. It was a collection which Morgan knew all about. "Very well," said he, "if you are authorized to negotiate for it, you may buy it for me"—and drove off without another word.

The Rigbys, in their entertaining book on collectors and collecting, produce two other equally characteristic anecdotes. One is to the effect that George S. Hellman once brought Morgan a Vermeer to look at, and found to his surprise that "the great Dutchman's name was strange to the Morgan ear." Thereupon Hellman delivered a brief lecture on Vermeer, his place in the history of art, and the value set upon his work in recent sales.

"Morgan gazed at the picture; abruptly asked the price.

"One hundred thousand dollars," said the dealer.

"I'll take it," snapped Morgan, and the deal was concluded."

The Rigbys' other story is to the effect that after Morgan had bought the famous Garland Collection of Chinese porcelain, he remarked to Duveen, the dealer who had acted for him, "I understand that Mr. Garland did not complete the collection." That was true, said Duveen. "Then," said Morgan, "I shall be glad if you will complete it for me"—an instruction which, in view of the expense of Chinese porcelains, was enough to take a dealer's breath away.

He showered the Metropolitan Museum with gifts in great variety; in 1906, for example, when he bought the great Hoentschel collection of eighteenth-century French decorative art and also of Gothic decorative art, he gave the eighteenth-century part of it to the museum outright, and announced that he would deposit the entire Gothic part of it on loan. He filled his new Library with beautiful things, he filled Prince's Gate, he loaned treasures in quantity to this museum and that, yet still the works of art piled up in storage—and he could not stop, had no idea of stopping. Edward P. Mitchell, editor of the New York Sun, sketched him briefly as he sat in the West Room of his Library about 1910, an old man, yet still burning with the

collector's fever:

The lesser monarchs of finance, of insurance, of transportation, of individual enterprise, each in his domain as haughty as Lucifer, were glad to stand in the corridor waiting their turns like applicants for minor clerkships in the anteroom of an important official, while he sat at his desk in his library room within, looking through a pile of newly-bound volumes which the binder had sent for his inspection, giving a three-seconds glance at some treasure of printed or manuscript literature which was to go instanter to the shelf or safe in that incomparable storehouse, probably never to be seen again by the eyes then contemplating the acquisition.

Mitchell ended his description with the comment, "It was his possession now and Mr. Morgan was pleased." That was true; but that, I think, was not all. He was engaged in assembling a big thing—as big in its way as the Steel Corporation—every bit of which was to him beautiful; and he must make it bigger still, the very biggest aggregation of lovely things that there ever was or ever could be.

VI

After breakfast at No. 219, and perhaps a business conference or two or a call from an art dealer, Pierpont Morgan would proceed downtown in a horse-drawn box cab which he hired from the New York Cab Company; or, in his very latest years, in a large automobile. Arriving at the Drexel Building—which occupied the site of the present Morgan headquarters at Broad and Wall—he would establish himself at a corner desk on the Broad Street side of the ground-floor banking rooms; there was a glassed-in place behind him which was occupied by secretaries. He dressed severely in a dark suit, with a wing collar and an Ascot tie which filled almost completely the V of shirt front at the neck; he had a taste for fancy waistcoats, which people liked to give him for Christmas, but those were for the *Corsair* or for traveling; he wore to the office an old-fashioned square-topped derby hat, or in summer a wide-brimmed Panama. At intervals he would retire from his desk in the front office to a back room which was in the adjoining Mills Building; he had another desk in this room, and his partner Charles Steele had one, and there was a pleasant open fire; here he could work more comfortably and quietly, out of sight of people who came to ask for him. There was, of course, a stream of these, some of whom had no idea of being granted an audience but came in merely in order to be seen going in and out of the building; there was even one occasion on which a broker carefully dropped on the steps of 23 Wall Street an unsigned buying order for securities, in the hope that passers-by might pick it up and the report might go about that the great House of

Morgan was interested in the stock.

At some time between twelve and three o'clock, "the Senior," as they called him in the office, would make a tour to look at the books. First to the stock desk, then to the security department, then to the general books, beginning with the cash position and going on to the ledgers which showed the balances of all depositors. It was a nervous moment for the clerks, for his searchlight gaze seemed to be able to take in a whole page of figures in an instant and catch any irregularity; if a clerk had put down a 4 per cent bond as 4½, his eye would pick up the error without fail. His manner was ordinarily quiet and kindly, but if he found something that he disapproved of, he would shout out something like, "Who gave that order, Kin-nicut?" in a loud deep voice—and if he caught a mistake that he attributed to sheer carelessness



"You've been eating too much"

he would thunder. He often took his sandwich lunch in the back room as late as two or even three o'clock; by four or thereabouts the box cab would be waiting outside the door—often to remain there hopefully for an hour or two; finally he would be through for the day and would be off in the cab.

VII

That his mien could be frightening is undeniable. When people first met him the one thing they saw was his nose; trying not to look at it, they met his blazing eyes, and were speechless. One woman who came to know him very well said that for the first few weeks of her acquaintance with him she was terrified; only gradually did she come to realize that behind his alarming front were courtesy and kindness. Edward Steichen, the photographer, says that meeting his gaze was a little like confronting the headlights of an express train bearing down on one. If one could step off the track, they were merely awe-inspiring; if one could not, they were terrifying.

His gestures were abrupt. In the office he would snatch up a piece of paper as if pouncing on it with a claw; he would glance at it and either lay it down or crumple it up so suddenly that one who did not know him would have thought him angry. Yet to people who did not catch him off guard, or who did not seem to him to be trying to take advantage of him, he was truly courteous; it is characteristic that while almost everybody who has written about him has applied to him the word

"brusque," people who worked with him daily emphasize the graciousness of his manners and say that everybody in the Morgan organization worshiped him.

He was given to sudden acts of good will. There was, for example, the time when a reception was being held at the Metropolitan Museum, with ladies and gentlemen in evening dress filing up in a long line to meet the president of the museum. In the line was a young woman in plain attire with a baby in her arms; and some of those about Morgan, overtaken by the contemptible

sense of the proprieties which afflict small-minded people, wondered whether she should not be asked to step out of line. Not so Morgan; he greeted her affably and then, as she went on, whispered to Robert W. De Forest, who stood beside him: "Quick—get that baby's name, so that I can make it a life fellow of the museum."

"That will cost you a thousand dollars," said De Forest.

"So much the better," said Morgan. Nor did he forget. The woman proved to be the wife of a new museum attendant; at the next meeting of the museum board, her baby was formally elected a life fellow.

There are many other stories of friendly acts: of his lending a million dollars to a wealthy friend who had had great losses during the grim days of 1893, and, when the friend asked what collateral he would want, saying, "You may need your collateral with the banks—I am lending you the money on your business record and on what I know your character to be"; of his getting word of the business failure of a man who had been a companion of his earliest years in New York, and at once writing to him, "Why didn't you let me know?"; of his taking great pains to concoct a job for an elderly lady which would give her a sense that she was earning her way.

In his life of Henry P. Davison, Thomas W. Lamont tells of an incident that happened on the very first day when he reported for work as a partner—January 2, 1911. The Carnegie Trust Company in New York was in trouble, and by a process of contagion, runs had started on two other small banks in poor neighborhoods in uptown Manhattan. Representatives of these two banks came to see Lamont and another Morgan partner, William H. Porter, to see if the House of Morgan could be persuaded to stand behind the banks in their emergency. An examination of the last (Continued on page 180)

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Pomp and Circumstance

Continued from page 179

balance sheets of the banks indicated that this would be risky, and the young partners were inclined to say no; but Porter called up Morgan, who was at his Library, to get his advice. Whereupon—according to Lamont—Morgan, learning that the two banks had some thirty thousand depositors and that they were mostly poor East-siders, said, somewhat to Porter's amazement: "Well, some way *must* be found to help those poor people. We mustn't let them lose all they have in the world. Suppose that, at worst, we were to guarantee the payment of these deposits in full. You say the total is only six million dollars? That means that the firm can't lose more than six million dollars, doesn't it?" The firm thereupon backed the two banks, and—partly because of the fact that its great prestige restored confidence in them—escaped with a limited loss which according to Lamont amounted in the end to about \$190,000.

That anecdote has always roused in me considerable skepticism. I have found it hard to believe that in the banking world anybody would think or talk in those terms; and I still think that in reporting the dialogue Lamont sentimentalized the language used. Yet whatever words Morgan actually chose, the incident did happen. And it was characteristic. No competition was involved. Nobody could be trying to get the better of Morgan. And under such circumstances he could astonish people with his open-handedness.

VIII

He could also surprise them by his readiness to pay heavy tribute to the principle of fiduciary responsibility. There was one year in which the House of Morgan ran at a loss; the reason was that in 1905 Morgan had purchased, as agent for the Erie Railroad without commission, a controlling interest in a small railroad line known as the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, and then had discovered—after he had turned over the stock to the Erie—that the figures which had been shown him, and on the basis of which he had made the purchase, did not show the true financial condition of the line, which was actually in very bad straits. As one partner later said, "It was incredible to him that anyone would show him false figures." Thereupon he at once bought back the line from the Erie at the same price that the Erie had paid for it—about twelve million dollars—and put it into receivership, at what proved to be a virtually total loss to J. P. Morgan & Co.—a loss of so many million dollars that it translated a year of lucrative business into a year of deficit. Morgan would not let it be said that his firm did not stand back of whatever responsibilities it had

undertaken on behalf of other institutions, even if its only fault was that it had allowed itself to be deceived.

He had a way of saying to partners entering his firm that he wanted its business done "up here" (raising his hand high in air) "not down there" (dropping his hand near the floor). It was as if an old king were instructing his young princes in the moral responsibilities attending the royal function. For kingly Morgan was—in the range of his possessions, in the splendor of his journeyings, in the bigness of his plans, in the weight of his presence. And kingly he was too in his limitations. His royal manner of living and of traveling insulated him from the great mass of men and women; and though he might by an impulsive act of kindness make connection with them, most of the time they were to him creatures apart. Legislation designed to give them a greater share in the fruits of the national economy seemed to him unsound—an affront to the thrift and sagacity upon which national prosperity must be founded. He believed it was the lot of such improvident or inexpert or unlucky people to go their way unaided except by private charity—charity to which he would be one of the first to contribute.

When Morgan thought of industry, he thought of it not in terms of the thousands of workers whose sweat made its production possible, nor even in terms of the engineering advances which contributed to its efficiency, so much as of the investors whose money supported it, and of the officers and directors whose duty it was to protect and enrich the investors. For these officers and directors his standards were both stern and aristocratic: they had better be honest, and it was preferable that they be gentlemen. He would have liked to see the United States run by gentlemen. That these gentlemen, too, might be insulated from their fellow men, and might like to run things in whatever way proved most comfortable for themselves, and might have swollen ideas of their proper share of the fruits of industry, did not apparently occur to him; if you had suggested such an idea to him he would probably have replied promptly that certainly the politicians liked to run things to *their* own advantage. In short, though he was unswervingly loyal to the United States and believed in its government, his ideas were kingly, like his conduct of life; the idea of democracy evaded him.

In a society sufficiently equalitarian to hate to see great luxury existing side by side with great poverty, such a way of life as Morgan's is out of place. Even in his own lifetime it was out of place. But after his special kingly fashion, he played his part in the grand manner. ‡

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The Third Vase

Continued from page 78

said the doctor, and smiled. "I think I'd better be with you when you give her the vase."

"Is there something you haven't told me?" Leonard looked at the doctor sharply. "Is she worse?"

"Good heavens, no," Winter said gruffly. "But you didn't write that you had found the vase. It'll come as a great surprise to her, and great joy can be a shock, you know."

Leonard smiled. "Sometimes I think you know Eva better than I do. Of course I want you there, if for no other reason than to share her happiness. Lord, Winter, I'm so nervous. Here, you carry it."

They hurried up the steps and into the house. Leonard felt a quick surge of excitement; he always did when he came home.

"You're late, Leonard." He heard her voice. "My mother warned me about marrying a playwright. Staying away from home weeks on end. . . ."

Her voice had never changed, Leonard thought, with a fierce, possessive feeling of pride. It was still the same voice that critics had praised and audiences had loved. He went into her room.

It was a gay and charming room done in soft, subtle pastels of pale grey and blue and violet. The lampshades were what Eva always called Rose Du Barry and the satin spread on the bed was the bleu-de-roi which Jean Hellot had created. There were no paintings on the walls, no *objets d'art* nor ornaments in the room; it had been designed to display just one thing—the Sèvres vase that stood at one end of the mantelpiece over a fireplace of marble. But Leonard had eyes only for the face that smiled at him as, wordlessly, he crossed the room and sat on the bed and put his arms around her. They clung together for a moment. They had little need of words, these two. She raised her hand and ran it through his hair.

"You need a haircut, darling," she said softly. "And—look at

your nails. Really, my dear! You do need me to take care of you."

"Very good, my sweet," he chuckled. "But you always give a good performance—especially in sophisticated comedy roles."

He looked deep into her eyes and saw the real truth there—that she had missed him desperately and loved him greatly.

"I'm glad you're home," she said, drawing her hand over his cheek. "It's been seven months, two weeks, and three days. That's a long time to leave a young and beautiful bride alone. You are a conceited man, my husband."

"I've never feared losing you to any man but Jean Hellot," he said, and then he turned to Winter, who had come silently into the room. "I brought you a little present," he said, trying to keep the excitement from his voice. "It isn't much, Eva, just a little . . ." And then the words rushed out. His eyes blazed with excitement as he told her of how he had traced the third vase to a small museum in Metz and of how he had found the museum in ruins. But he had learned that the German commandant of Metz had looted the museum before it had been hit by American shell-fire. The commandant had escaped to Germany and had found his way to his native town of Dornbirn near the Swiss border. He had managed to bring some of the beautiful things from the museum in Metz with him and had sold many of these to American G.I.s, who had thought him to be merely a harmless old collector of antiques.

"Finally they caught up with him and he was tried at Nuremberg and hung." Leonard went on, the words tumbling out. "It looked like another dead end, but I found that the G.I.s stationed in the region of Dornbirn were sent on trips to Switzerland—always to Berne. And when they returned they told the other G.I.s that shops in Berne were buying up the souvenirs they had managed to pick up in Germany. I went to Berne and canvassed

Continued on page 182

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The Third Vase

Continued from page 181

every dealer there, and one day in a small shop in the Wilhelm Tell Strasse I found it. I found it, my darling—the one thing you've always wanted. I found the third vase in perfect condition, just as it was when the King gave it to Du Barry. Let me have it, Winter."

He turned toward the doctor, who was holding the open box. "Careful, careful," Winter warned; and there was something in his voice that made Leonard look at him sharply. Winter was not looking at the Sèvres vase that Du Barry had once fondled. He was looking at Eva. Leonard picked up the vase and turned toward her.

"Look at it," he said softly. "Exactly like the one on the mantel. Look at the deep blue against the rose. I knew I would find it someday."

He took his eyes from the vase and looked at Eva. Her eyes were wide—and they were filled not with joy but with a kind of hopeless terror. A moment before, they had been alive with welcome and love, and now he saw the light dimming in them and the life leaving them. He bit his lower lip to suppress the cry of distress and horror that came from his heart, and in a blinding burst of understanding everything became clear. It took only a fraction of a second, but in that brief time he recalled what she had said in her delirium thirty years before: "I'll stay alive until you replace the vase I broke."

He had made six unsuccessful trips to Europe searching for one of the two remaining vases, and he recalled now that each time he had returned, discouraged, she had comforted him and concealed her disappointment. But now he knew it wasn't disappointment that she had been concealing; she had been concealing her joy. What had Winter said? "It's become an obsession with her to stay alive until you replace the vase." All this flashed through his mind as he caught that one terrible, tragic look in her eyes, and then he walked toward the mantel and laughed gaily.

"Now we have everything we want, my darling. Think how beautiful this will look beside the other one. Watch, my darling." He held the fragile vase out in front of him. "Our long search is over, sweetheart." He took a step forward, and then uttered a sudden cry of pain. He bent over sharply and as he did so the vase left his hand and crashed against the marble of the fireplace.

"That damn little table," Leonard cried angrily. "I never saw it. . . . Look at the vase! Look at it! Nothing but broken crockery on the hearth. Darling, will you ever forgive me?" He turned toward the bed. "Eva, Eva my sweet. After thirty years of searching all over the world, I found it—and now my clumsiness has destroyed the one thing you wanted."

"Come here, come here." Her voice was low but strong. He knelt by the bed and dropped his head on her shoulder. "Never mind, my darling, nevermind," she said soothingly, and there was a tiny but unmistakable note of exaltation in her voice. He raised his head and looked into her eyes. The hopeless terror had left them and once again they were alive and filled with love.

"There is still a fourth vase," Leonard said quietly. "I will find it for you, my darling."

"But you've had a long trip," she said. "There's no hurry."

"I have an idea for a new play," he said, almost as though he were talking to himself. "But it needs a lot of research. I can only do that here at home, darling. It'll take me at least a year. And then perhaps another year to write. . . ."

"There's no hurry, darling," she said serenely. "We have plenty of time, you and I. Now, Doctor Winter, there's a bottle of sherry there on the table. Please pour us each a glass, Doctor."

Winter poured the sherry into three glasses. Leonard picked up one and handed it to her. Winter smiled and said to Eva, "Remember, my dear, I am Leonard's doctor as well as yours. He has had a long, exhausting trip. I think he should take a long rest before he starts out again. You sometimes forget, Eva, that your husband is older than you are."

"Only five years older," Leonard scoffed.

"Which makes you seventy," she smiled. "You are getting on, Leonard."

"Nonsense," he laughed. "Bernard Shaw wrote *Back to Methuselah* when he was almost as old as I am. I will stay young, my dear, as long as you keep your promise to me—the promise you made thirty years ago."

"I'll say it again, my sweet." Her voice was as vibrant as it had been when she had first made that promise. "I promise you I'll stay alive until you replace the vase I broke." #

Continued from page 78



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The Fable of the Zerious Zebra

Talking zebras, two-legged Yahoos, sound morals—even old Aesop would be pleased

by JOHN HENRY

ONCE upon a time an advertising executive named Tinkle, having accumulated a fortune by learning all there was to know about the foibles of two-legged animals, decided to spend part of it in a study of the characteristics of certain four-legged varieties. So he organized and led an expedition into the jungle in a well-bally-hooed Quest for Truth. That the Tinkle Agency had been awarded a contract to advertise the "Big Game" men's toilet accessories was purely coincidental.

One of the scientific questions for which Tinkle hoped to provide an answer was, "Are Zebras white animals with black stripes or black animals with white stripes?" and the expedition was, as a result, quite keen on Zebras. A few were captured, but the expedition's experts were unable to agree on their true color and Tinkle was about to put them to work writing singing commercials when one suggested the next Zebra captured be asked *his* opinion.

As it so happened, the next Zebra to fall into one of Tinkle's traps was a young stallion named Zimon, whose serious nature was the pride of his mother, a reaction not shared by the rest of the herd. To him, the question of the stripes, when Tinkle asked it, was of great concern to which he applied his best mental effort. He paced the floor of his cage through many a sleepless night. He cogitated, speculated, deliberated and ruminated, but to no avail.

The trouble was, his thinking was handicapped by a lack of precedent. Surprisingly, the stripe problem, later to become famous as the Tinkle Question, had somehow never bothered a Zebra before, although humans had been fascinated by it for years. With nothing to work from, Zimon's thoughts began to run in circles and Tinkle was beginning to express his impatience with threats of dispatching Zimon to some zoo when the same scientist who had the first inspiration suggested that Zimon be released to return to his herd to poll the members' opinions of their basic pigmentation. Accordingly, Zimon was instructed to gallop, poll, and return.

When Zimon recounted his experiences to the herd and posed the Tinkle Question, there was Quite a Furor. Everyone took sides. Feeling ran high. Friendships of long standing fell apart. The Whites talked of segregation and some left the herd. "Rather than live in a community which permitted indiscriminate mixing

of color groups." To complicate matters further, an election of Elders was coming up and the Tinkle Question was soon in politics, despite Zimon's plea that politics and pigmentation bore absolutely no relation to each other. The conservative element in the herd adopted the Black-on-white theory and was known as the Bows, whereas the radicals advocated the White-on-black thesis and became known as the Wobs.

Zimon, convinced that scientific facts are not established by secret ballot, insisted loudly that neither party had the right to settle the issue. He soon became a nuisance to both party leaders and might have continued to get on their nerves right up to election time had not Samuel Zmith, the Bow leader, and Zaul Zinot-sky, the Leftist Spokesman, hit upon a plan to get rid of him. They railroaded an appropriation act through the legislature in which, "The Zebra Ztate here-with appropriatez Zeven Hundred Dollarz to defray expenzez for one Zebra to ztudy the Tinkle Queztion at Zurich Univerzity." Naturally, Zimon was selected.

At Zurich, Zimon worked long and hard in a search for the answer to the Tinkle Question. Eventually, he developed some chemical formulae to test pigmentation and one memorable evening, he dosed himself with a potion concocted to furnish the Answer. The following morning he was entirely white, his black markings having disappeared entirely, which convinced him that he was, or had been, a white animal with black stripes. But a laboratory co-worker, who had been doing research work in military camouflage, suggested the findings be tested with a variation of the same dose, and the next morning Zimon was all black. He was confused. He dosed himself again and again with various variations of the concoction, some of which had no effect at all, but none of which restored his stripes. He was all white or all black.

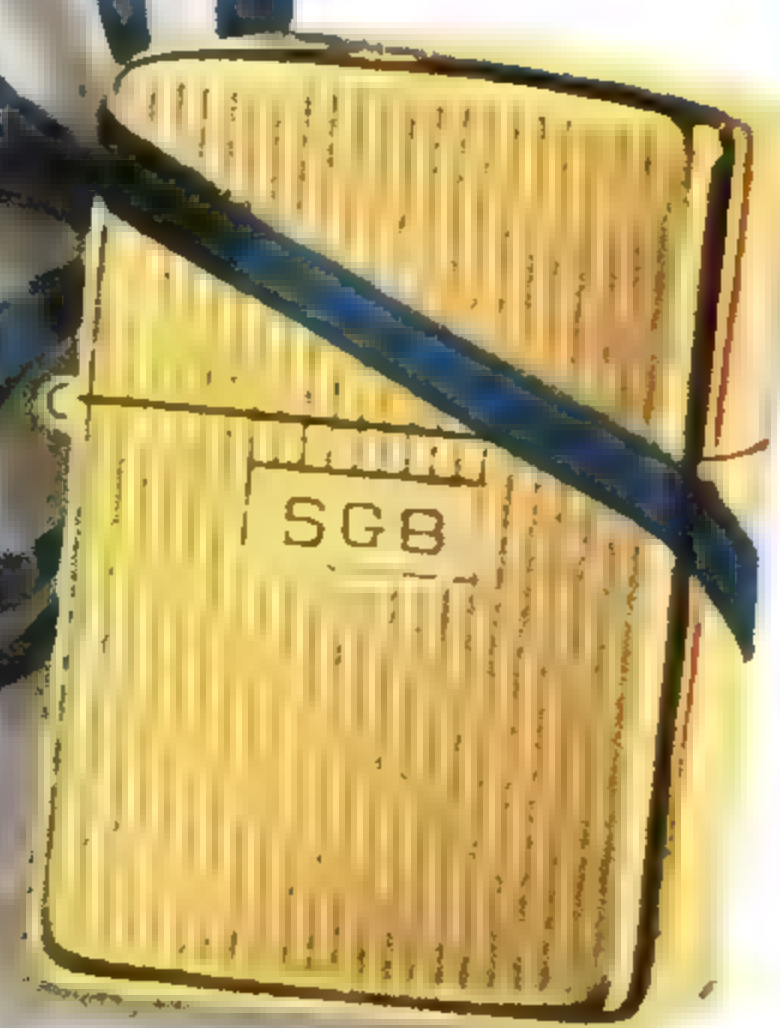
When his money was exhausted, Zimon packed his compounds and returned to the jungle where no one recognized him because he was, for the moment, all white. In fact the Zebra police chased him off, thinking he was a stray white donkey. Zimon drank a slug of blackening compound and was again chased on the supposition that he was a black donkey. MORAL: *Whenever you try to solve another person's problem, you make an ass of yourself.* ‡

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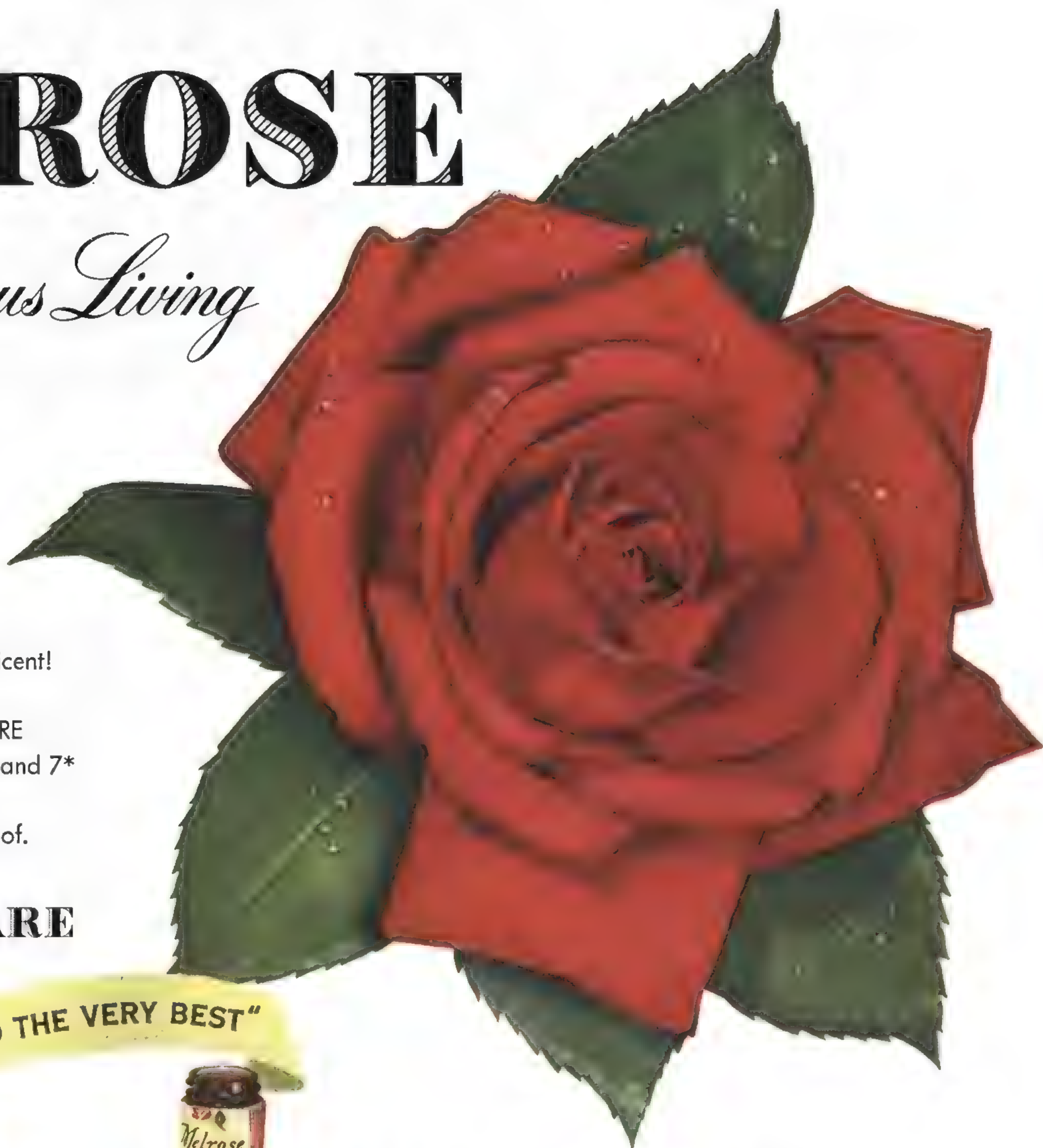


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The Lady Picked a Winner

Continued from page 110

you're always writing about, but that's impossible. You're under contract for four more years."

"I have news for you, chum," said Danny. "I have no orange grove. That's just something I dreamed up to keep my readers from realizing that I'm the lousiest handicapper in the business. It's the kind of journalism you deplore."

"It certainly is," admitted Mr. Maxwell, "but I knew you could do it. That's why I put you on this handicapping thing. You're terrible at it, but you certainly have a knack of fooling people with words. That's exactly what I want."

"I can only follow that line of reasoning," muttered Danny, "by assuming you're a bookmaker. I'm the best friend they have."

"Not if you give many repeat performances like you did today," mused Mr. Maxwell. "How did that happen, Danny?" And when Danny brazenly confessed how it had happened, Mr. Maxwell grew very stern. "Don't ever do that again," he said, threateningly. "From now on, you stick to the legitimate methods of picking winners, no matter how awful you are. Now tell me. For what reason did you rush in here, hoping I'd fire you?"

Danny lowered his feet to the floor and placed Miss Smith's letter before Mr. Maxwell. Mr. Maxwell read it and said, "Hm-mm. Did you make the bet?"

"I didn't even open the letter until a few minutes ago."

"Well," said Mr. Maxwell, flipping the letter back. "I don't see where this concerns me. When she comes in, tell her the truth."

"I will," said Danny, "if you will be kind enough to fire me first."

"Absolutely not," said Mr. Maxwell. "Don't be ridiculous."

"Then," said Danny, "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Miss Smith is in my office now, wanting her money. If you won't set me free from this lousy job, I think I'll tell Miss Smith that I gave you the money for safe-keeping and that you refuse to give it back to me. That would put you in some kind of a jam, because Miss Smith might think my word is as good as yours. In fact, I'm sure she'll believe me."

Mr. Maxwell folded his hands and smiled. "You tell her that," he murmured, "and I'll go right along with the gag. When Miss Smith comes to collect from me, I'll tell her you did give me the money, but that I gave it back to you, on demand. Then I shall offer her the use of my legal staff to help her recover it from you."

Danny had just about made it to the door when Mr. Maxwell had a further thought. "As you know," he said, "I have a lot of influence around town. So if you should be thinking about just walking out and leaving me to hold the bag, I shall not only

offer Miss Smith my legal staff, but I shall guarantee her the use of the city police to find the crook who absconded with the money I just gave you to turn over to her."

Danny fiddled around outside the door of his own office long enough to whip his resolve to fever pitch; then he strode in and confronted Miss Smith, determined to tell her the truth. She rose immediately and looked up at him, and she seemed, somehow, more beautiful than ever.

"My boss," Danny heard himself say, "is not in. Naturally I wouldn't keep that much money around my own office."

"I guess," sighed Miss Smith, "I shouldn't even have bothered you about it so soon. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Please don't be," begged Danny. "If you wouldn't mind waiting a few minutes while I figure out my selection for tomorrow, I'd like to buy you a cup of tea or something."

"That sounds nice," said Miss Smith.

Danny sat down at his desk and opened a *Racing Form*. "Do you know how to pick winners?" he asked.

"I have no idea how it's done, but I'd simply love to have you show me." She leaned over Danny's shoulder, carelessly letting a wisp of hair tickle his ear—which caused him to expend a good deal of will power to keep from doing something that Miss Smith might resent on such short acquaintance.

Patiently, Danny pointed out how, from past performances, one could judge the relative merits of the horses in any one race. He showed her how to tell whether the animals were front runners or whether they liked to hang back off the pace and come driving from behind in the homestretch. Besides all that, there was, in most instances, a percentage number called a "Speed Rating," which told how much faster or slower one horse was than another for an averaged number of races.

"That," said Miss Smith, frowning, "looks simple. All you have to do is balance up several known elements, divide by the imponderables, and hope you're lucky. Do horses have headaches?"

"I suppose so," said Danny, and proceeded to check off his selections for the next day. By one of those flukes of fate about which every handicapper dreams, there was an outstanding horse in each race. According to the *Form*, Danny did not see how he could help picking eight straight winners—and, remembering Mr. Maxwell's subtle warning, that was not so good. Not after picking five in a row today.

"Are those," said Miss Smith, looking at the *Form*, "the horses you would bet on tomorrow?"

"I would (Continued on page 188)



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The Lady Picked a Winner

Continued from page 187

have no other choice," admitted Danny.

"You couldn't possibly be further wrong," said Miss Smith.

"I suppose you could do better?"

"With one hand," said Miss Smith. "If you want to make a fortune, bet on these eight horses tomorrow: Miss Fortune, Orange Blossom, Papoose, Lightning, Handsome Man, Arctic, Five Star, and Island Boy."

"Would you," said Danny, "like to go to the track tomorrow and watch me bet your selections?"

"I certainly would," said Miss Smith.

"Then we'll go." Danny was happier than he had been at any time since Miss Smith had walked into the office. With her standing by and watching him lose eight straight races, she would certainly be in a more receptive mood when he explained why he never bet on horses, even when a beautiful woman sent him money through the mails.

When they arrived at Hollywood Park next afternoon, Danny, working on the theory that men who know horses best also have an eye for beautiful women, stayed away from the press box. He escorted Bonnie out onto the ramp that sprawled along the fence beside the homestretch. Here they could get a good look at the thoroughbreds as they came from the paddock, watch the post parade, and see the driving action from the last turn into the stretch and to the finish line.

A bugle sounded, and a groom in hunting uniform appeared, leading a parade of ten entries for the first race, a seven-furlong event that would start on the far side of the track. "Which one is Miss Fortune?" Bonnie asked, breathlessly.

Danny pointed to a shaggy, reluctant animal, which appeared to be walking in its sleep. "That one. You want me to bet on something else?"

"Absolutely not," declared Bonnie. "The way I doped this race, Miss Fortune has to win."

"Then I'll take your advice and bet it," murmured Danny.

When they came back to the fence again, with Bonnie excitedly clutching the bet ticket, the voice of the Caller came over the public-address system. "The horses are at the post, ladies and gentlemen."

There was a moment of tenseness and silent waiting, a sudden stir, and a multi-gasped, "They're off!"

The Caller's voice poured from the speakers. "There they go! It's War Boom on top; Dunkirk, second; So-Bright, third; and Salano ..."

"Where," Bonnie wanted to know, "is Miss Fortune?"

"Last," muttered Danny, delighted.

The Caller resumed. "Going in-

to the far turn it's War Boom by two lengths. Salano, second, on the rail ..."

"Miss Fortune still last?" asked Bonnie.

"Yep," Danny told her.

"Turning for home!" cried the Caller. "It's War Boom and Salano. War Boom and Salano ..."

War Boom was on the outside and Salano on the rail, but a scant half-length behind. Both jockeys were talking it up and swinging their bats. But just as Danny started to grin at Miss Smith's gloom, a hammer-shaped head and shaggy forequarters appeared between War Boom and Salano.

"And Miss Fortune moving into contention!" screamed the Caller. "It's Miss Fortune and War Boom. It's Miss Fortune!"

Miss Fortune won by five lengths and Danny collected ten dollars.

"We're cooking!" cried Bonnie, excitedly. "Bet it all on Orange Blossom, in the second."

Mildly amazed and positive Orange Blossom did not have a chance, Danny did that, and the fact that he had published Orange Blossom as his choice beat the price down to three to one, which was natural, considering how lucky he had been the day before. Orange Blossom, hopelessly outclassed in the early stages, passed eight horses in the stretch and won, driving, by a neck. Bonnie almost threw her arms around a stranger.

After the fifth race, Danny had three thousand six hundred dollars in his pockets, a fluttery heart, and an almost hysterical blonde on his hands. And the phenomenal handicapping of Danny Donovan, by way of Miss Smith, had made Arctic, Bonnie's choice for the sixth race, an odds-on, one-to-two favorite.

"I was a fool for touting your selections to the public," grumbled Danny. "If I had kept mum, the odds would have been bigger."

"Let's not be piggish," said Bonnie. "Shoot the works on Arctic."

Arctic paid off to the tune of fifty-four hundred dollars and caused a burning sensation in Danny's stomach. The sight of all that money even subdued Miss Smith. She turned a little pale as she watched Danny bet it all on Five Star, the horse she had picked to win the seventh race. Danny felt pale, too. In his right mind he would never have tried to stretch his luck this far, but he was determined to teach Miss Smith a lesson, for his own good.

Even the crowd shied away, on the theory that no man could be perfect—not even Danny Donovan—so they only bet Five Star down to two to one. Five Star crossed the wire a length in front and Danny collected ten thousand eight hundred dollars and some small change, which he threw away. Walking back to

Continued on page 190



America's

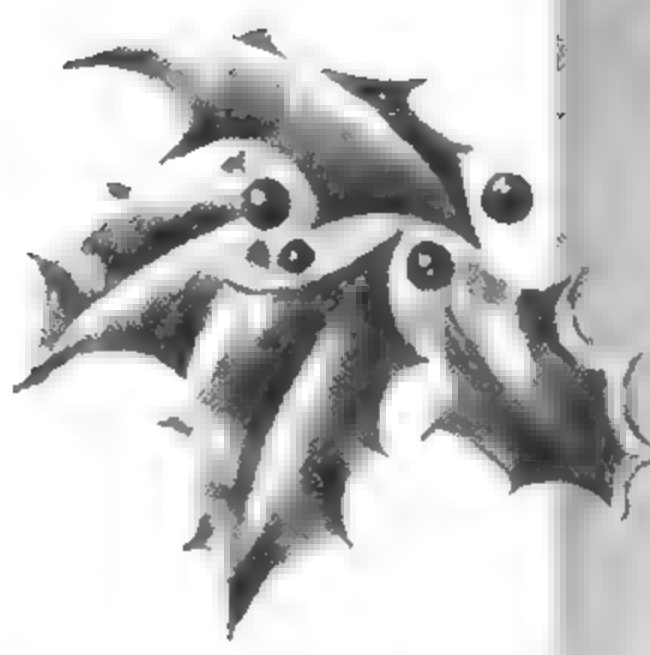
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The Lady Picked a Winner

Continued from page 188

the ramp to watch the tote board for the probable odds on Island Boy, in the eighth and last race, he was in such a daze that Miss Smith had to shake his arm violently to attract his attention.

"That's enough, Danny!" gasped Bonnie. "Quit! Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money, believe me."

"Island Boy," mumbled Danny, staring glassy-eyed at the tote board. "Seven to one. A big bet will drag the odds down to around five, but five times ten thousand eight hundred is fifty-four thousand dollars. Miss Smith, you are a wonderful woman!"

"I'm a lucky doper!" cried Miss Smith. "That's all it is. Just dumb luck."

"Don't be so modest," complained Danny. "It's not luck at all. You're the smartest, most beautiful woman in the world. I love you."

After making the bet, Danny returned to the ramp, his mouth dry with suspense and hope. Fifty-four thousand dollars was a lot of money. With that much he could pay off what Miss Smith thought he owed her, smack Mr. Maxwell's bald dome with the palm of his hand, and buy an orange grove.

Bonnie could not even talk. All she could do was cling to Danny's hand, the pressure of her fingers steadily increasing, as if she were a child too old to believe in Santa Claus—but hoping just the same.

The race was a mile and a sixteenth long and the starting gate was in place just up the track from where they stood. The horses were all behind the barrier, the handlers trying to quiet them.

"I'll tell you about Island Boy," Danny volunteered in a high nervous voice. "He's a front runner and he doesn't like other horses to pass him. But you couldn't make him pass another horse if you hit him with a baseball bat. If he breaks out of the gate ahead of the field, he'll win the race right there. The trouble is, he's the poorest starter in the business. Nobody in his right mind would pick him to win this race."

"That's wonderful!" squeaked Bonnie. "Ten thousand dollars worth."

A hush fell over the crowd. A bell rang and a red flag dropped.

"There they go!" cried the Caller.

For an infinitesimal space of time it seemed as if all the horses in the gate stalls forgot what they were supposed to do. All except Island Boy. The big black came blazing out, jet-propelled. After the first three long leaps, the black's rider took it to the rail and settled down. At the clubhouse turn, Island Boy was five lengths in front; and the boy on his back was acknowledged to

be the best in the business of rating a horse on the pace. Danny, screaming, turned to Bonnie and folded her in his arms.

Down the backstretch, two of the best horses in the race made their bid, but Island Boy fought them off and broke their hearts. At the far turn, a rank outsider moved into contention, but Island Boy's rider did not even have to use his bat. The horse itself, challenged, moved easily away. When Island Boy turned for home, the field trailed five lengths back, blown by the killing pace. Miss Smith started to faint, so Danny lifted her up in his arms and talked into her ear, utterly oblivious of what he said; but whatever it was made him feel better.

Suddenly, Island Boy's rider straightened and leaned back, pulling gently on the reins. Three horses closed up and flashed by, and then the rest of the trailing field. When Danny and Bonnie could see Island Boy again, the jockey was on the ground, trying to quiet the horse. Island Boy tried to limp ahead on three legs and, from the far side, an ambulance van sped to remove the crippled animal from the track.

After a while, Danny took Bonnie's trembling arm and led her out through the crowd.

It was dark when they came to the *News-Telegram* Building, but the lights blazed in Danny's office and a young man was lounging there. Recovering his sense of duty, after staring at Miss Smith, he said, "The Emperor wants to see you, Danny. Right now."

When the reluctant messenger tore himself away, Danny looked gloomily at Miss Smith. Now was the time to tell her the truth. "I wonder," he said, "what the old goat wants with me?"

"Well," suggested Miss Smith, "you tried to see him yesterday and he wasn't in. Maybe he just wants to know what you wanted from him."

"Yeah," said Danny. "Maybe I'd better go see him."

"I'll wait," said Miss Smith, "until you come back."

"Yes," muttered Danny. "You do that. I'll have news for you."

Danny stepped into Mr. Maxwell's office a very confused young man. But what he saw there made him pause and narrow his eyes.

Mr. Maxwell had his lips clamped tightly over a cold, well-chewed cigar. On his right sat a large gentleman named Otto Homer Schultz, and on his left lounged an equally grim and emaciated character known to horse players as Slat's Dennison. Mr. Schultz and Mr. Dennison were the town's leading book-makers—a fact that seemed to be known by everyone except the law.

"Well, well," said Danny. "I didn't know you boys were pals."

"Now you know," said Mr. Schultz.

"Yeah," said Mr. Dennison.

"Donovan," said Mr. Maxwell, "do you know how much you have cost our . . . er . . . association today, on top of what you did yesterday?"

"Probably quite a bundle," admitted Danny.

"Almost five hundred thousand dollars," Mr. Maxwell said through his cigar.

"And there's tomorrow and the next day and the weeks to come," said Danny.

Mr. Schultz raised his bulk from his chair and clenched his fists. "You should live so long maybe," he muttered threateningly.

"Yeah," said Mr. Dennison, rising.

"Now, now, boys," said Mr. Maxwell, a little frightened. "You agreed to let me handle this." He looked at Danny. "Do you think you can do tomorrow what you have done the last two days?"

"I'll do better," declared Danny. "We had hard luck today."

"I don't suppose," said Mr. Maxwell, "that you would allow Mr. Schultz or Mr. Dennison to pick your horses?"

Danny advanced and leaned over Mr. Maxwell's desk. "Are you asking me to write a crooked racing column?"

"Nnnno," said Mr. Maxwell, thoughtfully. "But I have a contract, signed by you, that specifies that as long as you receive remuneration from me, you cannot publish anything anywhere else, even for free. At the moment you have four more years to go, at one hundred dollars a week. That comes to a total of twenty thousand eight hundred dollars, which I am going to pay you now. Actually, I am only paying you in advance, so technically you will still be working for me for four more years, which means you cannot work on any other publication in the meantime." He slid a check across the desk. "There you are, Donovan. And if I even see your name in the paper for the next four years, I'll turn the matter over to Mr. Schultz and Mr. Dennison."

Miss Smith barely looked up when Danny walked into his office and laid the check before her on the desk. "What's that?" she finally asked.

"Didn't you expect me to come back with a large amount of money?" said Danny.

Miss Smith rose and looked curiously at him. "No," she said, "I certainly did not."

"You didn't?" said Danny,

startled. "And why didn't you?"

"Because you didn't bet the money I sent you. When you picked up your mail yesterday I saw my letter, unopened. That was a blow, because I wanted so much to buy an orange grove like the one you write about."

"Let me tell you about that," said Danny, quickly.

"You did," said Bonnie.

"When?"

"This afternoon, when you picked me up in your arms when Island Boy was a mile out in front. You told me about not betting my money and that you didn't have any orange grove, but you were going to get one tomorrow if I would marry you."

"I said that?"

gasp'd Danny. "And what did you say?"

"I don't remember," said Bonnie. "I guess I was excited, too."

"Well, you're not getting out of here until your memory returns," vowed Danny. "I don't like to gamble on the future."

Miss Smith recovered her memory the instant

Danny kissed her. And it was a long time before Danny remembered to ask her how she had managed to pick so many winners since she was not an experienced handicapper.

"Easy," said Bonnie, pressing her cute nose against Danny's chest. "I picked Miss Fortune, because I had just seen my unopened letter. Orange Blossom next was logical because I thought you had an orange grove, and I wanted one, too. Papoose seemed like a good idea for the third—I've always wanted some kids around the house—and I'm afraid of lightning, which was why I was sure Lightning would win in the fourth race. I couldn't help picking Handsome Man in the fifth, because you're so handsome. My brother served in the Aleutians, which gave me Arctic in the sixth."

"I suppose," said Danny, "that some relative was a five-star general, which gave you Five Star in the seventh?"

"My uncle," confessed Bonnie. "Island Boy, in the last race, was just a hunch, which is where I went wrong and ruined everything for you."

Danny put his hand under Bonnie's delightful chin and raised her face into a more kissable position. "You know what?" he said. "On this grove of ours, we're not even going to have a plow horse. Everything will be strictly mechanical. Everything."

Bonnie smiled. "Do you want to bet on it?" she murmured, dreamily. # (Continued from page 110)



"Certainly it was mental cruelty—my lawyer told me it was"

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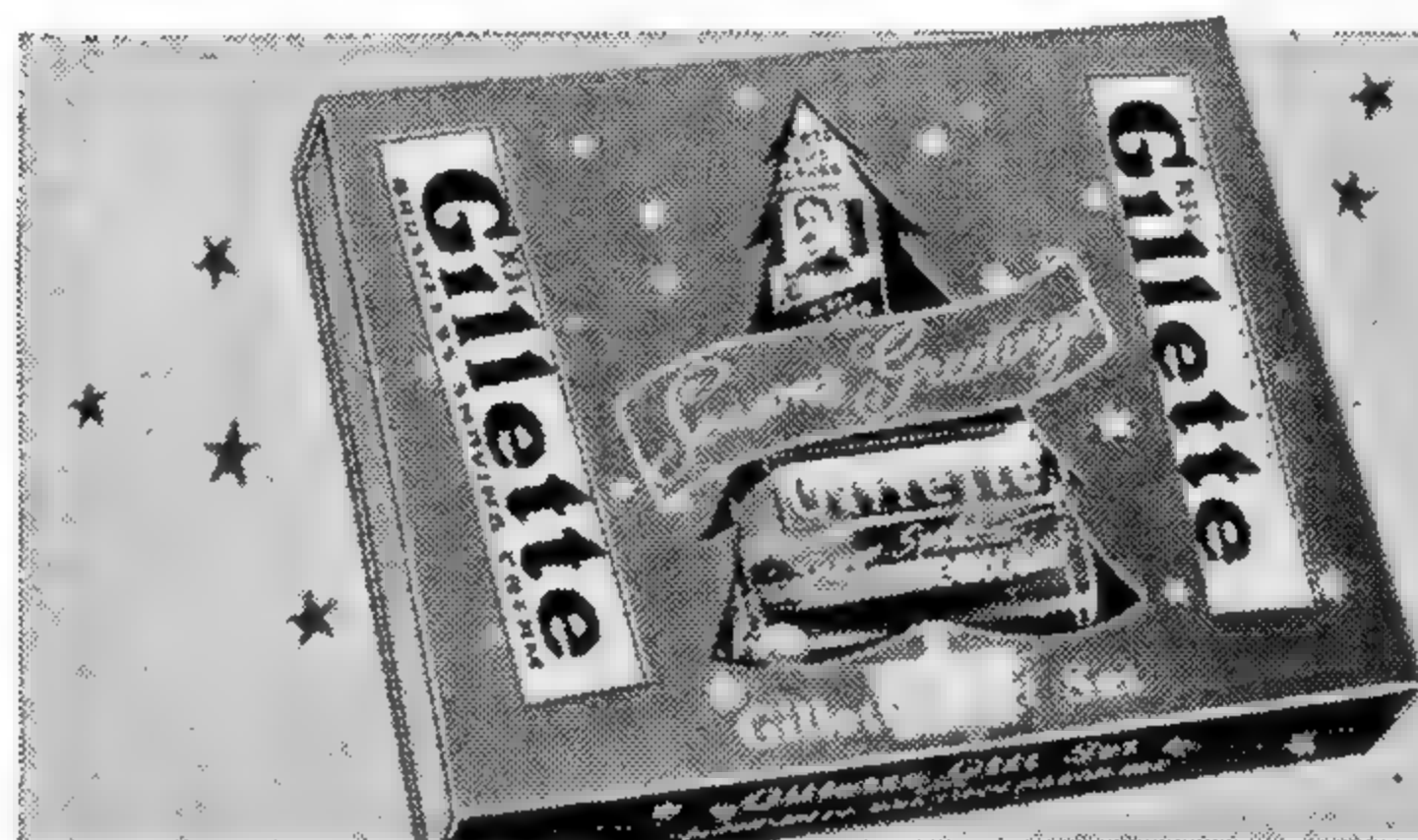
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One of These, My Brethren

Continued from page 107

smiled, nine heads bowed, nine voices spoke clearly: "Good evening, Doctor Dudge!"

The father led him through two bedrooms into a third. The mother sat in an armchair. Enormous flaccid arms fat with wrinkled flesh tapered to arthritic fingers, gnarled and red from skirmishes with washtubs, floors, and sinks. She looked in his general direction and smiled wanly.

Dudge bent over her. Both eyes had a heavy opacity, vision was almost negligible. He straightened up, looked around the room: all eyes were on him. What had he to be afraid of? Cut the right eye, bandage it, wait ten days; cut the left, bandage it, wait ten days. Then the same intervals between removal of the bandages. All this for a charity case! Gritting his teeth, he told the father in simple words what he'd do after he got her to the hospital. . . .

Out on the street, he looked up at the hospital walls and breathed deeply. He felt good. What made him feel better was a sudden conviction that he was a bang-up surgeon. That right eye had been a difficult job; but his knife was sure, steady, and clean. The left eye would be easy. When the bandages came off, she would see!

For a brief moment his cocksureness wilted. "Don't count your chickens. . . ." The last word was badly timed: his hand was jingling the coins in his pocket. Chicken, Southern fried! His stomach rumbled a protest. "Forget chicken," he said to it, "by thinking of steak!" Pulling his belt in to the last notch, he headed toward the subway, leading with his chin.

The shoulder felt for the niche and slipped into place. He checked his watch: 6:05. For three weeks he had waited until 6:10 before quitting. Superstition, born of that first case, had extended his working day ten minutes. He'd string along with Fate for maybe another month, and then fold up.

That cataract job had been a good one. What a day for those eleven people when the bandages came off! The father weeping and kissing his hand, the kids dancing around. They had given him a whole carp, a pound of sliced pastrami, a bottle of Yom Kippur wine and a bag of bagels. That was a fee! A full stomach had given him courage next morning to drop in on Saunder for a loan. He got it, with no questions asked.

Abruptly he went back to his office. Hat . . . coat . . . now the desk lamp. As he reached for the button, his eye caught the memorandum pad: how it irked him, with its endless succession of virgin sheets! With heavy blue crayon he described a pentagram, leaving one angle open. *Why not?* he thought . . . like Faust, he could use a good devil. Out with the desk lamp . . . across the car-

pet . . . out with the wall-switch (bulb missing in the overhead) . . . open the door . . . the keys . . . "click" went the lock. As he turned away, the telephone rang. Instinctively, he looked at his watch: 6:12. Stubbornly quelling a painful desire to indulge in hope, he retraced his steps to the phone, with almost sadistic dilatoriness.

"Doctor Dudge? Please come to the States Theatre right away. Ask for Mr. Banning."

He held the phone in his hands a good thirty seconds before he came to. His first case! And it was Banning, Hollywood's top actor. So this was joy! This was success! Snatching up his instrument bag, he ran out of the office.

Inside the theatre, he rapped on the door and the most beautiful woman he had ever seen hurried him inside. Her silky voice intoned, "It's Mr. Banning's throat. He can't speak and he has to go on in twenty minutes." Dudge looked down at the glamour boy on the divan. The face was flushed, the pulse rapid. In the throat, along the left fauces, was an abscess ripe for the lance.

It was a five-second stab, a thirty-second clean-up. In two minutes Banning was muttering relief. In five he was up and moving about. Dudge said he would see him in the morning, warned him to go home as soon as possible and to take his temperature every four hours. Hollywood's most virile voice blurbed praise: Dudge was the greatest doctor in the world! A bit oratorical, but very flattering. . . . Have a check ready for you in the morning, Doctor! Ah, those were sweeter words. . . .

The doorman bowed him out into the street. Dudge bowed back, then stood on the sidewalk bowing to everyone. Startled pedestrians paused, looked from his grinning face to the door with its white "Stage Door" sign, and then indifferently moved on. The street was gay with lights, and Dudge shone more brilliantly than all the wattage in the world. What a deft lance he wielded, how neatly he could swab a throat! He looked back at the door and wished it were ten minutes ago so he could do it all over again—a hundred times over again. That set him thinking: a hundred jabs at a hundred a jab. . . .

Jet-propelled to a six-figure income, Dudge crossed the street, and entered Mulligan's Steak House.

The memorandum pad was black with appointments—all in the neat hand of a pretty brunette, as good a secretary as a nurse. The office had other nice fixtures: indirect lighting, an Aubusson tapestry rug, chrysanthemums out of season, green leather chairs, and a mahogany table. Costly, but properly in tune with a dignified young doctor.

Dudge checked his appointments:

Continued on page 194

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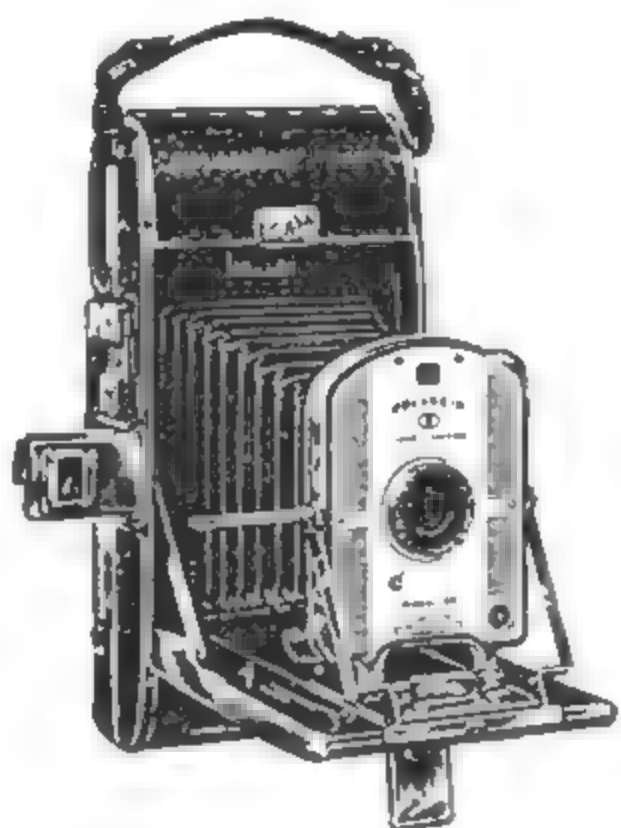
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One of These, My Brethren

Continued from page 192

Cardman was next—the top producer in America. Once a week Dudge catered to the man's two obsessions: his respiratory tract and his clothes. And this noon, after a treatment, the producer was taking him to his tailor, for the best tailor-made suit in America. Dudge had nine suits, but he'd order a tenth, for Cardman's sake. He and Banning had brought him the biggest practice in New York. Collectively speaking, theatre people were a doctor's greatest blessing: the finest hypochondriacs in the world, thank God! And the most generous!

Cardman had become Dudge's patient the morning after the lancing. Banning had recommended him, said the producer. Sinus was his trouble for fifteen years, and could he do something about it! An examination showed the man's pharynx was clear, the nasal passages healthy except for a patch of mucous membrane at the base. A daub of nitrate of silver was a permanent cure, making Cardman a permanent patient. Hypochondriacs like relief, hate cures: his bronchial tubes became the next obsession.

A week later, Donald Batten, playwright, producer, and director—Cardman's friendliest enemy—called at the office. He had had sinus trouble since puberty—could he do something about it? The man's pharynx was clear, the nasal passages healthy except for a patch of mucous membrane at the base. Nitrate of silver brought in the rest of the theatrical world.

Cardman arrived punctually for his intra-tracheal, prattled on about a Mr. Fattersby (finest tailor in the world . . . English, you know), had his bronchial tubes shot full of an assortment of warm oils. After a five-minute rest period, the two men set out for Mr. Fattersby's shop.

Outside under the marquee, Dudge paused to look at his sign. Cardman looked questioningly at the doctor. "I don't see anything wrong with it," he said. "Thinking of making it bigger?"

Dudge took the thrust good-naturedly. Actually that was what he had been thinking. "Once I almost threw the damn thing in the gutter."

"Why till 6:00?" asked Cardman, with that indifference to conversational consecution peculiar to theatrical gentry. "Those are long hours."

"I even work overtime—till 6:15. That's my schedule till I quit."

"Like money that much?" Cardman's eyes narrowed.

"Money is everything."

Cardman's reply was tart. "I bet you have your first dime."

"Are all theatre people so outspoken?"

"We have to be. We're students of emotions. Tell me—when I'm broke and I come to you for charity, will you help me out?" Grinning, Cardman cut off

Dudge's reply with a quick raise of the hand. "No, don't say it; you won't. I'll quote you: 'I did what I could on my own, asking charity from none. I'm a self-made man!'"

Dudge's comment was simple and sincere. "Frankly speaking, you're a good student."

The producer laughed. "I'm a successful businessman, too." He took the doctor's arm. "Fattersby's shop is in the States Building. Walking aids digestion."

"Funny thing," said Dudge, "but I had my first case—Banning—in that building."

"Who sent Banning to you?"

Dudge thought a moment, then looked oddly at the producer. "That's even funnier. Do you know, I've never thought of it. I wonder who *did*."

"Call him up." Cardman grinned. "He's in Hollywood."

They walked on in silence. Then the older man came out with one of his oddities. "Tell you what I'll do: I'll call him for you, reverse charge. The dog owes me five grand from a poker game and I want his wife for my next play."

Mr. Fattersby's shop was English and swank. Cardman introduced Dudge, then, with the sangfroid of Fattersby himself, moved into the office to make the call. The fitting-man, who got to work on Dudge under Fattersby's suave directions, was a pint-sized, owl-ish person with a bad, hacking cough. Between spasms, after Dudge had commented on the cough, the little fellow chattered on about a nasal drip that had bothered him for years. No, he hadn't seen a doctor—because—well (a look across the room at Fattersby's broad back) . . . he couldn't afford it. Did Dr. Dudge know a doctor who might give a free examination? Dudge didn't think he knew any such doctor, but there was the public clinic. . . .

Cardman returned and said, "That contumacious bastard, Banning! He's going to deduct the reverse charge from his gambling debt!" He eyed Dudge approvingly, felt of some material that Fattersby was showing him. "That's his color, isn't it, Fat?"

Fattersby nodded.

"Oh, yes. Banning sent his best to you. He couldn't remember for a minute. Then he said it was a callboy backstage who recommended you. Seems you did an eye job on the kid's mother. Mean anything to you?"

Dudge's eyes looked straight into Cardman's. The lids didn't flicker and the irises gleamed rather large. Cardman moved uneasily, blinked, cleared his throat. "I said," he repeated, "does it mean anything to you?"

In front of Dudge, the fitter was on his knees coughing spasmodically. "Yes," said the doctor; then, looking down at the kneeling man: "It means something to me." #

Continued from page 107



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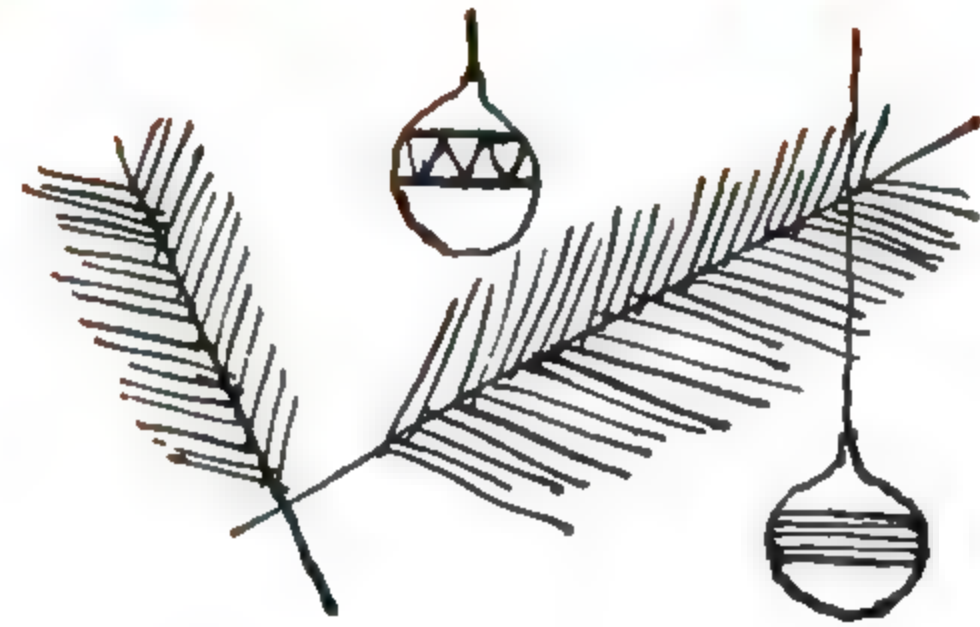
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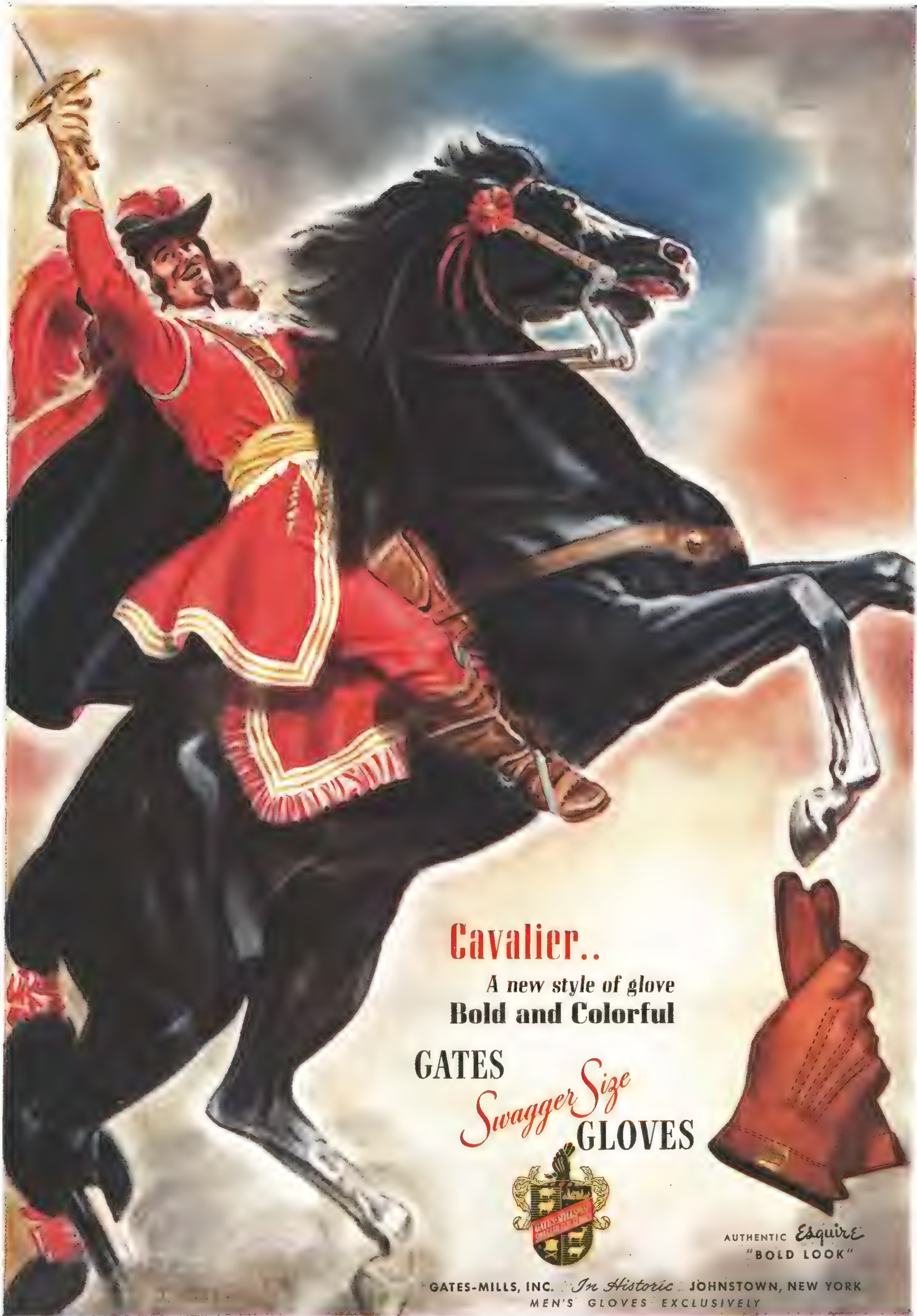
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Indomitable Old Hickory

**Rough Andy Jackson, 7th President,
gambled with a pistol for his lady.**

by H. E. WASSAM

By the beginning of the nineteenth century, most Americans had given up settling their differences with dueling pistols. The honor involved had come to seem hardly worth the obvious risk. But there were still plenty of hot-blooded young men who found an outlet for their energies and imagination in pistols at dawn.

Inevitably, the bone of contention that brought two young blades to the field of honor was politics or a woman, and it was the memory of a careless remark about a lady that led to one of the most famous encounters in American history, involving a future United States President and the best pistol shot in Tennessee.

Normally, a duel was simply a slightly modified form of murder. The romance was largely a fabrication of fiction writers.

This one was different.

The cause was the good name of a beautiful lady with a not-unblemished past. Before the matter was finished, a story of courage, iron will, hate, love and death had unfolded that sounded as if it had come from the pen of a Dumas.

It happened well over a century ago, in 1806, in a secluded place in southern Kentucky, just after sunrise. If the result had been only slightly different, Andrew Jackson would never have seen the inside of the White House.

The story begins with love. Old Hickory was smitten with a pretty lady named Rachel Robards. Sometime after they were married they discovered that Rachel had not been legally divorced from her previous husband. This could scarcely fail to cause talk, and so Jackson, never a temperate man, swore he would kill any man who besmirched the name of his beloved Rachel.

It was just a question of whom he would hear about first. The gentleman turned out to be a dashing young Nashville socialite named Charles Dickinson, reported to have spoken lightly of Old Hickory's lady.

Jackson went to Nashville, confronted him on the street, and demanded an apology. The twenty-seven-year-old Dickinson was completely intimidated by Old Hickory who, at thirty-nine, was a country squire of some standing. Dickinson said that he must have been drinking and begged Jackson's pardon. This was a surprising position for him to take, since he was considered the best shot in Tennessee and Jackson had a notoriously bad aim. The

good people of Nashville were surprised and relieved. But that was not the end of the matter. Other differences arose between the two men and some time later Dickinson said publicly that Jackson was a "worthless scoundrel, a poltroon, and a coward." Any one of the epithets would have been sufficient. Jackson's seconds delivered his challenge immediately.

There was a law against dueling in Tennessee. No one bothered to enforce it, but it *was* the law; so a poplar grove on the bank of the Red River in Kentucky was selected for the affair.

At first light, before the sun was up, the principals and their seconds met at the poplar grove. The rules were read and agreed upon: "Distance . . . twenty-four feet; the parties to stand facing each other with their pistols down perpendicularly. When they are *ready* the single word *fire* to be given; at which they are to fire as soon as they please."

Jackson wore a frock coat that hung loosely on his gaunt frame. He was an erect, intense figure, silently awaiting the inevitable end. Dickinson was impeccably dressed—*young, handsome, confident.*

"Are you ready?" Jackson's second, General Overton, asked the two men as they toed the mark.

"I am ready," Dickinson said. Jackson nodded grimly. "Fire."

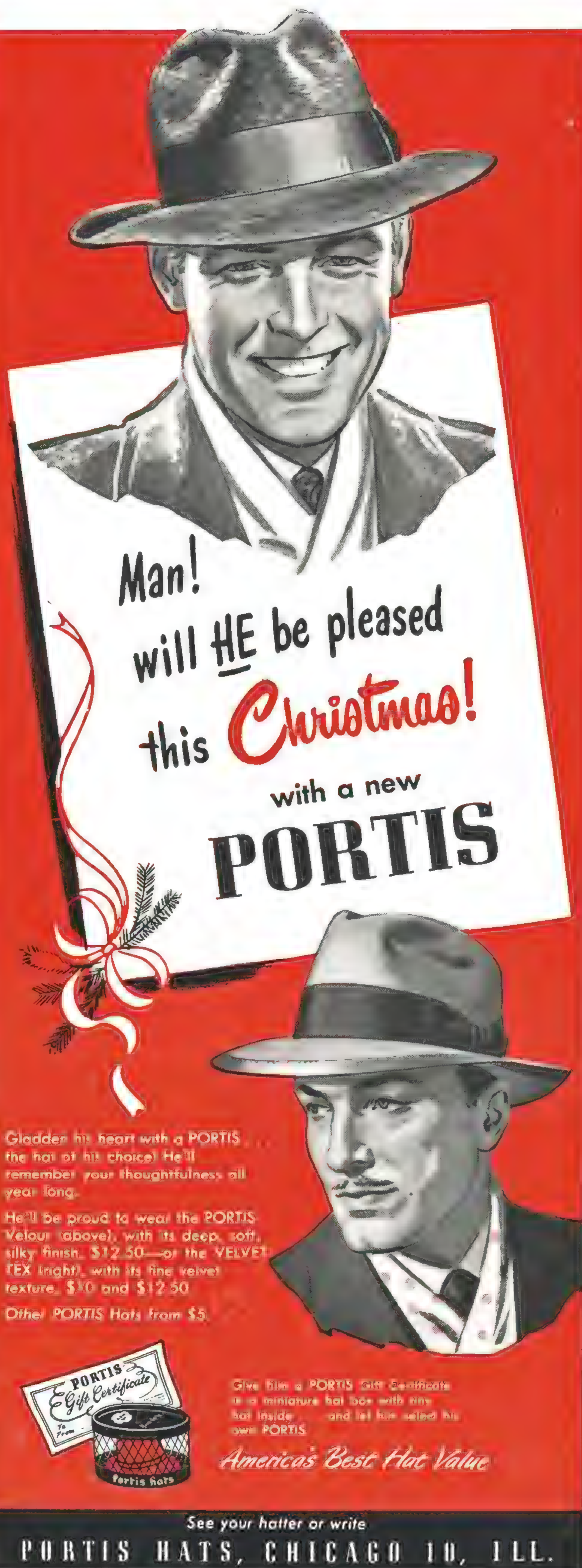
Dickinson's pistol barked and there was a puff of dust rising off Jackson's coat. Jackson did not move and made no attempt to return the fire.

The younger man could not believe his eyes. "My God," he shouted. "Have I missed?"

There was a dull clack as Jackson's pistol stopped at half-cock. Deliberately he drew the hammer back again, aimed and fired.

Dickinson staggered and dropped to the ground with a ball through his stomach. He died that night, after fourteen hours of agonizing pain, without having learned how close he had come to killing Old Hickory. His shot had broken two of Jackson's ribs close to the heart; the loose fit of Jackson's coat and the thin body had fooled him.

Andrew Jackson never fully recovered from his wound. But he had avenged the honor of his lady. And he lived to become President. When people said he had been lucky, Andy always admitted it. "But," he would say, "I would have hit Dickinson if he had shot me through the brain." #



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A Present for Joel

Continued from page 73

dull lesson from memory. "You know I love you, dear. You know the models I use mean nothing to me but form and texture and color."

Oh, yes—form to admire, texture to touch, to stroke the lavender skin under pretext of arranging a scarf. . . .

"Darling, we've been over this again and again," he said. "You've promised so many times. Have I ever given you the slightest cause, the slightest reason? You know how happy we can be, what fun we can have together, if you'd only let us. If you'd only. . . ."

She looked at his face—the swift dark eyebrows like a double circumflex accenting the urgent eyes beneath, the smooth and hollow cheeks, the vulnerable mouth—and her eyes filled with tears. Tears of pity for him, for herself, for her lonely childhood, for the bleak and barren days before she had met Joel. He was the first possession she had been allowed to keep. He hadn't wanted the others, the tall, slender ones. He had seen something in her that no one else had, and he had painted it. "I can't concentrate on this canvas; I want you so." The red couch in his studio; the warm mouth, gentle, insistent. . . . He had said "I want you," before he had said "I love you," though he had said that too. And she—she had loved him too much from the first.

She could stand it no longer. "Oh, darling—hold me," she sobbed. "Tell me again what you just said. And forgive me. This time I promise. I really do."

"Yes, dear," said Joel.

Presently she grew calm. He lifted her chin with his finger. "Wash your eyes out in cold water," he said, "and put on your best hat. I'm taking you out to dinner."

So he was bored at the prospect of an evening at home with her! It hadn't always been like this, she thought as she dressed to go out. Not in the beginning. Then Joel had been hers completely. She had been sure of him, then—mo-

tionless on the wooden dais, her arms raised to make her breasts look smaller, her legs curled under her in the pose he liked so well, his voice coming eager from behind the easel: "Darling, that splash of shadow on the left thigh—I think I've caught it!" "Ah, have you?" She had stretched out her arms to him. "Are you thinking only of the model? What about the woman?" In a moment he had flung his brush down and had gathered her to him.

To be his wife, to be his only model, how safe, how wonderful it had been, at first. And how brief! Their honeymoon, with bright, lazy days on the beach. The sound of his voice, amused yet ardent: "Of course I do, darling. Why do you always ask? Yes, more than anyone. Why? Because you're so little and round and silly. No, of course you're not. Yes, of course I do. . . ." Even the long-legged girls in their bathing suits couldn't quite spoil it for her. "If we could only live on some desert island," she had told him, "with no one else near, no one." "There is no one but the two of us," he had said.

She must have realized even then that she couldn't fill all his days, all his thoughts, with herself only. He had explained it to her again and again. He was an artist. An artist worked with models. A variety of models. "Why, what do you think I am?" he would say. "A Don Juan? A philanderer? A sex-starved kid? You know they don't mean a thing to me but something to paint!"

She wanted to believe him. To see that it was just a job, like—well, like building bridges. Yes, but bridges weren't girls, strutting about a man's studio, posturing and beckoning. How could he help desiring them, comparing them with her, some of the tall, young, sly ones? Oh, he was good at pretending, but she saw through him and his lies.

She emerged from the bedroom. "All damage repaired," she said lightly. "How do I look?"

His eyes lit up when he saw her.

Continued on page 202

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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

NEW YORK, N.Y.

A Present for Joel

Continued from page 200

"I like that dress," he said. He did not say, "I like *you* in that dress," and she made a mental note of it.

In the doorway, her mind raced to place its frantic bet: "If he takes my right elbow, he loves me; if my left. . . ." But he took her hand in his big, warm one, and they descended the stairs.

Danger lurked, always, in the street. Each woman that passed, each girl he glanced at, she compared with herself. "What are you thinking of?" she said. Joel turned his fine, dark eyes upon her. "The color of that house against the sky," he said. For a moment she felt safe, but as they waited on the corner for the traffic lights to change, his eyes, she thought, lingered too long on the girl in a tight green dress standing next to him. The girl glanced at him from the corner of her eyes, glanced at her, then at him again. How confident she looked, how arrogant! They were always looking at Joel like that—in stores, in subways, in theatres, in elevators, everywhere. She felt an overwhelming desire to hurt the girl physically, but she smiled up at Joel. "Pretty, isn't she?" she said. "Penny for your thoughts," she added.

"I was thinking of Cartwright's exhibit," he said. "We ought to go before it closes."

All through dinner she talked animatedly, to keep him from noticing a gay group of girls at the door. She ate her rich dessert, smiling brightly at him, the coiled venom ready to spring at a touch. Anything could start it. A word. "That waitress has an interesting face, don't you think?" Joel might say.

"With that scrawny figure, she has to have," she would reply with a little amused laugh. If Joel said nothing, there were no words to remember. If he answered, "But she isn't scrawny; she's nice," the gorge would rise and engulf her. Then she would unclench her teeth and say words.

Tears would come later, when they were alone and she promised that she would change. . . . that she would try. . . .

She *did* try. She tried to fill her days with things to do, and she tried to make herself over into every woman he had ever admired. She tried diets and massages. She tried to be carefree and gay, the way he liked her to be. She tried not to question him, not to ask. But no matter how hard she tried, her mind would tug and pull at the leash; her thoughts would turn toward their familiar ways of pain. Even at night, in his arms, her fear lay between them. If he seemed cold, the fear took a definite shape. If he was ardent, that was a sign that he felt guilty.

If only Joel were ugly, she sometimes thought with longing. If he were mutilated, blinded, crippled, deformed, helpless, he would be hers. He would have need of her only. Ah, how she would love him, then, how she would show him! But meanwhile it seemed to her that Joel was growing more secretive and withdrawn. They quarreled frequently, and after each quarrel she shut herself up alone in her room to conjure up heartbreaking images of him in someone else's arms.

Once, after a quarrel more bitter than the others, Joel had shouted at her, "All right! But if I do, it's only because you're pushing me into it! Good Lord, don't you see what you're doing?" That was the time she had gone to a drugstore and bought a small, amber-colored bottle of carbolic acid. A swift movement of her hand, it would be, and then . . . But when she got home, she was aghast at herself and slipped the bottle out of her sight into a drawer.

The safe moments came rarely. When she and Joel were alone, when they were reading or listening to the radio. She liked the radio: the actresses were only disembodied voices. At those mo-

Continued on page 204



"It's the new union rule—we have to provide cots for them if they have more than 8 bars rest"

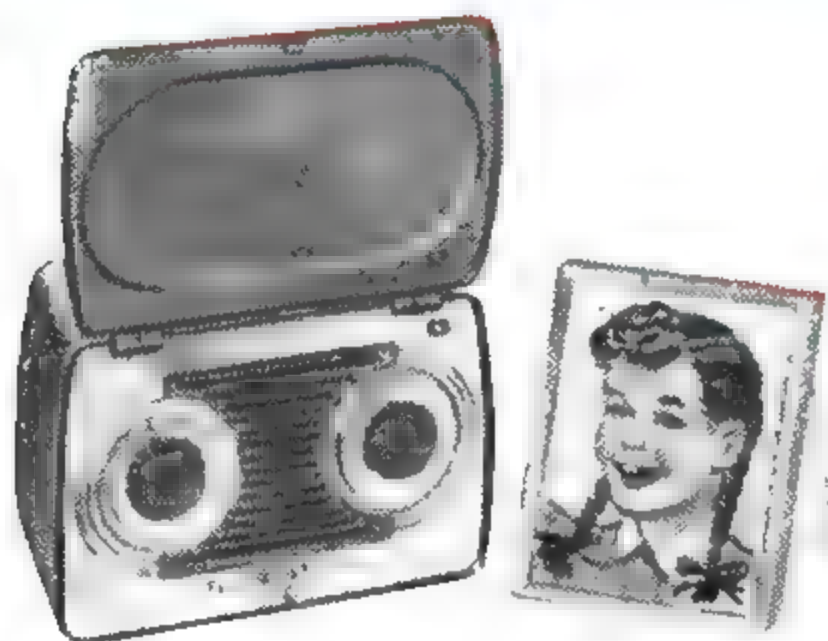
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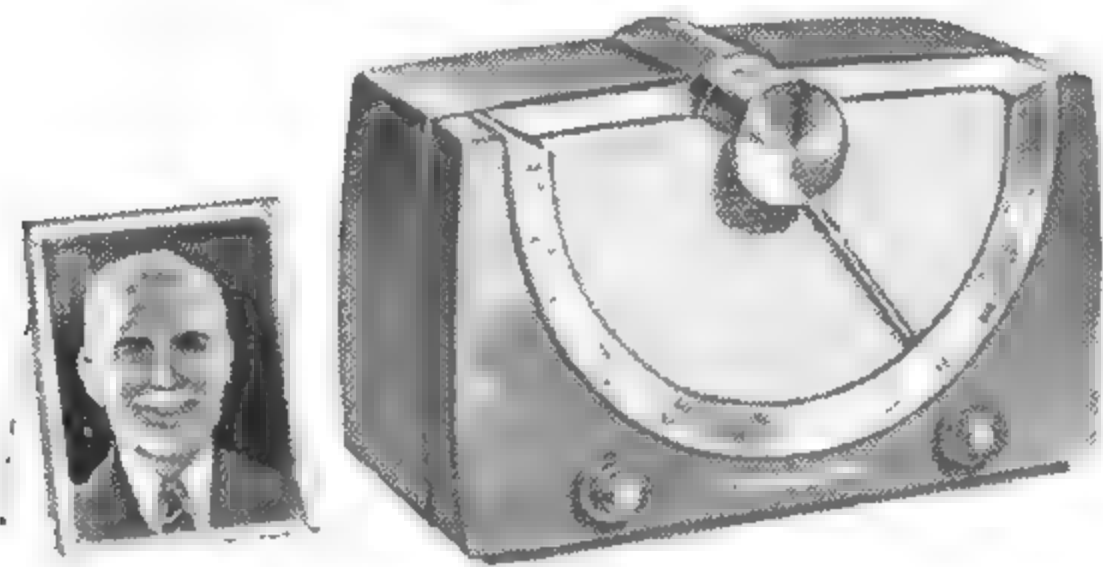
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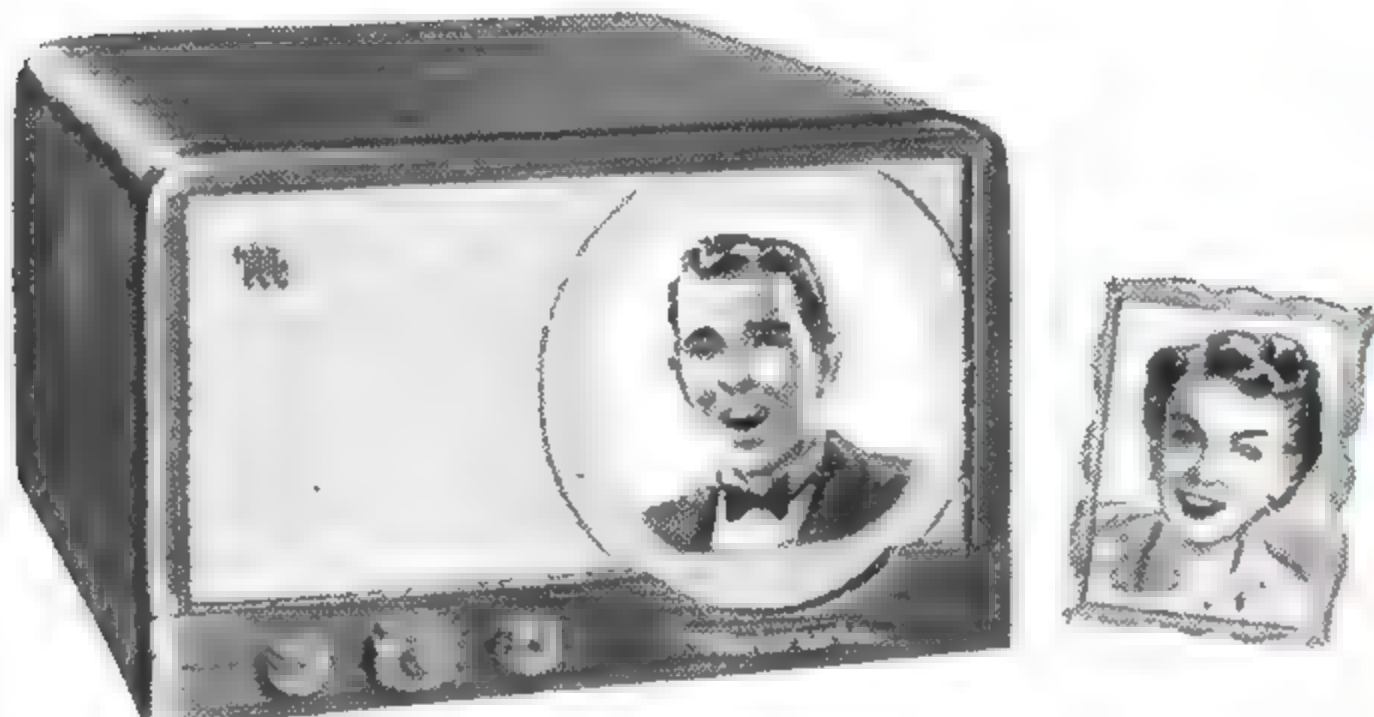
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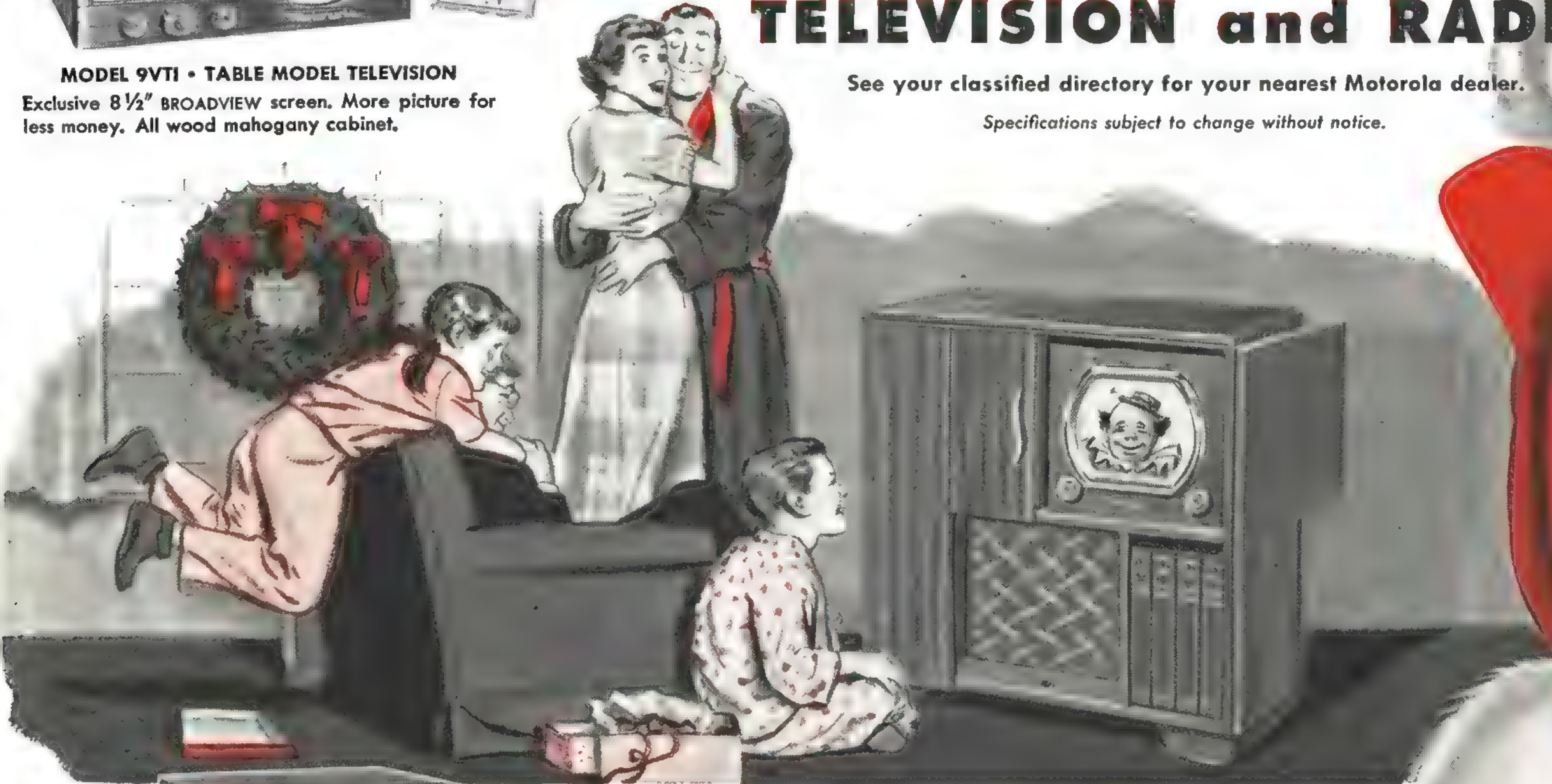


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BELL'S® SCOTCH WHISKY

A Present for Joel

Continued from page 202

ments, her love for him would shake itself free of fear. Then they recaptured something of those first days. "There is no one but the two of us," she would say. It was an affirmation; yet it was a plea.

With a part of her mind she knew that he loved her, and she saw clearly what she was doing to his love. He had cried, that time he had found her hiding in the little dark dressing room the models used, peeking through a tiny hole she had dug in the screen. She had cried too, and been so ashamed that she wanted to die.

But the part of her mind that knew this had nothing to do with the way she felt. It was as if she were running down a steep hill. Try as she might to dig her feet into the ground, she could not stop. She was not even sure she wanted to stop. Not though there was a precipice before her. Not though she must perish for it.

This evening he was later than he had ever been before. But, then, he had never before left the house so angry. "I can't stand it much longer," he had said quietly at the door that morning. "I just can't go on like this."

She sat and watched the minute hand of the clock move slowly. Almost she was glad he was late,

for it gave her mind the springboard for its dark and terrifying plunge. She pictured him in his studio—shades drawn, the girl languid on the red couch—and the familiar churning of hatred began. She arose and began to walk up and down the room. Her thoughts scampered, beyond her control, like hungry grey mice toward but one direction—the food they craved.

Suddenly she stopped. She would surprise Joel with a visit. She would run gaily up his studio steps, laughing and saying that she had been shopping and had just stopped in for a minute. . . . No, she had said that the last time. She would ask him for some money or say she was lonely. She would stay but for a second. She would simply. . . .

But no. It would be the way it always was. He would be alone, or if he had a model, it would be a man, or an unattractive woman, tired and bored. Joel would not even look surprised. "Hello, dear, what is it this time?" And she would tell her little lie and click her high heels down the stairs, wishing the wooden steps would open and swallow her up.

"I can't go on like this," he had said, after their quarrel at breakfast. How had it started? How did their quarrels always start?



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He was drinking his coffee, his newspaper before him. She noticed that his eyes, instead of moving from side to side across the page, were fixed for a few seconds on one spot on the paper. Stealthily, she glanced over his shoulder. There was a picture of a night-club singer in a scanty costume. "Can't you tear your eyes away from her?" she had said. Joel looked up, startled. His hands shook. "Away from whom?" he had asked quietly.

The mice were scraping at her heart now. Where was he so long, and with whom?

Then there was the sudden sound of his key in the door. She jumped up and switched on the light. Her hand flew to her hair, her dress. She turned on her smile—casual, unconcerned.

Please, God, give me a sign, so I'll know. If he is wearing his hat. . . .

Joel was there, in the room. In his arms lay safety. She could touch him, run her fingers over his smooth, warm face. She tried to read his eyes, dark beneath their dark brows. Was it resentment still? Anger? Pity? Something else? She pressed her face to his shoulder, searching through habit for an alien hair, for a. . . .

She knew it by the stopping of her heart, before she realized what her eyes had seen. Joel had turned his face for a moment, groping for a cigarette in his pocket.

et. There, on the back of his white shirt collar, just below the nape of his neck, was a speck of red—the tiny smear of lip rouge. Not orange-red like her own, but a deep purple-red. Unmistakable. Final as death.

Joel had sunk into a chair. His voice came from a great distance, like words heard through anesthesia. "I'm starved," he said. "Anything to eat in the house?"

She floated toward him. How light, how transparent her head felt! She had known always what she would say. Now she was saying it. "It's all right, Joel, I know. You don't have to pretend any more."

The numbness spread from her heart to her finger tips to her scalp. She felt such dreamlike detachment that she was almost amused at Joel's denials—a little too loud, a little too indignant. Like a patient mother she was—calm, reasonable, gentle. After a while he ceased protesting. Then he was silent. The air in the room spun in waves about them as he said it: "I don't have to tell you; I can say she only kissed me. But it's no good. I've always been honest with you, but it was never any good."

Yes. Now it had come. The dread, suspended all this time, was upon her. The bottom of the precipice. "Was she—is she one of your models?"

He nodded. "I didn't mean for

Continued on page 206

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A Present for Joel

Continued from page 205

it to happen. I've been so wretched, and she was easy to talk to. I don't expect... I know how you feel..."

How I feel. But how? The nausea, the gall, the sickening hatred were not there. She felt—why, almost nothing, nothing, really. She had imagined it a thousand times. It had been a constant gnawing at her heart. But now the shadows had come alive the fear was gone. Nothing could hurt her now, for she knew what she must do. In a few moments she would do it.

She touched Joel's face lightly with her hand.

"Joel," she said, "don't look like that. It will be all right. You'll see."

He looked at her like a man who wakes too suddenly from a bad dream and is not yet sure he is awake. He searched her face for a moment. "Darling—oh, darling!" he cried. "If you could only put it out of your mind. If we could start again..."

Oh, yes, they would start again. Soon now she would make him hers. Hers only. She rested her fingers lightly on his head. *Like a benediction*, she thought. She would dedicate her life to caring for him; she would love him as never before.

"... so different now," he was saying. "I didn't know you could be like this, so wonderful about it... It's you I want."

His arms clasped her knees.

At his touch, she froze.

Is that how he held her, the other one? Always now, all the rest of our days, his hand will touch me warm with the memory of her; his

lips will taste always of hers; and even in his darkness he will see her.

And standing still and taut, only her hand trembling a little, standing with her head high and her eyes looking down with a live, devouring hatred upon his yet unscarred face, she said quietly through tightly clenched teeth, carefully: "What was she like?"

Continued from page 73



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Our Desert Gets a Face Lifting

Continued from page 96

Indians staring at the strange spectacle of bulldozers leveling landing strips where no paleface had ever been before. From one such airfield, isolated in a country of crimson canyons, I brought home dinosaur tracks molded in rock. An opportunist from Back East had cut a road into there and built not only a home but a hotel, and it is full of guests who motor or fly in. Here they can escape from something, yet without a sense of cowardly flight.

Most of the new '49'ers, it develops, are escapists of one sort or another. Pin them down and they frankly admit they are running from the rigors of cold and of city life. "I was Minnesota born and reared," one typical ex-G.I. said. "I had fully expected to go into business there, and I never realized what subzero winters meant because I knew nothing else. War training gave me eleven months on the desert. Now I have my wife and baby in a desert cottage and I drive ten miles a day to work. Soon I am going to open a little desert business of my own. If necessary, we'll be poor here; I'd rather be poor here than a multimillionaire back there."

The naked fact is that people are moving west, and southwest; you can verify it via the U. S. Census Bureau, which is constant-

ly estimating and checking. In Phoenix, Tucson, El Paso, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, you can find young G.I. couples by the thousands who echo the sentiments of that Minnesota lad. They account for the fact that the population of Phoenix, for instance, has doubled since 1940, that while suburban two-room apartments are available at \$75 per month, many of them rent for \$150 and up, and that the union scale for bricklayers is \$3 an hour, considerably higher than the average union wage for persons engaged in the building trades in the United States.

This younger group—the ones with less money than Lincoln and Borg and Kelland et al.—are imbued with a terrific pioneering urge. They don't seem to demand ease, but rather to seek the conditioning that hard work brings. Which, if I read history right, is a good thing. Nevertheless, we old desert conservatives sometimes view with alarm.

"How can all these strangers make a living here?" I asked a learned friend of mine, not long ago. "The desert cities have no factories to speak of, or other big industries. We have no oil boom, no mining boom, no farming except limited irrigation."

"Well," he answered, "of Amer-

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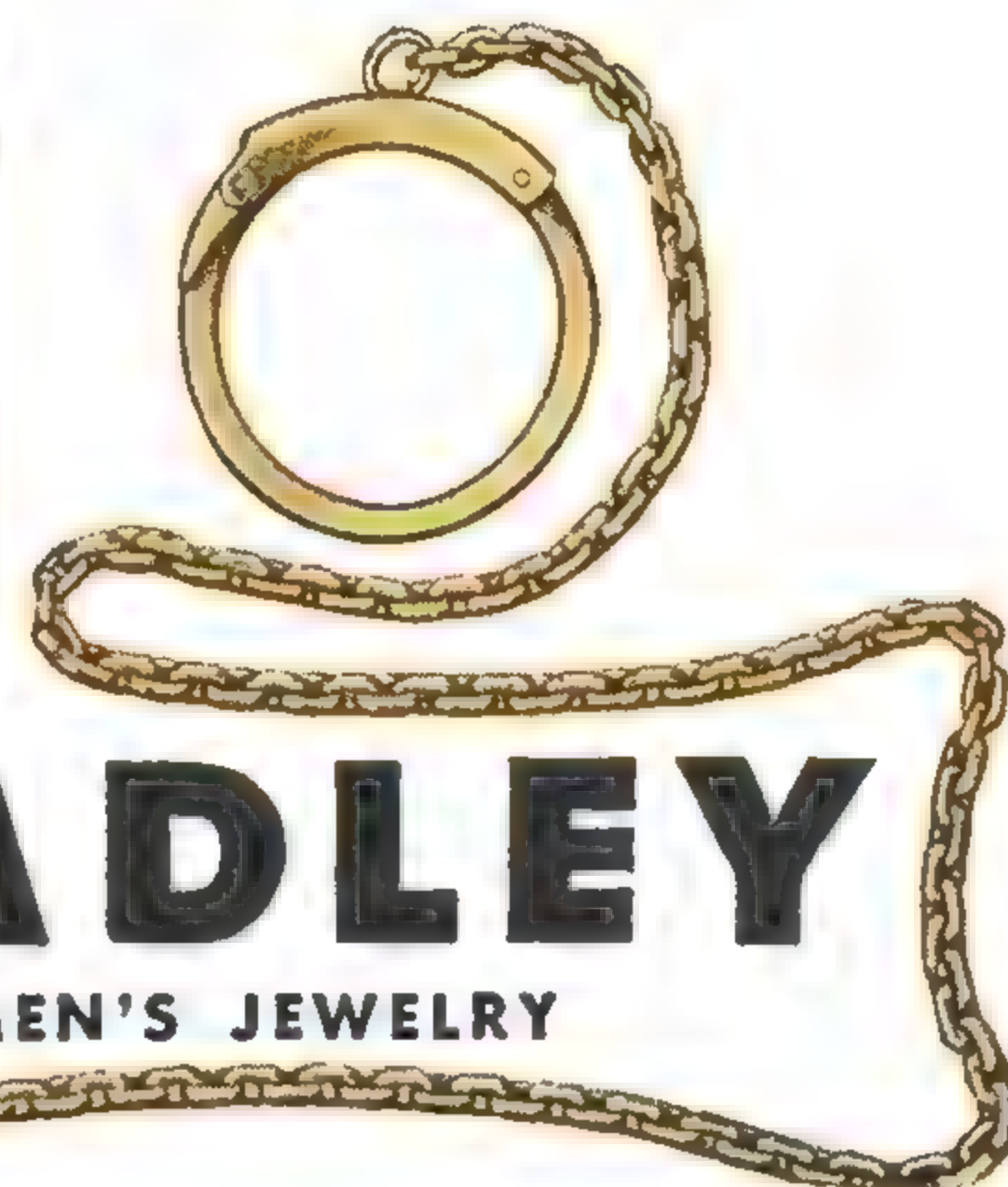
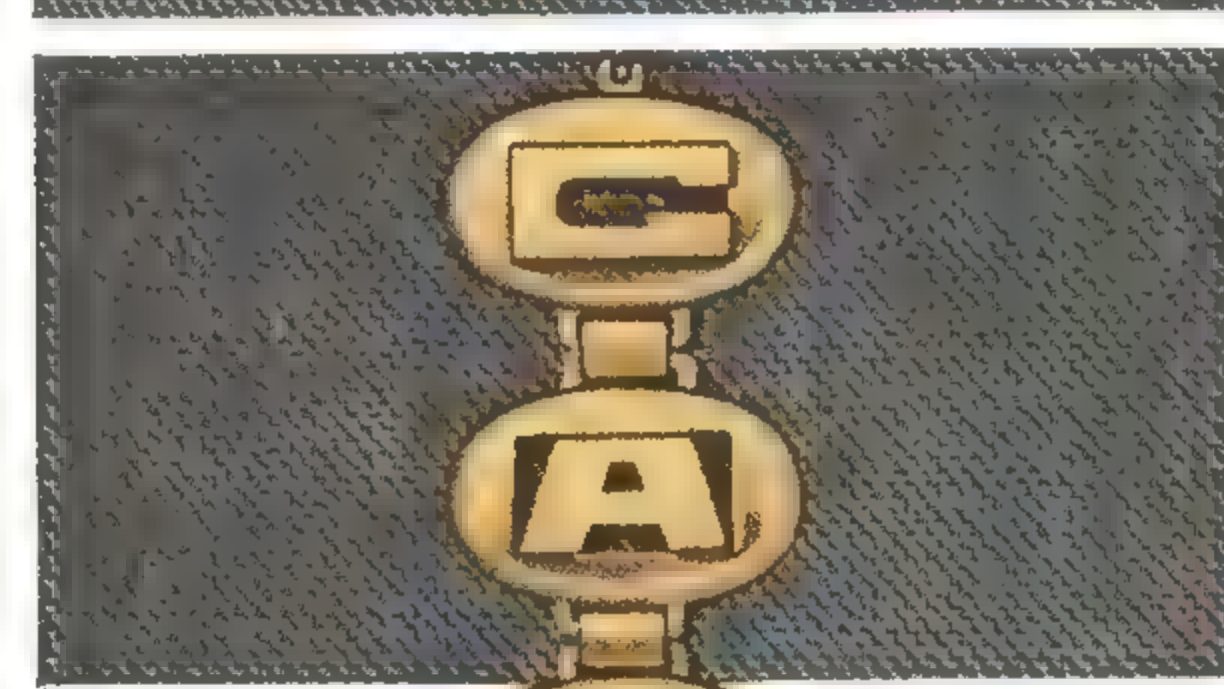
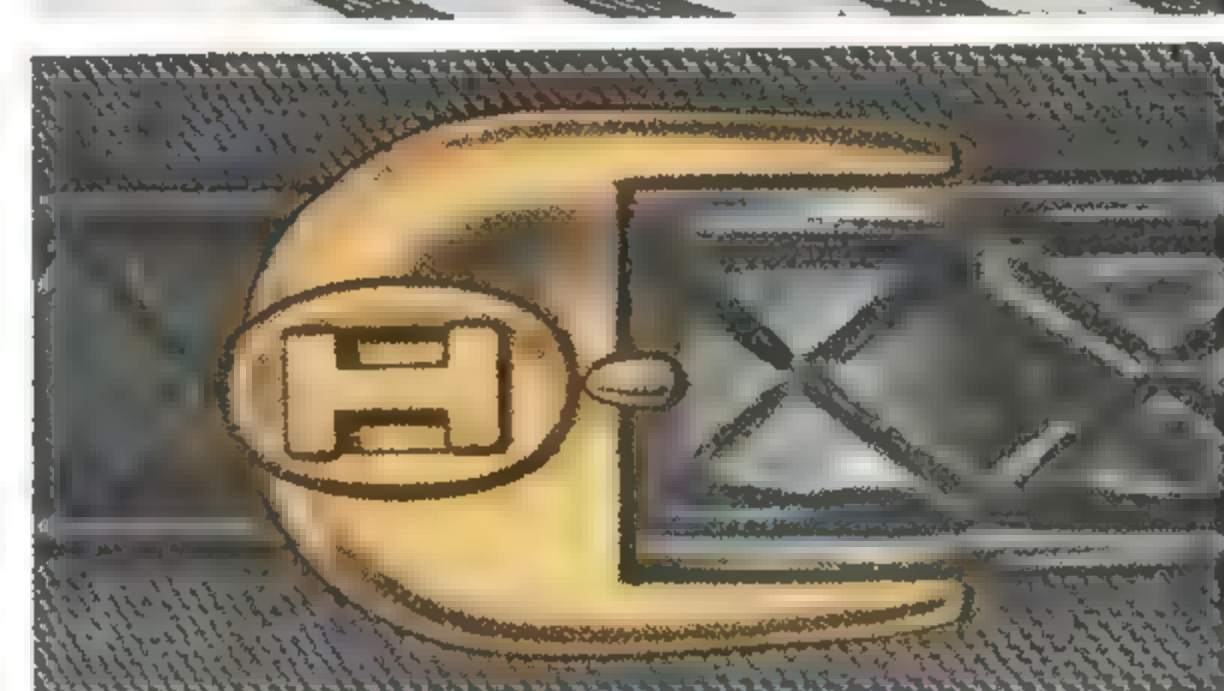


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Our Desert Gets a Face Lifting

Continued from page 207

ica's 149,000,000 people, at least a million have the money to come to the desert and live the remainder of their lives *without* working. Many will continue to receive pay from their Eastern businesses. But most important is the way people beget wealth. Those who come here are 'successful' types. Their combined brain power is inconceivable, and the desert has endless opportunities for such as they. Remember that recreation alone is one of America's greatest industries, and that the desert with its mountains and canyons and health-giving warmth is absolutely the best area for recreation ever discovered."

That last may be open to argument, but not much, and is a point of view shared by important thousands. Usually such people are those we like to call rugged individualists. They respond to the sun-country environment. Not all are refined. Indeed, many are tough; yet they are self-reliant and therefore admirable. I know one family—Stephen Ragsdale is the pappy's name—who pioneered it on the California desert fifty miles from the nearest settlement. Absodamnlutely nothing in the way of opportunity was visible to any normal human being, yet these good folks stuck it out and became wealthy there. The chil-

dren drove an old jalopy a hundred miles a day in order to finish high school in Indio. The pappy is, for my money, a brilliant thinker. He had to be. He is a tough-acting old fellow with a heart of gold, and he had to be that, too.

Yet another acquaintance, much younger, commutes sixty miles each day from his desert-wilderness home to operate a business in our city. Is he happy? I wouldn't answer that, categorically, but I do know that he netted better than \$50,000 in the past seven years, that he has three children who motor in to school and own their own horses, that he is married to the same woman he started with, that he loves to sing and whistle and throw barbecue parties and pitch horseshoes.

I rode out with this friend one night last week to "spend a night among the rattlesnakes." He stopped the car suddenly in the forest of giant cactus growths. A stag and five does were on our right. In our car lights, they flowed across the road and on away—a moment of unforgettable beauty. Neither of us moved for a minute or two, and then my friend started the car and we drove slowly on through the darkness. Then he said, "You know,

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Oren, I have never been in a night club."

Several years ago, I spent a day with Harold Bell Wright in his desert home out from Tucson, and I asked him why he lived away out there. "Because," said he, "in spring I literally cannot walk without crushing wild flowers. And because every person you encounter out here seems like a hero or heroine for a novel." He knocked off quite a fortune by writing desert stories, as did his contemporary, Zane Grey. Both men have been dead for years, but John Public generally doesn't know it or doesn't care, and so their books keep on selling. The most popular volume in the big Phoenix Public Library, the one in most constant demand, is not some high-toned book-club selection, nor yet a *Gone with the Wind* or a *Forever Amber*. It is a horse-opera libretto entitled *Riders of the Purple Sage*, by Mr. Grey, in which this man and this girl meet on the desert, see, and go on from there. . . .

It was Grey who unwittingly put his finger right on one secret of the desert's pull. He recognized it as a setting for human drama, fictional or real—drama not of the stodgy, conventional, or moody kind, but of picturesque and audacious derring-do. He said that the desert is a stage for the finest human acting, by which he meant achievement; he pre-

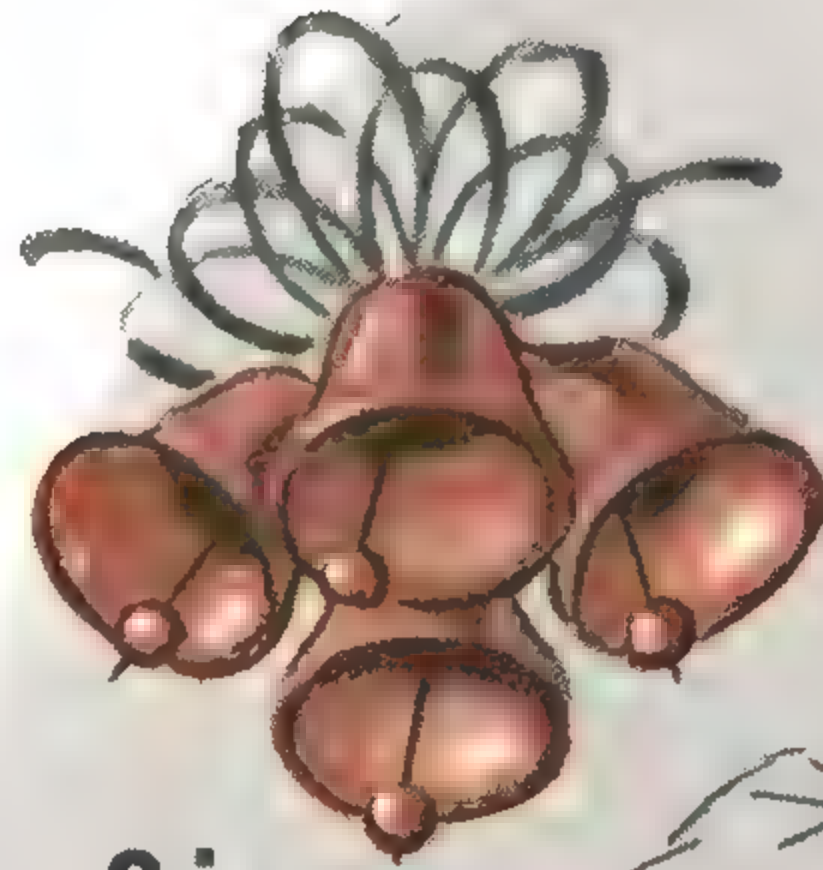
dicted the face lifting which has come.

All our now many resort hotels rate sunshine, "open country," and wild life as their most valuable assets. It is chamber-of-commercial to remind you again that we play golf and tennis all winter, that I can loaf in my patio in shirt sleeves while you in Chicago or New York are gloomy with January snow. But it is also true, and negotiable. We sell it to you Easterners, just as we sell you the facts of our fascinating flora and fauna. Our cacti are eternally popular. Our giant saguaro especially is an awesome creation. It will blossom and bear edible fruit every year for as many as four years without one drop of rain or any help from man. One of my children has a desert pet that is covered with horns and spits blood from its eyes—a species of horned lizard, harmless and dainty. On a vacant lot near us live diminutive "kangaroos" six inches high, which hop about on their hind legs under the moon. In the yards of our street, and everywhere on the desert, lives a bird that resembles a skinny guinea and that eats rattlesnakes and chases golf balls.

A fantasy land, then; a region of believe-it-or-nots; a country where people just have to act unconventionally. Inevitably, it attracts those with imagination. Inevitably, too, it attracts some

Continued on page 210

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Our Desert Gets a Face Lifting

Continued from page 209

who become professional brag-garts—sun-country boors who come here, then deride the homes they deserted. They are no more popular here than they were in Bangor or Boston or Milwaukee; they are not accepted here, and fortunately they soon shut down or drift on. So, too, do we freeze out the transient ne'er-do-well element that is forever shifting bases, attracted always by the promise of warm climate and easy living.

The rest stay and share their talents. I think of Frank Lloyd Wright, who probably is America's most distinguished architect. He reached fame in the East, then discovered our desert and adopted it. His Taliesin West—a home and architectural school on the slope of a rocky desert mountain—was startling in design when he built it ten years or so ago. But today literally hundreds of our new structures are showing its influence. Suburban architecture in Arizona, New Mexico, and desert California in time may be recognized as the most artistic in the nation, as well as the most logical, and the most appropriate.

Similarly, Easterners with high I.Q.s have recently created symphonic music for our citizens of Scorpion Gulch. Artists of dis-

tingtion have discovered the desert's rare coloration and light. And in literature—well, when I set out to name those who, I know, have done some of their finest work in Arizona—those in addition to Kelland, Harold Bell Wright, and Grey—the list seems practically endless. It includes every favorite I can think of, from Stewart Edward White to Erskine Caldwell, who married an Arizona University coed, through Carl Sandburg, J. B. Priestly, and Willa Cather. Money, then, plus courage and culture, are the assets for our 1949'ers.

Exactly what all this means for the future of America as a whole I wouldn't dare say. I can't even promise that the desert will enhance your happiness if you move out here. Indeed, I warn you not to move without a preliminary trip for reconnoitering, because you might not fit in. All I know is that I catch the mounting excitement, and I'm thrilled to be part of it, because a million newcomers are suddenly changing the face and the feel of the desert. And they're changing it right now, in my time, after it lay virtually unchanged for a million years. ‡

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Continued from page 96



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The Reputation

Continued from page 108

to try your luck with Jesse Clanton." The laugh was raw. "They always talk you into it. A hero, they call you—at first."

Tonelessly, Brock said, "You shouldn't've come here. It's a peaceful town."

"I'm peaceful."

"I heard different."

"You always hear different." The dark eyes gentled. "Go home, boy. Don't dirty yourself for their fine words or a reward."

Something flared in Brock's pale eyes. *So I'll get a bounty, he thought: why not? Somebody has to stop gun-crazy killers. Didn't the risk you took justify a reward—money to build a ranch, respect and honor, proud soft laughter in the eyes of a girl called Stacey; marriage, kids, a decent life. . . .*

His voice was flat, controlled. "I never draw without giving a man a chance."

Clanton's hands stayed on the bar. "You look like a good kid, Brock," he said. "Too decent to be the tin-hero killer they build out of their own fear. I know their kind from away back." He stared at a memory he did not like. "Five years is a long spell. Long enough to die ten times and still be alive to die again."

Brock was silent. He wanted an end of talk. But now the memory was black and full in Clanton.

Five years ago, he had been trail boss for a top cattle outfit in the Staked Plains. Then the nester had come with barbed fences and plows that bled the fertile grasslands and would leave them dead in a few years. There had been a leader—a huge, silent squatter with a gun that did his arguing. The cattlemen had to fight Black Tucker and win. The man who faced Tucker had to be cool and sure and fast.

"I listened to them," Jesse Clanton said. "I thought I was a great brave boy. I met Tucker with a Colt in each hand." That sour laugh again. "For a spell I was man of the hour. They laughed and stood me drinks. I was the kid that outdrew Black Tucker. Then they began to give me queer looks: angry and seared. You could see them thinking: I was strong enough to down Tucker. Maybe I was just a little too strong for their own comfort. . . ." He shrugged. "I wanted to forget Tucker. Only they couldn't forget what had happened. It was just a matter of time till somebody got too nervous. So I rode. . . ."

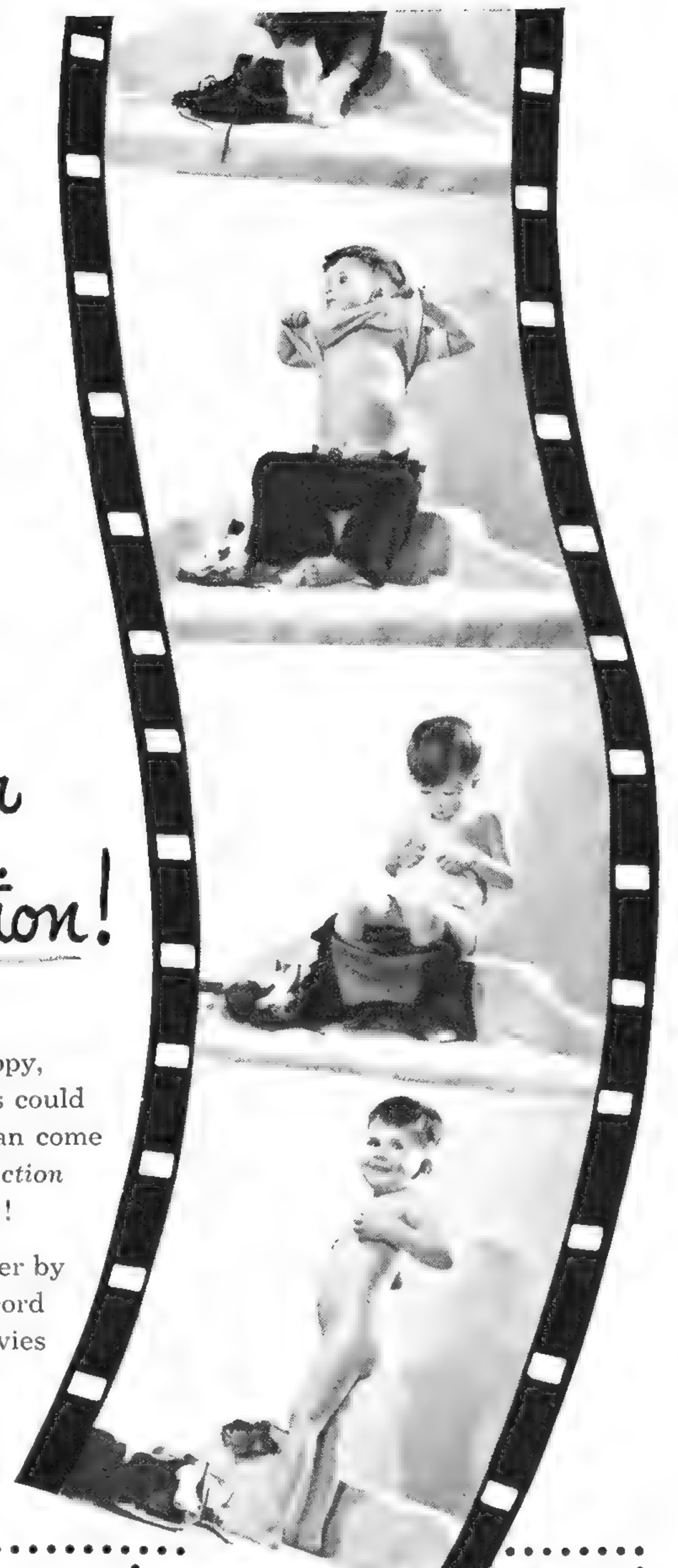
At the edge of the bar, his hand dropped suddenly out of sight. Brock swung to one side: his fingers closed on the Colt. Then he could see that hand again, holding a sack of makings and

Continued on page 212

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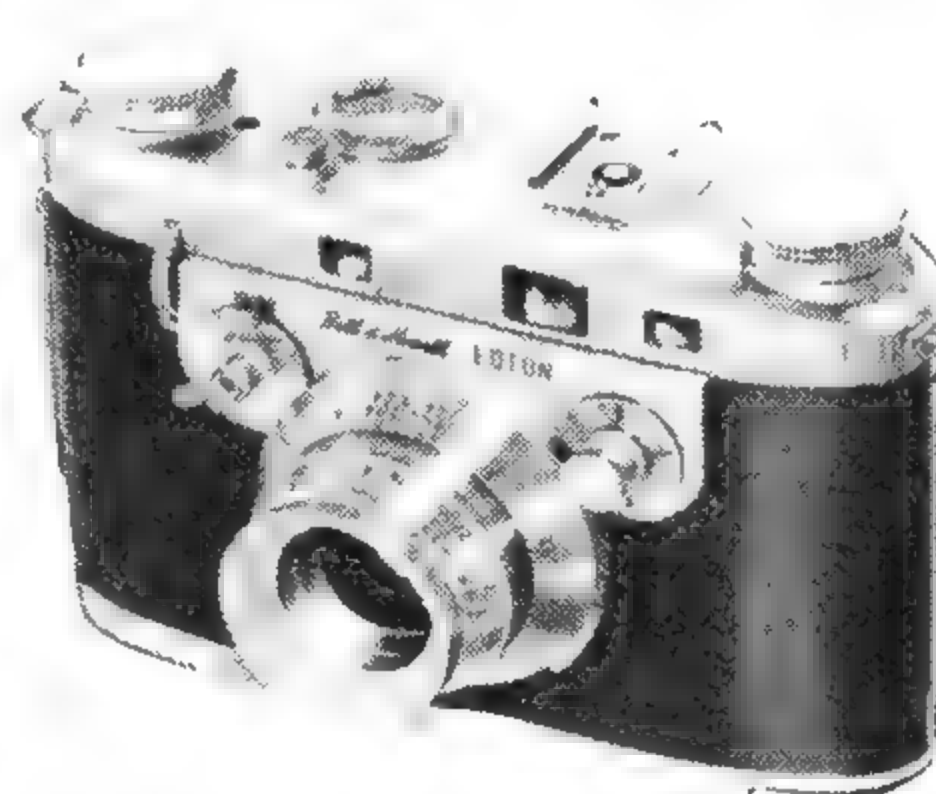
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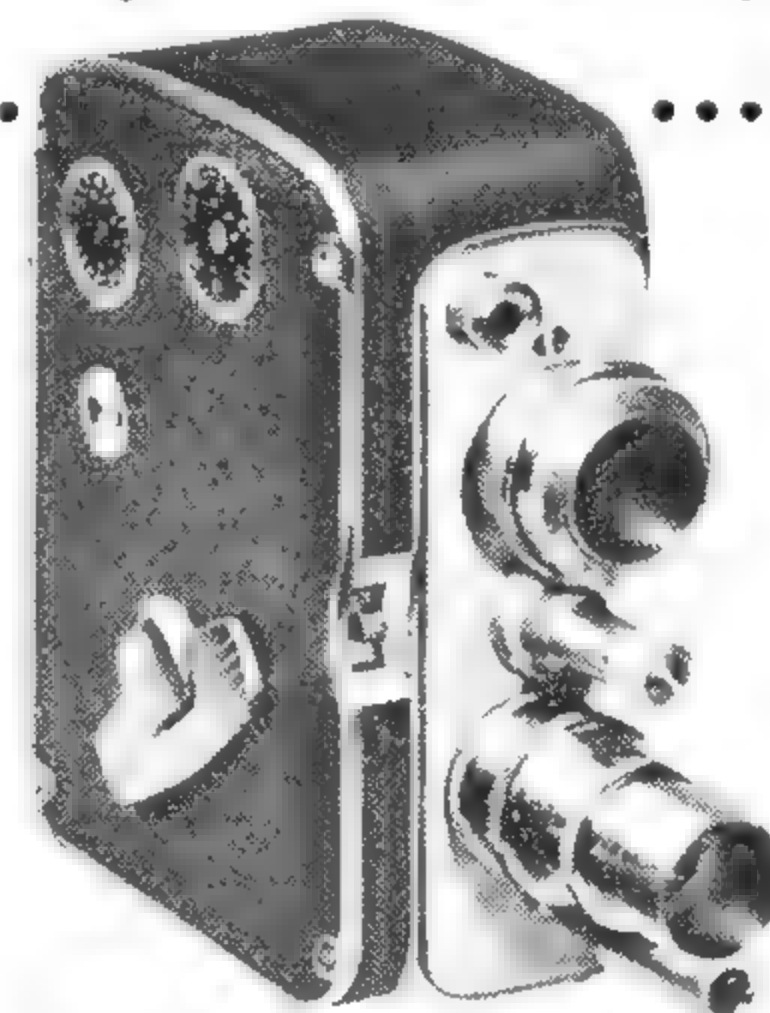
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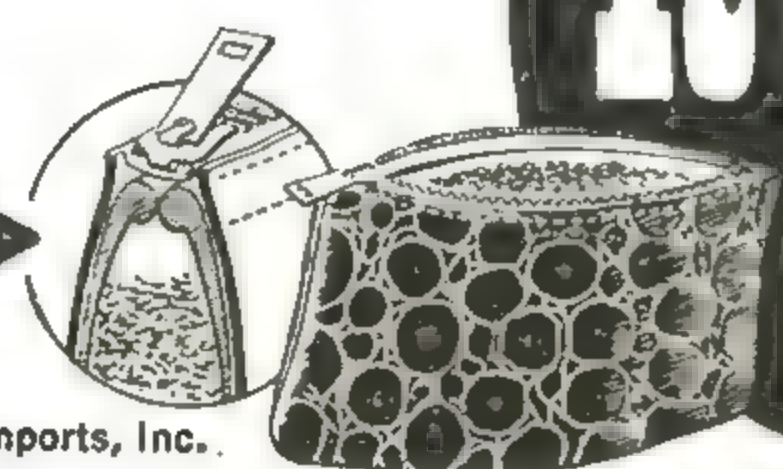
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The Reputation

Continued from page 211

papers. Carefully, Jesse Clanton rolled one and lit it. Through the smoke, he smiled. "You see how nervous a man can get."

Brock did not relax. "The story didn't end with Tucker," he said. "You forget the Bobb boys and Wyat. People call you a natural-born killer."

"There's no such animal. Killers are man-made. Machines built by little cowards with big talk who've got to destroy what they built before they feel safe again. I thought I could get shet of them by quitting the Plains. I forgot one thing—reputation. The next town was no better; nor the next territory. My name was always there before me. Now I wasn't a hero that shot Tucker in self-defense. The stories called me a murderer on the loose. When the Bobb boys were shot and robbed outside Tombstone, I was miles away. But I'd passed through Tombstone a day earlier. So they chalked up two more for Jesse. The Bobbs had a friend, a hotheaded kid named Wyat. He trailed me. I tried to talk sense, but—" Clanton shrugged again and stared at the bar. "It was him or me."

Turned on Brock, his eyes were dark and steady. "So that's how it works, kid. You start out fine

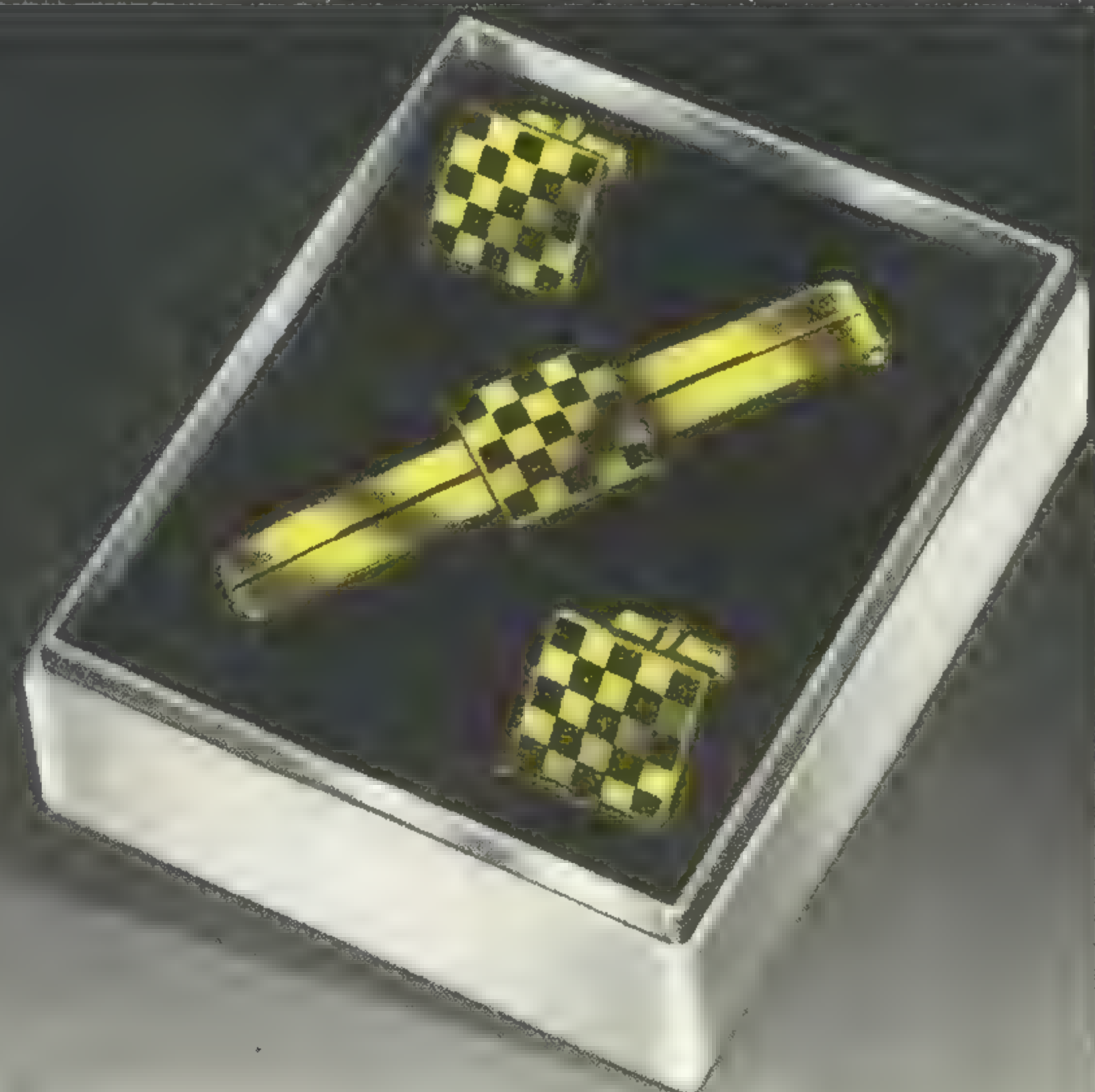
and noble and everybody's all for you. Then the fear comes, and the whispering; the lies and mistakes that make your 'reputation.' And how do you end up? Running. The whispers always are a hop ahead of you, the lies get bigger all the while. And pretty soon you're a killer; it's you or the other guy. Pretty soon there's nothing left but riding and practicing with the guns and knowing that one day nerves and the stuff you drink to forget will catch up with you. The cowards'll have their way. One fine day, you'll meet a guy just a little younger, and just a shade faster on the draw...."

It was quiet. The lamps swayed. Slowly, Clanton rounded the bar. "Go home now. Let the cowards do their own dirty work. Killing me won't help you."

Brock did not move. Clanton stared at him a moment longer, then deliberately started for the door. Brock listened to the chink of spurs, and hoarsely his mind whispered: *What if you let him go? They'll laugh at you—a scared kid, bluffed by Clanton, unable to show at the last minute.* He could hear the sour laughter and see the breach of misunderstanding suddenly wide between him and Stacey.

"Clanton!" he said, his voice

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thick. "Turn, damn you."

Canton turned. And then it was all a blur of motion, the downswing of arms and wink of gun barrels; and through the blast of flame and rocking sound a last glimpse of Clanton's eyes, tired and whiskey-hazed and finished. The air was still and acrid with smoke. Lazily the lamps swished. In the end, very carefully, the door swung inward.

"Jesus God," Totter said. "He done it."

The silence lasted a long while. They carried away Clanton's body. They bandaged the flesh-wound in Brock's arm. Nobody talked. Only once, Parsons glanced at Brock. His watery glance was wide, wary. "That took a mighty fast man," he said aloud.

Totter finished with the bandage. His small, hard eyes switched to the crowd. "Well, what the hell're we waiting on? A toast to the man that outdrew Jesse Clanton!" The tension splintered. Shrill voices spilled out and the chattering barkeep poured drinks. Hands clapped Brock on the

shoulder. *Knew you could do it. It was a great service to the town. Stacey'll be proud as punch with you. You'll be a hero all through the territory. Men'll always remember your name.*

The voices got louder and heartier. Drinks kept coming. Brock stood by the bar, staring at an

untouched whiskey. He should have felt fine. He should have been thinking of Stacey and the house and a real fancy wedding with Preacher Whitton. Only, somehow, thinking was hard. He could not shut out the forced laughter and the eyes of men that kept twitching his way, secretly, inwardly questioning and with no good humor in them, eyes that

dropped quickly when he met them. A hand thumped his shoulder.

Totter grinned. "Drink up, boy! Here's to you. May you always live up to your reputation."

The men cheered. Brock picked up the whiskey and gulped it down, hoping nobody would notice the trembling of his hand. ##

Continued from page 108



"All right, James, eyes on the road"

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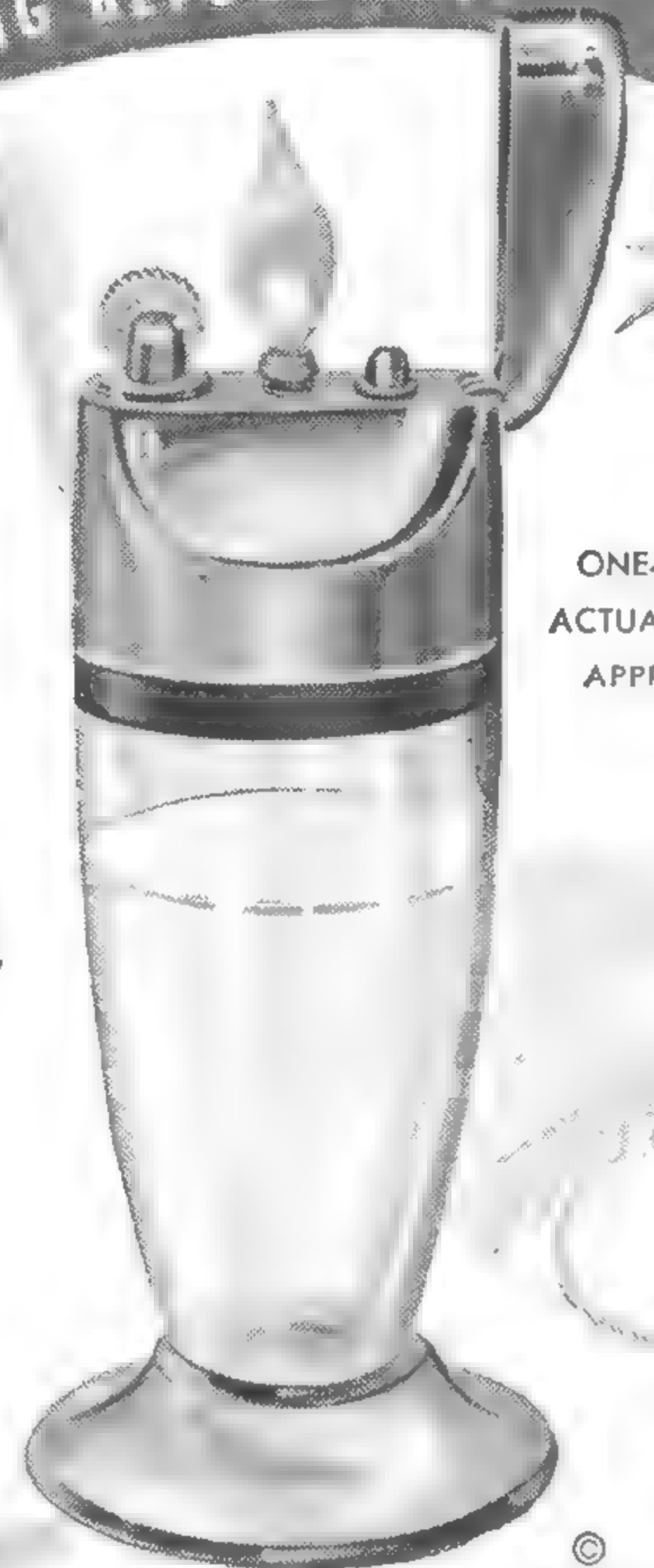
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It's No Trick to Relax

Continued from page 130

Kraft forgets the cheese business while he works with jade and other minerals. And everyone knows Winston Churchill's theory that bricklaying is a simple and delightful way of relaxing.

Hobbies of almost any sort help to relieve tension. Collectors soothe themselves by fingering their treasures and dreaming of new acquisitions. Franklin D. Roosevelt and George V of England collected stamps. William Woodin, the financier who was Roosevelt's first Secretary of the Treasury, was a noted coin collector, and so was Mussolini's office boy, Victor Emmanuel of Italy. James Melton is an avid collector of old motor cars. Henry Ford forgot production problems while he tracked down priceless American antiques.

All of these, along with such pastimes as golfing and reading, are fairly conventional ways of relaxing. But there's no reason why you shouldn't map out your own program; plenty of others have. Mark Sullivan, healthy and active and past seventy, believes in osteopathic treatments, especially for writers, as a means of relaxing. Sitting at a desk all day, he reasons, makes a person's back stiff and cuts down on the flow of blood to the head. He is of the opinion that osteopathic

massage corrects this condition.

So far, the most appealing method of relaxing I've run across was a favorite of Frank Crowninshield's when he ran *Vanity Fair*. He invented games to keep his staff from going stale. The best of these was called "The Rape of the Sabine Women." When he thought it was called for, he signaled some of his staff, each of whom snatched a secretary, hoisted her on his shoulders and rushed about the office. When they were tired, they went back to their editing.

The whole problem is by no means simple. Ever since 1880 they've been talking about the speed of modern living in this country and trying to figure out some way in which people could relax, yet keep up the pace. Some of us apparently are fagged out already. According to studies made a few years back, only fifty-two per cent of us are capable of real all-out hard work. The rest of us haven't learned how to husband our energies well enough and have forgotten—if we ever knew—how to rest.

Frequent periods of rest, incidentally, are both a physical and a psychological necessity. Dr. Karl A. Menninger, noted psychiatrist, has made a scientific study of play. In his book, *Love Against Hate*, he says: "People who don't

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play are potentially dangerous. There seems to be a general idea that recreation is all right if one doesn't take it too seriously. My belief is that much the greater danger lies in not taking it seriously enough." He points out that for a few fortunate adults play becomes an indulgence, but that for others play is psychologically helpful because it helps you to return to that happy childhood state when you weren't tied down by routine and responsibilities; and enables you to work off aggressions (which cause so much harm otherwise) in harmless forms.

Over at Cambridge University, Professor F. C. Bartlett has discovered that there are two basic types of tiredness. The first kind comes when you get tired doing a routine job. The results are simple—you just don't produce as much. More dangerous is the kind of tiredness that hits executives, engineers, doctors, and statesmen. Here fatigue cuts down not on how much you do, but on how well you do it. When you suffer from this second kind of weariness, your sense of timing goes first. You decide to do the right thing, but you do it at the wrong time. Then, if you worry about your timing, you do the wrong thing at the right time. Furthermore, you may not even realize that you're doing badly.

Sleep is almost the core of the

problem of relaxation. Experts figure that about seventy per cent of the good that sleep does for you is the result of lying down relaxed, with daytime muscle tensions gone. However, you don't need a flat eight hours of sleep. Many people can get by on five hours; others feel the roof has fallen in unless they have nine.

The big problem about sleep for most people is the initial problem of *getting* to sleep. Eisenhower has the ability to relax so perfectly that he falls asleep the minute his head touches the pillow. Most of us aren't so lucky. A Japanese scientist, who examined the sleeping habits of several thousand people, found that the average person was in bed half an hour before he fell asleep.

There's a hatful of recipes to speed up your going to sleep. My infallible favorite is to listen to any radio drama. Some doctors recommend spending a dull evening. Less painful, perhaps, is to stop worrying about anything important half an hour before you head for bed. Most of the people already discussed in this article have the ability to lock all their worries into a single mental drawer when they go to bed and then to turn the key on that drawer.

It's all right to read in bed. But don't pick a lively novel, or a mystery story that holds your attention to the last page. Pick something solid and dull on a topic

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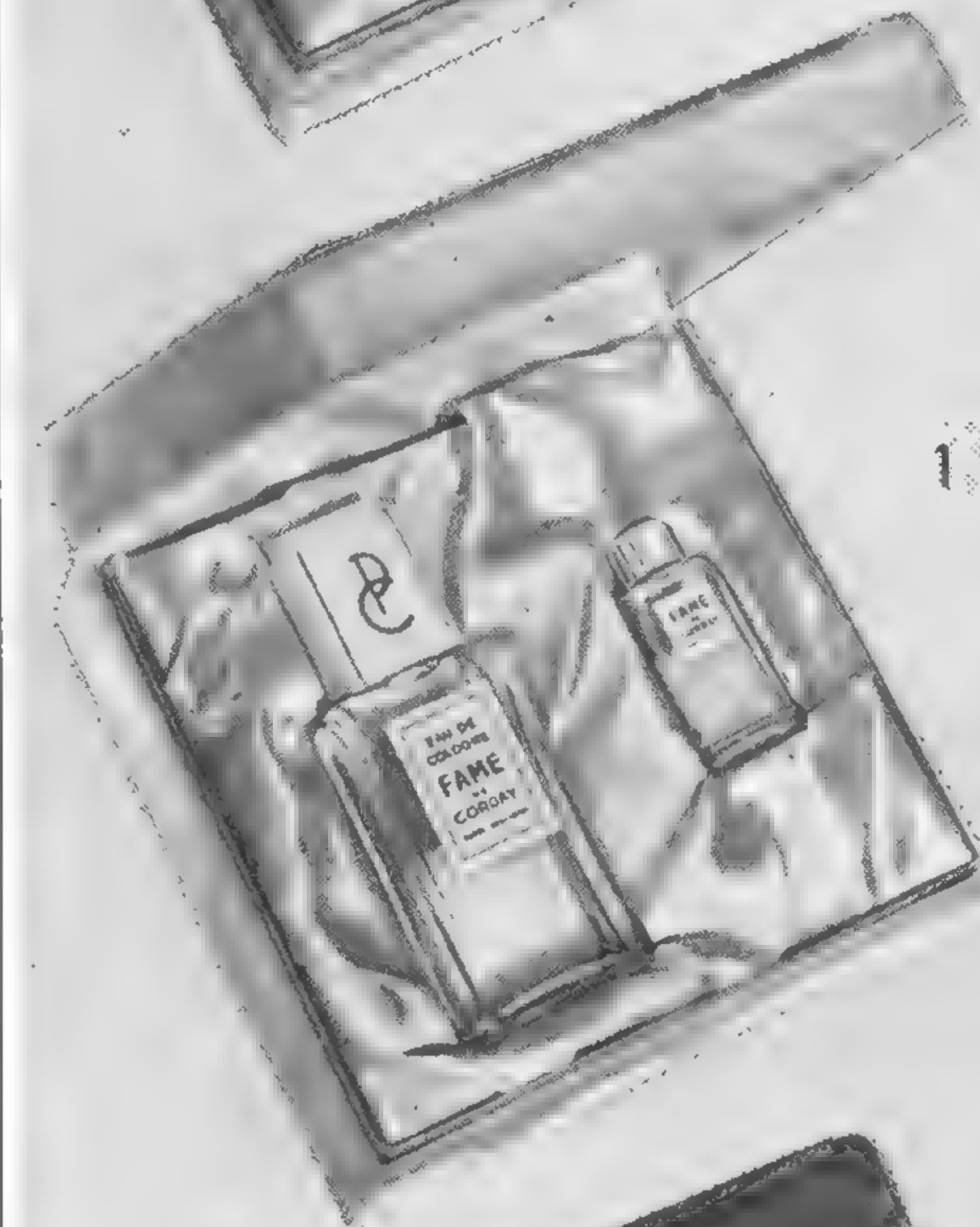
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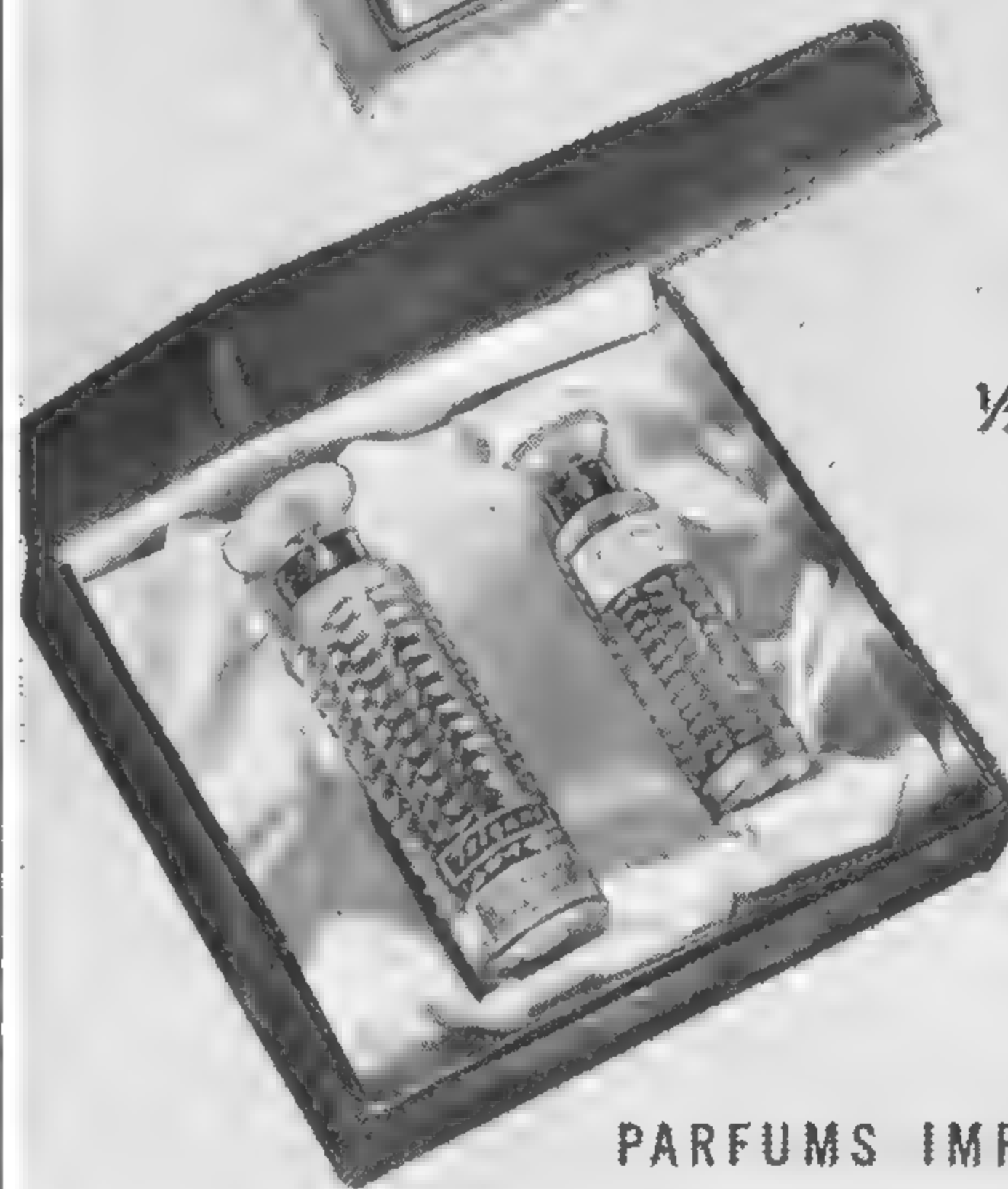
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It's No Trick to Relax

Continued from page 215

you're not too much interested in. Then, when you make up your mind to close your eyes, call up a series of varied and random thoughts that don't mean anything to you in particular. Avoid thinking about anything either serious or connected. One of my favorite recipes is to imagine a slow trip through an African jungle, seen in quick flashbacks.

Perhaps the most scientific work on relaxation has been done by Dr. Edmund Jacobson. He tackles the problem on the basis of tenseness in your muscles, and he feels that proper relaxation demands that you make as many muscles as possible go limp. He calls his method progressive relaxation and says it can be learned just like driving a car or playing a musical instrument. The basic outline of his system starts you out lying flat on your back in a quiet room. (Lying on your side involves some muscle strain.) First you learn how to relax the major parts of your body. You do this with an arm, for example, by raising it up and feeling the tenseness in your muscles. Then you let the arm plop down on the bed beside you, noting how different it feels when all the muscles are relaxed. You practice this way until you can relax an arm at will; then you go on to other groups of muscles.

Actually, as Dr. Jacobson sees it, relaxation isn't something that you do. It's something that happens when you stop doing something else. After you learn to relax groups of your muscles, you can practice wherever you are, sitting in a chair, reading, or even writing. What he's shooting at in this kind of partial relaxation—which he calls differential relaxation—is what the golf pro tells you to do. The pro who insists you relax means you should keep relaxed all muscles not directly involved in walloping the ball. It's the mark of the beginner in any sport to tense all his muscles, thus causing them to work against one another.

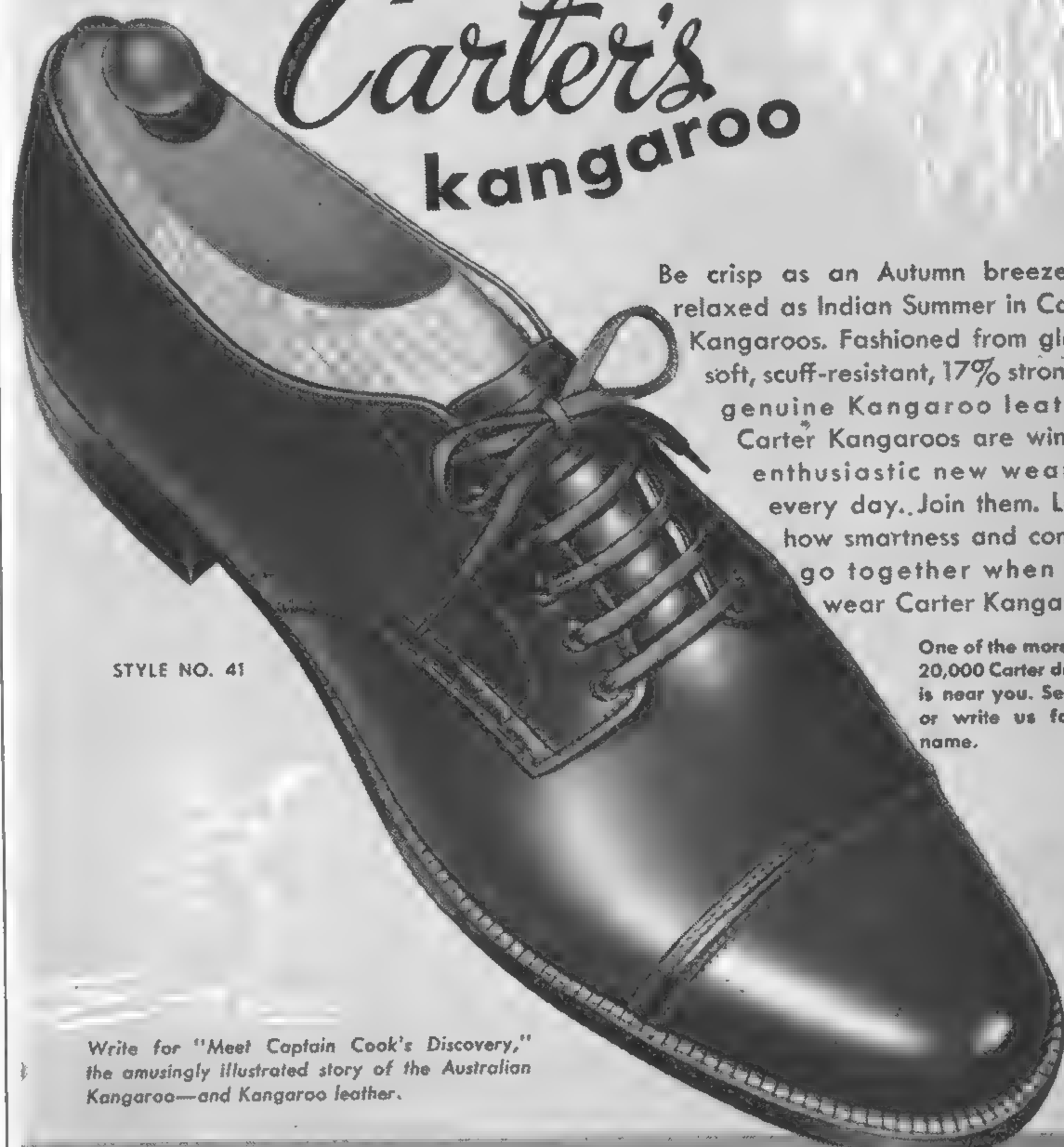
There's one more angle. Don't forget that your emotions can tense your muscles. Tests have shown that students who try too hard to solve problems unconsciously tense their muscles and consequently tire themselves out. The stupider the student, the harder the problem, the more his mind twists his muscles into knots. So if you're in a spot where you've got many problems to solve, better get started on a method of relaxation to fend off tiredness. Whether you go in for a hobby, learn to take cat naps, or practice Jacobson's scientific relaxation, you can't go far wrong. #

Continued from page 130

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Riding the Big Combs

Continued from page 91

the shore as possible, or "outside." A good wave rises in a long line parallel to the beach and it should "hump up" to as great a steepness as possible before breaking. Winter and spring usually provide the best surf, mainly because storm conditions whip breakers to a higher peak. No matter how cold the weather may be, the boys head for the outside fringe of the surf when it is good.

Surfboard riding was originated in the South Sea Islands, mostly in the area of the Hawaiian group. Duke Kahanomoku is reputed to have introduced surfboarding to the west coast of California. Actually, though, the credit for this belongs to George Freeth, an English-Hawaiian from the Islands. Freeth was hired by a Southern California railway in 1910 to build up all aquatic sports, including surfboarding, as an inducement for tourists.

Since that time, Southern Californians who are willing and able have built up surfing to a point where it is now a major sport on the coast. San Onofre has become a worthy rival to the tradition-steeped shores of Waikiki.

Frequent visits to Hawaii by surf enthusiasts have had a marked effect on the beach life of San Onofre, or 'Nofre, as it is often called. When the surf is

poor, everyone is likely to gather on the beach for a "uke" and singing contest. Foreigners to San Onofre often become confused when greeted with, "Aloha Nui, malahini. The surf looks pretty pilau, no?" (A liberal translation of this pidgin-Hawaiian might be, "Hello there, newcomer. The surf looks pretty bad, doesn't it?")

As far as the actual art of surfboard riding is concerned, the Hawaiian beach boy is assumed to be the master. This is a natural assumption, for the art has been passed along from father to son for many years. However, the San Onofre old-timers now claim to have developed a technique that far surpasses that of the islanders.

Like the Hawaiians, the Californians paddle their boards with both arms and from a kneeling or prone position, in order to catch the wave. Once in the wave, they ride the board, too, in the accepted standing position.

The West Coast surfer has improved the Hawaiian technique, he believes, by using the foot as a rudder for steering purposes. When the surfer dips his foot in the water on the right side of his board, the board veers sharply in that direction. By an equivalent maneuver with the left foot, the board can be directed toward the

Continued on page 218

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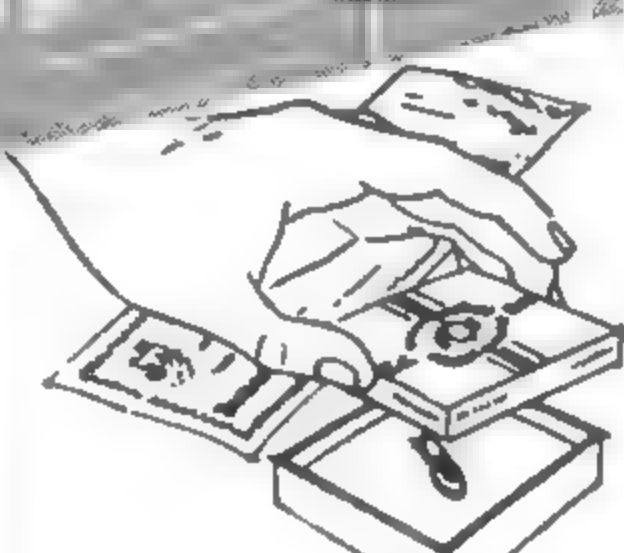


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Riding the Big Combs

Continued from page 217

left. In using the foot as a steering gear, the surfer can guide his board to the most advantageous spot in the wave. This so-called "spot" is that part of the wave which has not broken and is just ahead of the portion that has broken. A truly accomplished surfer can ride this particular formation of the wave, called "the hook," for the entire length of the beach, guiding his board at from a ten-degree to a forty-five-degree angle to the wave.

Where the California surfer guides his board away from the break of the wave, the Hawaiian simply allows the wave to carry the board at will. As a result, the Islanders often find themselves "fighting the soup" when the wave engulfs them.

San Onofre itself is not the lush paradise that a Hollywood production might picture it. It is actually just a strip of beach with very high cliffs rising in the background. There are other locations suitable for surfboard riding in Southern California that surpass San Onofre in beauty—and even, on occasion, in good surfing waves.

Palos Verdes, for instance, bears the name of "The Waikiki of California" because of its enormous cove surrounded by beautiful mountains. Dana Point, a California landmark, certainly

rivals the beauty of the Islands. And there are many others, including Malibu, the chosen spa of Hollywood motion-picture stars. Although these picturesque places are notable for their beauty, however, none seem to attain the individuality of San Onofre. And, incidentally, none produce the individual characters that 'Nofre can boast of. Each character has been tagged with a nickname to fit his personality. 'Nofre personalities are called by such names as Hammerhead, Nelly Bly, Burrhead, Keoki, The Old Man (a gentleman in his sixties who is still an avid surfer), Magitz, and Long John.

Outsiders who visit San Onofre are amazed at the utter lack of worry that characterizes some of its inhabitants. Just to see the fellows lazing on the beach, living in trucks, old Army ambulances, or simply on the sand during their week-end stays, leads one to believe that San Onofre is cut off from the rest of California. It is a good, happy life that these people live, and they seem to thrive on it.

The surfers claim that a fellow has to be a little crazy to live on the beach with all the sand crabs. But, then, there are those who think that a fellow would have to be crazy to ride a board on a twenty-foot wave in midwinter.##

Continued from page 91



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A Very Trusting Guy

Continued from page 89

starts back to New York, and on the second night Mr. Creecher, Mr. Boland, and Otis are walking around the boat when Otis suggests playing a little poker and the three head for a card room.

No sooner do they sit down at a table than Otis hears a voice at his back. "Why, hello there, Otis, old boy," and Otis feels a friendly slap on his back. "Fancy meeting you on board."

Otis turns. It is Irwin Rudd, looking the same as the last time Otis sees him three years ago except that now he has a crew haircut. Otis has no choice but to make with the introductions.

"I see," says Irwin, "that you are just sitting down for a game of cards. Mind if I join you, Otis, old boy?"

Now, Otis has all the faith in the world in Emma, but it does seem a little peculiar that Irwin should turn up on this boat and not be seen by Otis until Otis begins a card game. So he kind of coughs, wondering what to say, when Mr. Creecher answers. "Why, not at all, Mr. Rudd," he says. "Any friend of Mr. Nulty's is a friend of ours—right, Boland? Pull up a chair."

So the game begins. They decide on stakes which are by no means modest and Otis slips in his own cards with his usual

smoothness. On the very first hand, Otis reads the backs of the cards which Irwin holds, and these backs show that Irwin has a pair of sixes. The backs of Mr. Boland's cards show a pair of aces. So it is not at all difficult for Otis to understand why Mr. Boland is betting with great confidence, but he cannot understand why Irwin is so proud to go along with him, holding only a pair of sixes. Otis, like Mr. Creecher, holds nothing at all, and they drop out. The betting between Boland and Irwin gets pretty strong; at last Boland calls, and it turns out that Boland shows his hand not to be aces but two pair, jacks and sevens, whereas Irwin does not show up a pair of sixes but a winning flush.

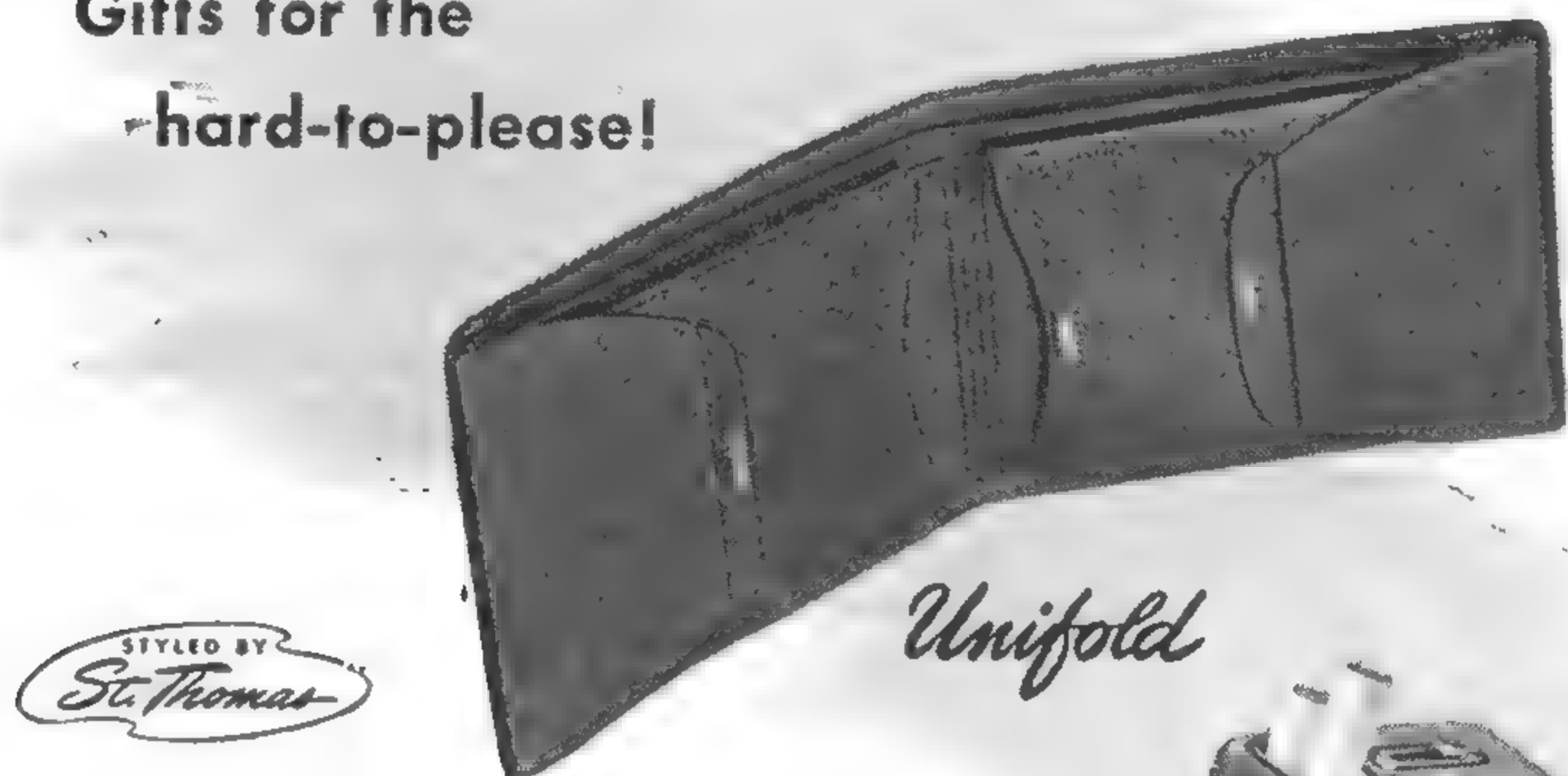
Otis has a flush, too, but it is on his face. It does not take much concentration for him to realize the markings of his cards are not as per the way he arranges them on his machine. Otis begins to think of Emma, but he cannot make himself believe she changes the markings in Irwin's favor.

Well, Otis manages to bend a card a few hands later, which means new cards are needed. Otis slips a new deck in and the game goes on, but the markings of this deck are just as mixed up to Otis.

Otis tries to figure out the mark-

Continued on page 220

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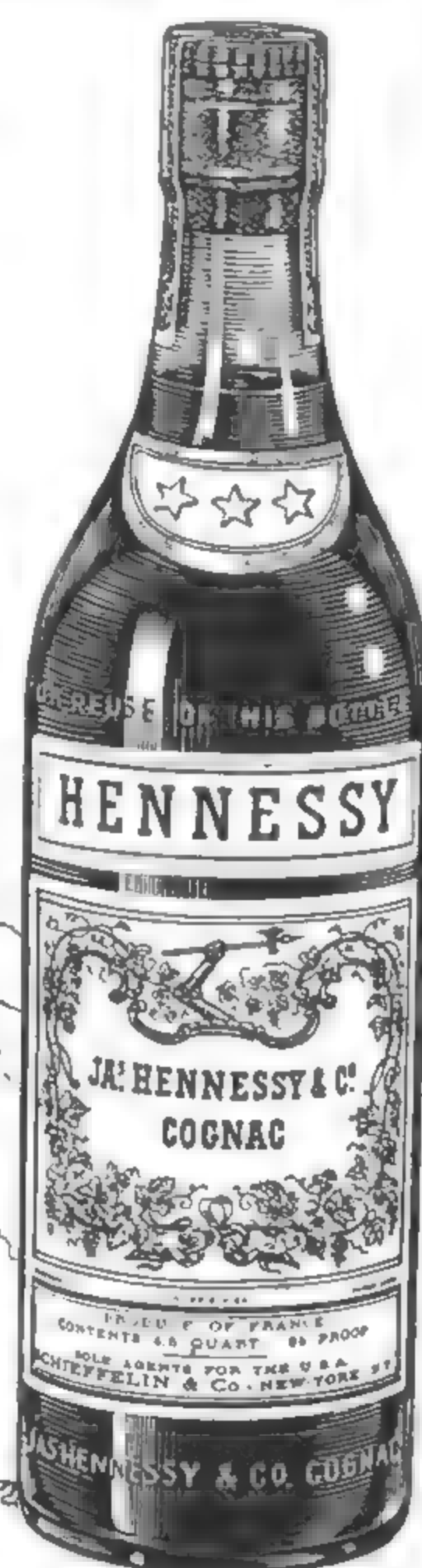
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A Very Trusting Guy

Continued from page 219

ings, but Irwin keeps winning. It is plain the cards are marked in Irwin's favor. But Otis does not seem to be able to control himself. He keeps plunging and trying to figure out the markings. By one a.m. the game breaks up only because Otis is cleaned out. Irwin is the only winner. He takes a mere couple of hundred each from Mr. Creecher and Mr. Boland, but from Otis he gets every dollar of working capital—the whole five thousand fish.

From that minute on until the boat gets back to New York, Otis sticks to his room, trying to figure things out. He refuses to believe that Emma has flimflammed him. He keeps telling himself he will never question Emma's loyalty.

It is with this feeling that Otis walks down the gangplank of the ship and into the arms of his wife. Emma kisses him warmly and asks him how business is.

"Not good," he answers simply, as they start to walk away. "Good," she says.

Otis stops short. He measures his words. "Emma, my dear, I have never questioned your loyalty. I have ignored the rumors about you and Irwin Rudd. I have said nothing to you about the money Irwin returned to you. I have even set aside my suspicion about Irwin's cleaning me out

with the very cards you gave me. But when you express pleasure at my not having done well, I must ask for an explanation."

"Otis," says Emma, "I admit I saw Irwin Rudd while you were away. I also admit that Irwin and I fixed the machine so that the card markings would be changed. It was Irwin's plan to beat you at your own game and I am glad that he did."

Before Otis can react to Emma's shocking words, there is a commotion at the end of the gangplank. Otis and Emma turn to see a group of cops firmly handling Irwin. He is being unwillingly helped into a prowler car which drives away with siren screaming.

"You see, Otis," says Emma, looking up at him and smiling brightly, "the money that Irwin paid back to me I turned over to you for your working capital. I fixed the cards so you would lose that money back to him. Knowing Irwin to be a phony, I knew that his money was, too."

Otis looks at the disappearing prowler car. "So you tipped off the police to pick up Irwin for having homemade money?"

"How else could I get rid of him?" asks Emma.

Otis chuckles. "I would say," he says, "that Irwin Rudd was certainly a very trusting guy." #

Continued from page 89

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Ethics for a Goose

Continued from page 94

do you think you're, Bub?"

"Don't have to think. Know who I am. Name's Potter. Peabody Potter."

"The lawyer?"

"Who else but?" Bill snapped.

The deputy looked at Bill as though he weren't there, then turned to Mr. Potter. "Then, you better give this guy a little quick advice."

"Already have," Mr. Potter said. "Now I'll give you some. This writ of attachment authorizes you to seize his car. But the car happens to be locked in the garage. And this doesn't authorize you to break into the garage. Need a search warrant for that. Got a search warrant?"

"Look, Mr. Potter." The deputy scowled. "Don't give me that. We don't need any search warrant to break into a garage—"

"Do to break into this one."

The deputy turned to his team mate and covertly winked one eye. Then he looked at Mr. Potter. "Yeah? Why?"

"Because this garage is attached to—and is, therefore, legally a part of—Mr. Lawtery's house. That's why. Unless you have a search warrant, I must advise my client that he would be wholly within his constitutional rights in resisting any attempt at forcible entry on your part with a shot-

gun." He turned to Bill and winked. "Got a shotgun around?"

Bill's eyes danced. "And how!" He started up the steps to the house.

The deputy's team mate leaned out of the window of the sheriff's car and smiled. "Leave us go, Joe," he said.

"Guess you're not going to need that gun, Bill," Mr. Potter called. He turned to the deputy and shook his head. "Seems a fellow ought to know a little something about the law before he takes a job enforcing it."

The deputy waved the tow-car driver away and started slowly to his car. "Don't worry about me, Mr. Potter," he said easily. "I know plenty about the law."

"Figured you did."

"Didn't seem to know that, Joe," the deputy's team mate said with mock seriousness. Then he grinned and stepped on the starter.

"You sure taught them something," Bill said, when both cars had got under way.

"Taught 'em nothing," Mr. Potter shook his head. "Know the law as well as I do. Stopped 'em from getting away with something is all!" He frowned. "And now, Buster, I want to talk to you!"

"Sure, Mr. Potter." Bill looked at him speculatively and led the

Continued on page 222



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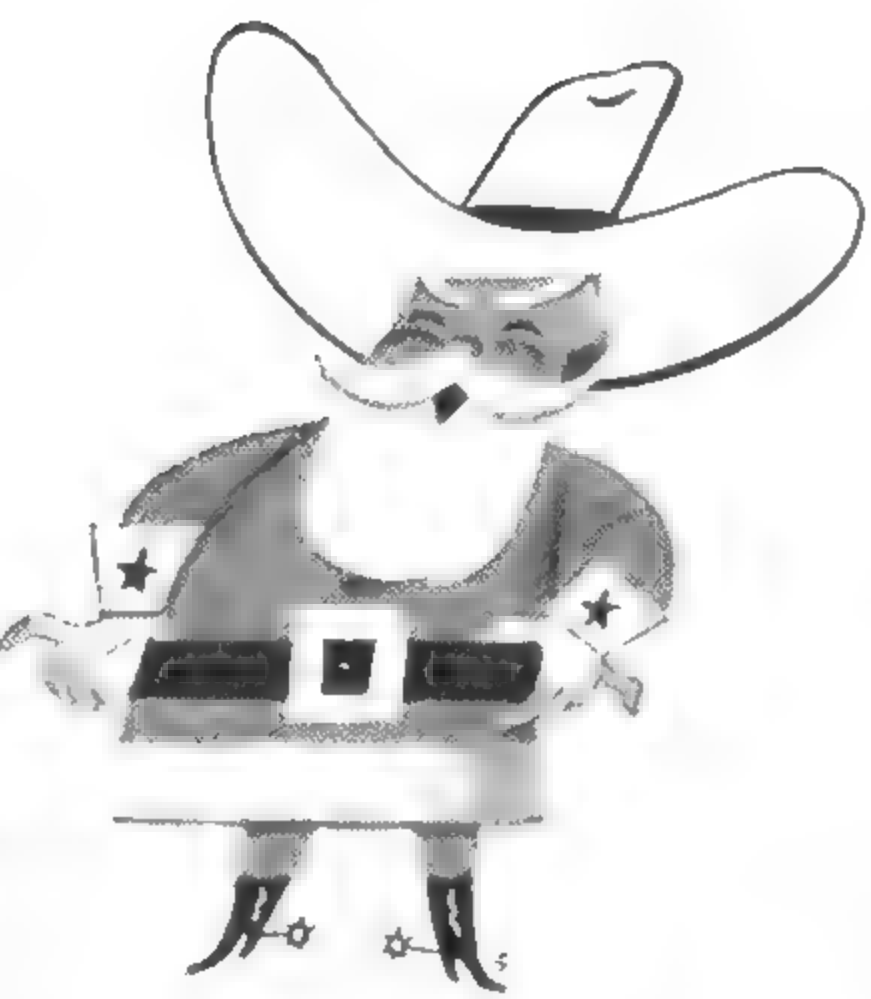
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Ethics for a Goose

Continued from page 221

way up to the house. When they reached the den, he indicated a sprawling easy chair, and when Mr. Potter had eased his bulk into it, Bill sat down opposite him.

"Temporary triumph," Mr. Potter growled. "Sooner or later, they'll get your car. Now, why don't you pay what's due on it?"

"Give you three guesses," Bill said. "But you can probably make it in one!" He shook his head. "They want four hundred dollars—and I—I just can't swing it. That's all."

"Can if I lend you the money." Bill's eyes widened. "You—you mean you—would?"

"Mean I might. Before I—invest, I like to know what I'm investing in." He frowned. "Last time I saw you—you and Nancy—you had a deal on with Ultra Pictures. Sold 'em a story, as I remember it. That was only a couple of months ago. Now, how come you're broke?"

"It wasn't a story," Bill said glumly. "It was a book. *The Dark Decade*. And I sold it for buttons!"

"Why?"

Bill shrugged. "I thought it was the smart thing to do. I needed the dough, of course. But I hadn't worked or had a screen credit in over a year, and I needed a job—and a credit—even more. The deal was that if I sold 'em the

book at their figure, they'd sign me to do the screen play." He looked at Mr. Potter hopefully. "That wasn't so—dumb, was it?"

"Something tells me it was," Mr. Potter said.

"It was," Bill sighed. "They gave me a job, all right. Only instead of saying that I was engaged to write the screen play, my contract read that I was engaged to *work on* the screen play. And it didn't say for how long."

"You make the deal with Robertollini?"

Bill looked at him curiously. "How'd you know?"

"I'm psychic," he said drily. "How long did you work?"

"For exactly one week. Then they canned me, and Robertollini put his nephew Victor on the yarn." He gestured hopelessly. "Instead of getting somewhere around fifteen thousand out of the deal, I got two thousand—and a week's salary!"

"And they got the book?"

Bill nodded. "If only I'd had a lawyer!"

"Or a psychiatrist," Mr. Potter snapped. "Now—what's all this foolishness with you and Nancy?"

"That's exactly what it is," Bill said vehemently. "Foolishness. Only she wouldn't believe it. That started with this book deal, too. I thought *The Dark*

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Decade would sell—bingo!" He snapped his fingers. "Like that. But it didn't. Then I thought that if I could talk some star into wanting to play the part, why—that would go a long way toward influencing the studio and—"

"Some female star, of course," Mr. Potter said archly.

"It was a woman's part!" Bill said indignantly. "Anyway, that's what got me started with Anita Voyle. She's Robertollini's top star—and, after all, there isn't anything wrong in taking a dame to dinner a few times. Besides, if it hadn't been for Anita, Robertollini wouldn't have bought the book. Gosh, Nancy should have been grateful! Well, the day I closed the deal—nothing would do but we had to celebrate."

"You and Nancy?"

"Anita," Bill said sourly. "She took me to dinner, at Mocambo. I was pretty hopped up about the deal and everything—and I guess I must have kissed her. Anyway, Nancy found lipstick on my handkerchief next morning."

"Guess you must have," Mr. Potter said drily.

"I tried to tell her how it happened, but she wouldn't listen. She blew up, and then—she just blew. That's all."

Mr. Potter looked at Bill thoughtfully for a few seconds, as though he were adding him up.

Then his face softened. "You tried to see Nancy—to straighten things out?" he asked.

"Sure I've tried." Bill shook his head. "But no dice! She won't see me, and when I phone her she hangs up." He rose angrily.

"Pretty woman, Voyle."

"Sure she is. But what's that got to do with it? I didn't do anything so awful!"

"Makes it twice as hard for Nancy to believe you didn't," Mr. Potter said. He rose and, picking up the writ of attachment, stuffed it in his back pocket. "Going to pay off your car and lend you a little something till you get on your feet," he said gruffly.

"Gosh, Mr. Potter." Bill swallowed hard. "That's swell of you,

Continued on page 224



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Ethics for a Goose

(Continued from page 223)

only —I—I don't know how I'm going to be able to pay you back."

"You'll pay me back," Mr. Potter grunted. "Or I'll attach your car. And now—" He frowned. "What are you going to do about Nancy?"

"I don't know," he said glumly. "I'd like to knock some sense into her. I know that!"

"Why? Did she come home with lipstick on her handkerchief?" Mr. Potter looked at Bill narrowly, but he didn't wait for him to reply. "Where's she living?"

"She won't tell me. All I know is she's working at Sexton's on Wilshire."

"The haberdashery?"

"She's got her old job back." Bill followed Mr. Potter to the door. "Gosh, Mr. Potter—you—you wouldn't want to talk to her, would you?" he asked hopefully.

Mr. Potter's face suddenly took on the expression of a man who is momentarily expecting an ulcer. "Yes," he snapped. "I wouldn't. But I'll probably have to."

It was nearly noon when he arrived at his suite of offices in Hollywood's famed Mutual Building. Letting himself into his private office, he tossed his hat in the general direction of a coat tree and slumped comfortably into his massive swivel chair. Then, ignoring the elaborate buzzer-and-in-

tercommunication system, he bel-lowed lustily for Wendy Osborn, his secretary.

When she entered, he grinned affably. "Good morning," he said.

"It was, wasn't it." She sniffed, and pointedly consulted her wrist watch. "Do you know it's almost noon, and that Mr. Robertollini, at Ultra, has been calling you ever since nine-thirty?"

"What's he want?"

"He wouldn't tell me. He just said it was very important."

"Means it's important to him. Might phone him and tell him I'll see him in an hour. What else?"

Wendy was blue-eyed and blonde and pert, with the face of a magazine-cover model and the efficiency quotient of an expert accountant. She handed him a list of other callers and flipped open her notebook. "Mr. Le Blanc, at Acme, wants to see you. I told him you'd lunch with him at twelve-thirty."

Mr. Potter sighed. "Twelve-thirty? Silly. Why'd you make it so early?"

"I didn't know you were going to stop off and snag a couple of chocolate fudge sundaes," Wendy said pleasantly.

Fudge sundaes, like all other sweets, were on Dr. Norton's list of things that were strictly taboo, and Mr. Potter, coloring slowly

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and beautifully, affected a great and sudden interest in the headlines of the morning paper that lay spread open on the desk. He cleared his throat guiltily, and hoped that she would go away. But Wendy didn't go away.

"Two, yet." She rubbed it in. Mr. Potter sighed—and gave up. "All right," he muttered. "Very small ones. How'd you know?"

Wendy pointed to a broad smear of chocolate on the end of his tie. "They don't put that much fudge—in only one."

"Humph. Might stop looking so pleased with yourself," he growled, and handed her the writ of attachment on Bill Lawtery's car. "Better take care of this right away—and notify the finance company that you are taking care of it. Then call Sexton's and find out what department Mrs. Lawtery works in. Oh yes—and phone Bill Lawtery and ask him to drop in here at about three-thirty. Want to give him a check."

"Is that William Lawtery, the writer?"

Mr. Potter nodded.

"Didn't I read that the Lawterys were divorced, or separated, or something?"

"Separated," Mr. Potter said. "They are. And you undoubtedly did!"

"O-o-h!" Wendy smiled. "Four!"

"What do you mean—four?"

"Four is what you get when you

put two and two together."

"Humph," Mr. Potter snorted. "Conclusion jumping again!"

"You name me something that's more fun—and costs less." Wendy sniffed, and went out.

When she returned a few minutes later, Mr. Potter brushed the remainder of his mail into the wastebasket and rose. "Would you leave your husband if he came home with lipstick on his handkerchief?" he asked.

Wendy looked at him curiously. Then her eyes narrowed and her lips firmed. "I couldn't."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "Somebody'd have to be around—to nurse him," she said bluntly, and consulted her book. "Mr. Lawtery will be here at three-thirty. Mrs. Lawtery is in men's neckwear, first floor. And the finance company is very very happy about the whole thing." She looked at her wrist watch. "You keeping your luncheon appointment, or not?"

"Not." Mr. Potter smiled. "Going to see Robertollini now. After that, I'll probably drop by Sexton's and have a chat with Nancy Lawtery. Back about three."

He picked up his hat and started for the door.

"Haven't you forgotten something?" Wendy asked.

He looked at her askance.

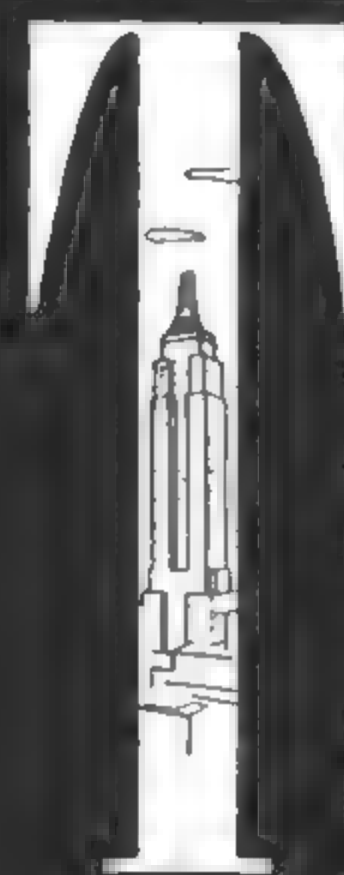
"Your bow and arrow," she said sweetly. "Or doesn't the

Continued on page 226

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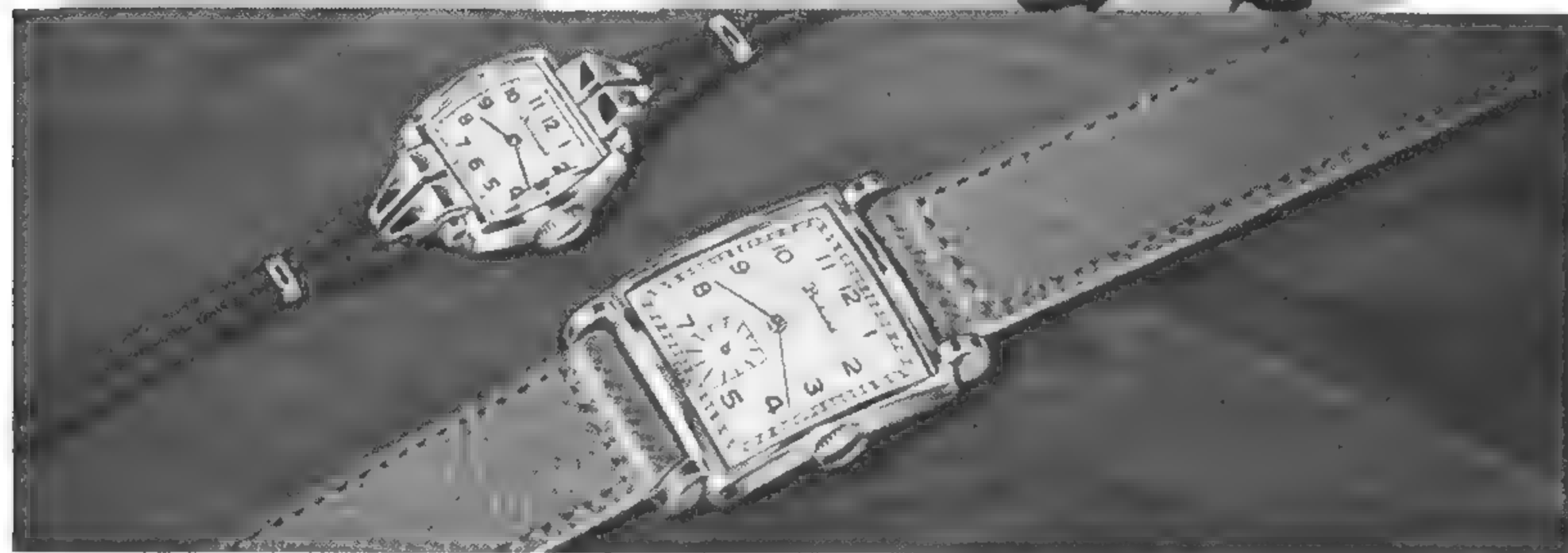
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Ethics for a Goose

Continued from page 225

modern Cupid use a bow and arrow?"

Mr. Hannibal Robertollini, the executive producer of Ultra Films, was waiting for Mr. Potter in his private office. The office, once humorously referred to by a director no longer on the Ultra pay roll as "the north forty," was, like its occupant, ornate, plush, and slightly overstuffed. Robertollini, seated behind a massive circular desk, off in the general direction of right field, nodded glumly. He was a heavy, well-fed, gloomy individual, with close-cropped curly hair, bright, nervous eyes, and an addiction to eating his fingernails in a crisis. "What are you so happy about?" he said, by way of greeting.

"Got a clear conscience." Mr. Potter smiled. He dragged a chair eight or nine yards closer to Robertollini's desk and sat down.

"That you couldn't photograph. A conscience," Robertollini said. He picked up a contract and tossed it in Mr. Potter's general direction. "We are suspending Miss Anita Voyle. This here is her contract. Why I wished to see you is, can we do that?"

Mr. Potter didn't pick up the contract. He shook his head. "No," he said pleasantly.

"How do you know it's 'no' when you ain't even read it?"

Robertollini snapped.

"Don't have to read it. I wrote it," Mr. Potter said. "Why'd you want to suspend her?"

Robertollini opened a large brown bottle, poured several small white pills into the palm of his hand, gulped them down, and made an even wryer face. "She is completely nonco-operative. She is also too important for her own importance. Besides which, she refuses to play the part which we have assigned her to," he snapped. "We have been shooting on the picture five weeks already, and as of up until yesterday, her part has been rewrote half a dozen times." He threw up his hands dramatically. "And as of up until this morning, the great Miss Voyle claims it is still nonsatisfactory!"

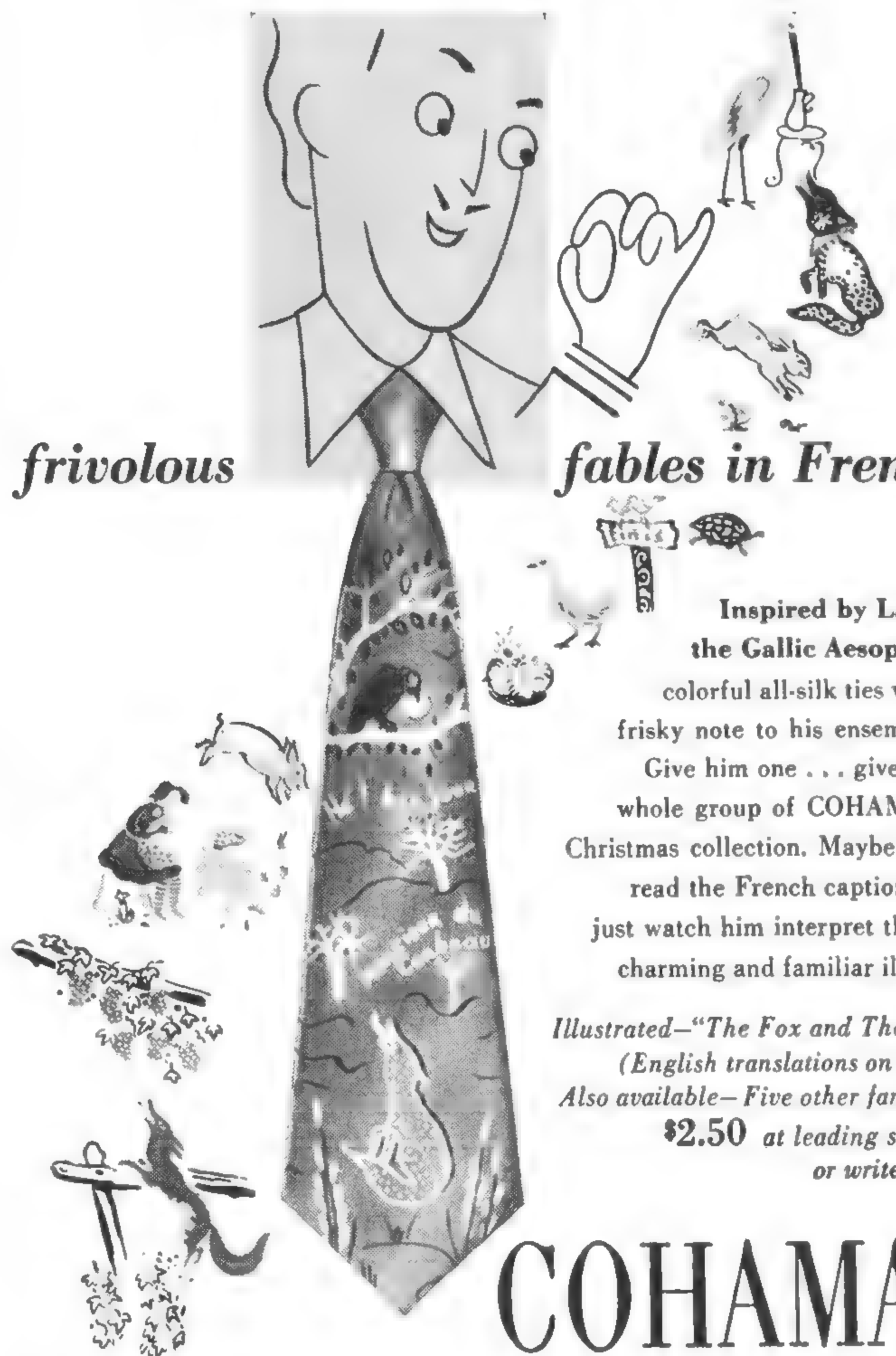
"Maybe it is," Mr. Potter said simply.

Robertollini frowned. "For that kind of advice, I don't need to pay a lawyer," he said. "I personally believe *The Dark Decade* will establish her as another Garbo, maybe—or in the least a Crawford—which should happen to a bag like Voyle, yet! However, that is that. The problem now is, if we couldn't suspend her—and you say we couldn't—what are we going to do?"

"*Dark Decade*, hunh?" Mr. Pot-

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ter's eyes narrowed. "That the book you bought from Lawtery?"

"One and the same. Why do you ask?"

"Wanted to know," Mr. Potter said simply. Then he frowned. "Why didn't you keep him on to write the screen play? Might have saved yourself this trouble with Voyle if you had."

Robertollini shook his head. "Why should we pay him a thousand a week when my nephew Victor could do the same amount of pages for less than half that, even?"

"Agreed to, didn't you?"

"Me? Ridiculous. Lawtery should consult his contract."

"Did," Mr. Potter said thoughtfully. "When it was too late. That

was a fast one, Hannibal. Legal—but lousy. Boy sold you that book for peanuts—because he needed a job—and because you agreed, in order to get the book, to hire him to write the screen play."

Robertollini smiled condescendingly. "Excuse me. Are you a lawyer—or a mind reader? We got only to abide by what it says in

the contract—and you know it."

"Legally, but not ethically."

"Look, Counselor. You couldn't pay your stockholders off in principles. Not Ultra's stockholders, anyway. They wish profits. Business is business—and ethics is something else again. And the two don't mix. You got to remember that, Counselor."

"I will."

"Besides," Robertollini said, "whose side you on, all of a sudden?"

"Depends on who's being pushed around." Mr. Potter rose and slipped Miss Voyle's contract into his pocket. "I'll take this back to the office and look it over."

"Good boy. And bear in mind, this is not just another one of

those things. We got half a million dollars in *The Dark Decade* already. And with or without Voyle, even, we got to finish the picture. You got to think of something!"

"Probably will," Mr. Potter smiled. "I'll call you later."

But he wasn't smiling when he reached his car. He was almost halfway back to his office when

Continued on page 228



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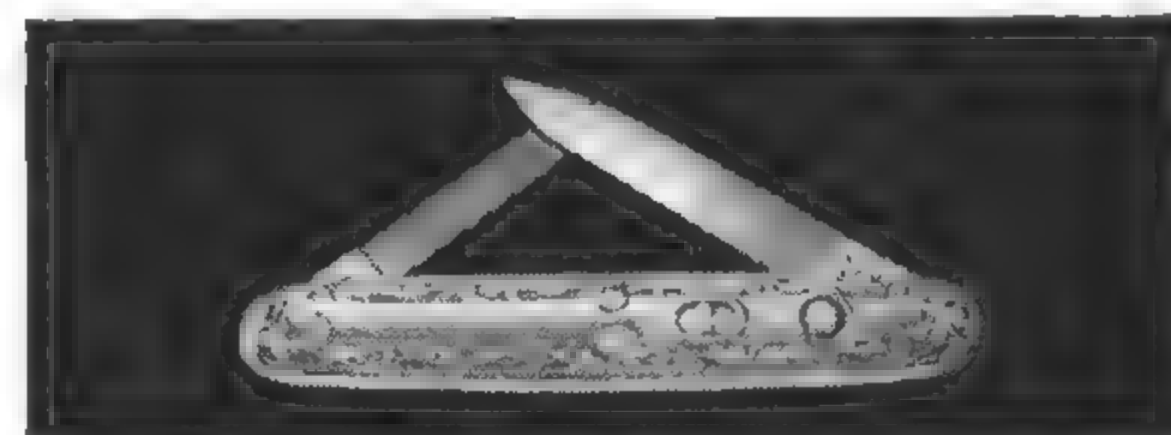
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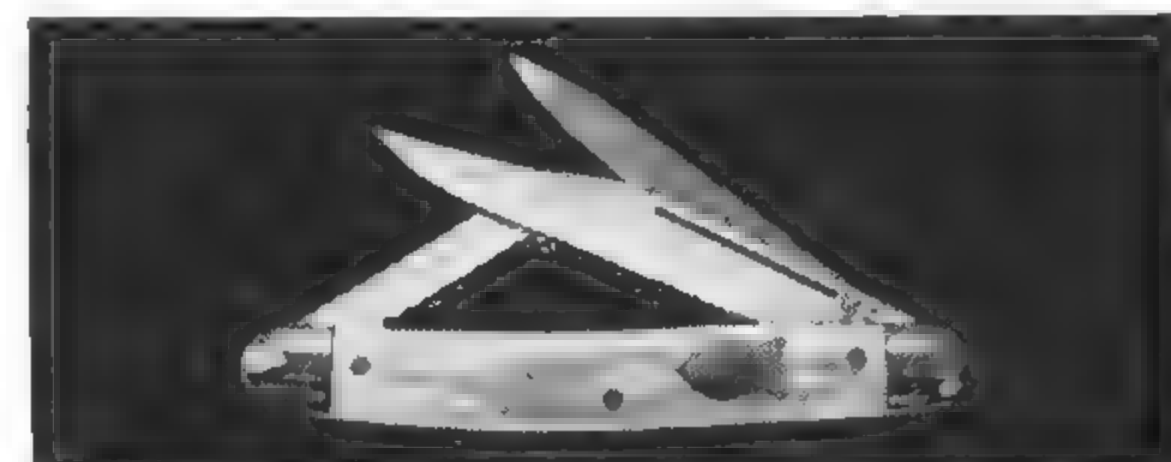
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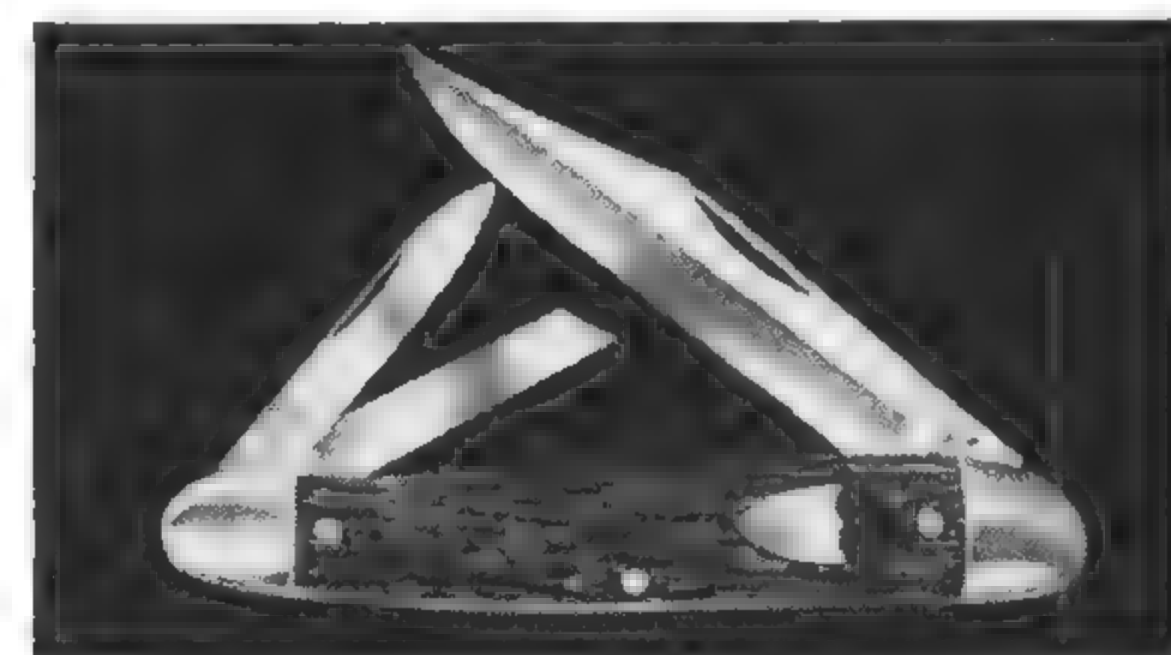
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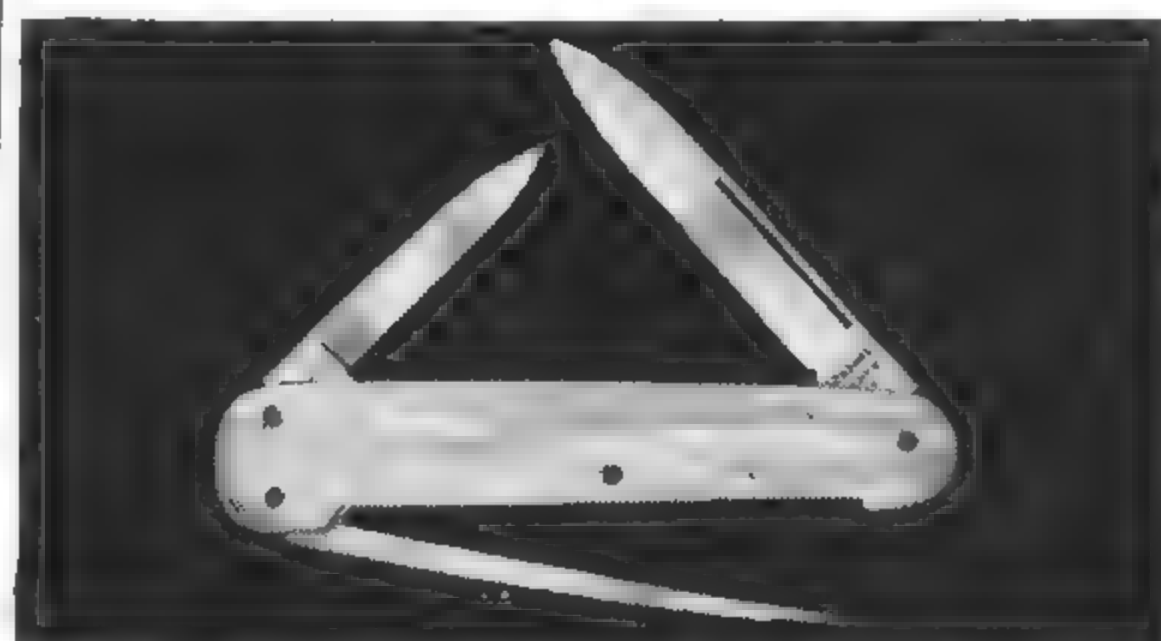
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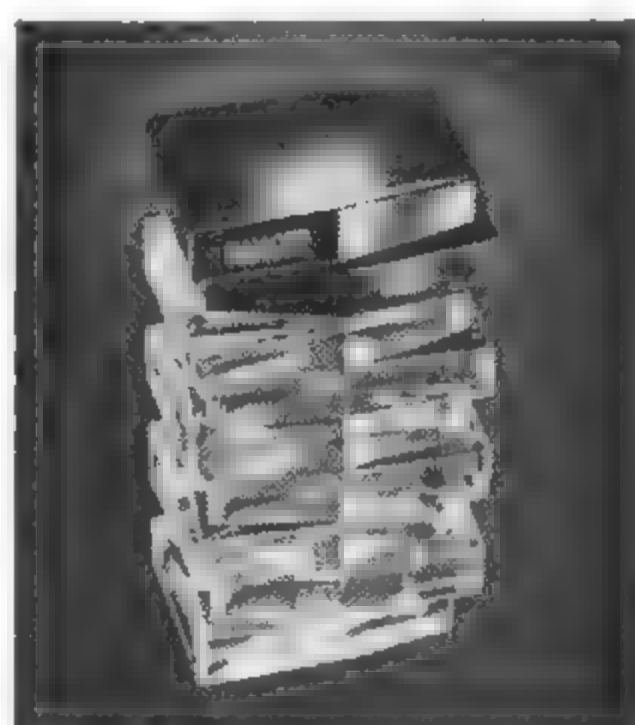
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Ethics for a Goose

Continued from page 227

a fleeting glance into the rear-view mirror reminded him of the fudge spot on his tie. And that, in turn, reminded him of his contemplated visit to Nancy Lawtery; he swung the car around and headed back down Wilshire Boulevard.

The neckwear department was immediately left of the Wilshire entrance, and Mr. Potter spotted Nancy from the doorway. But, mindful of the fact that his was an errand that would require considerable finesse, he didn't approach her directly. Assuming an air of nonchalance, he dawdled in front of a display of hand-painted scarves, burrowed through a tray of knitted four-in-hands, and then inched his way—slowly and apparently pointlessly—toward the counter over which she presided.

He was knotting a candy-striped four-in-hand around his thumb and forefinger when she wandered over. "Hello, Mr. Potter," she said casually.

"Why—why—hello, Nancy," he sputtered in feigned surprise.

She was small and slim, with sparkling blue eyes and the merest suggestion of a nose. Her blue-black hair, brushed severely back from her forehead and parted in the center, accented the whiteness of her skin—and her full, red lips reminded Mr. Potter of out-

sized cherries.

She smiled eagerly. "I-I had an idea you'd be in," she said.

"Me?" This time, his surprise was genuine.

"Ever since your office called this morning."

"Oh," he said, and made a mental note to kick the efficient Miss Osborn in the teeth. Then he scowled. "Saw—Bill—this morning."

Her lips firmed, but she said nothing.

"Tells me that you won't talk to him, and that when he calls you hang up."

"That's right," she said calmly.

"May be right—but it isn't smart!"

"Hunh," Nancy sniffed. "I suppose his playing around with Anita Voyle was smart."

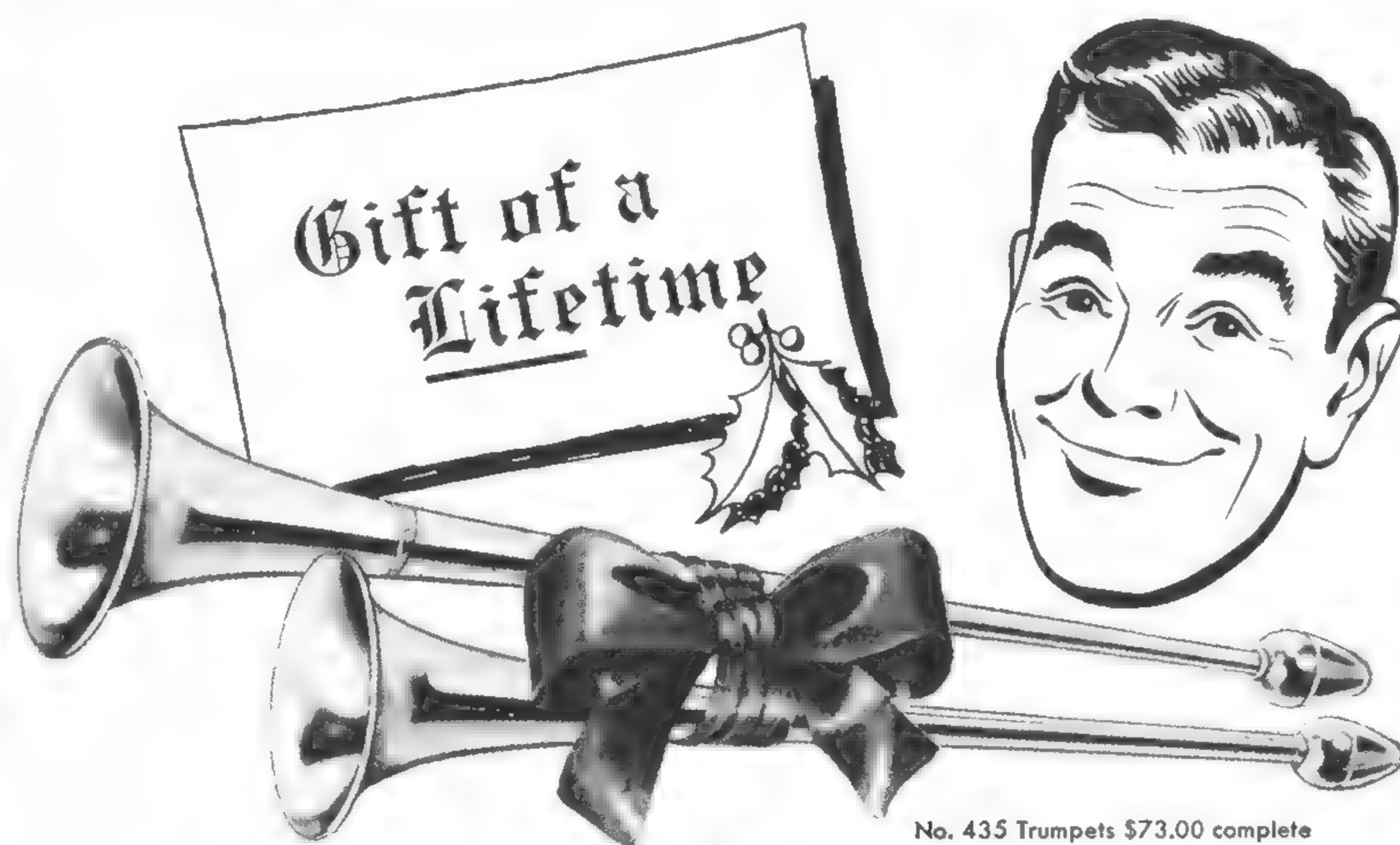
"Didn't play around," Mr. Potter glowered. "Getting that Voyle woman to help him put his book over with Robertolini was business!"

"Monkey business, maybe!"

Mr. Potter shrugged. "Sold the book," he said simply.

"It doesn't take much genius to buy a book for three thousand dollars—and sell it for two," she sneered.

Mr. Potter was fingering a red satin four-in-hand, embellished with ghastly pink flowers, and he



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dropped it suddenly and looked at her and blinked. "Buy *what* book?"

"That book! *The Dark Decade!*"

His eyes widened, and his mouth dropped open. "You mean Bill didn't write *The Dark Decade*? You—you mean he bought it?" he asked excitedly.

"He paid the author three thousand dollars for it, that's all!" she said angrily. "Our last dime! And then, just to—to make himself big with this Voyle dilly, he turned around and sold it to Robertollini for two!"

Mr. Potter's eyes danced and he stifled a grin. "Didn't," he said pleasantly.

"You mean he *didn't* sell it to Robertollini?"

"Mean he didn't sell it for two thousand dollars. That was a down payment." He shook his head. "Shame. The boy could have explained the whole thing in two minutes."

"I suppose he could have explained his kissing Miss Voyle, too."

"Didn't kiss her," Mr. Potter snapped. "She kissed him!"

"Oh—and *that* makes it perfectly all right!" she said sarcastically.

"That makes it all business." Mr. Potter swallowed hard—and squared his shoulders. "Was showing him how she wanted a love scene written, and . . ."

"And she got carried away—is

that the way it was?" she asked.

"Young lady," he said, "put your arms behind your back."

She flashed him a look that was a mixture of curiosity and defiance. Then she slowly folded her arms behind her.

"Now," he demanded, "without using your hands—you tell me what a spiral staircase is!"

"A spiral staircase?" she repeated slowly. "Why—a spiral staircase is a—a staircase that—that goes—" She stopped abruptly. "Will you tell me what that's got to do with his kissing her?" she asked angrily.

"Can't tell me, can you? Got to show me, hunh?" He shook his head. "You can't describe a kiss—in a love scene either. Got to *demonstrate* it. That's all Voyle was doing!"

Nancy's expression changed; the color drained out of her face, and she looked at Mr. Potter incredulously. "But — but — Mr. Potter—I didn't know that. Why didn't he tell me?"

"Humph. Couldn't tell you if you wouldn't listen, could he? Too bad. Boy makes the killing of his career—hurries home to tell you about it because—because he loves you—and you leave him. Nancy, I'm surprised. However," —he shrugged—"long's you feel the way you do . . ." He turned back to the display counter. "Say—how about a polka dot? You know, with a Navy or black

Continued on page 230

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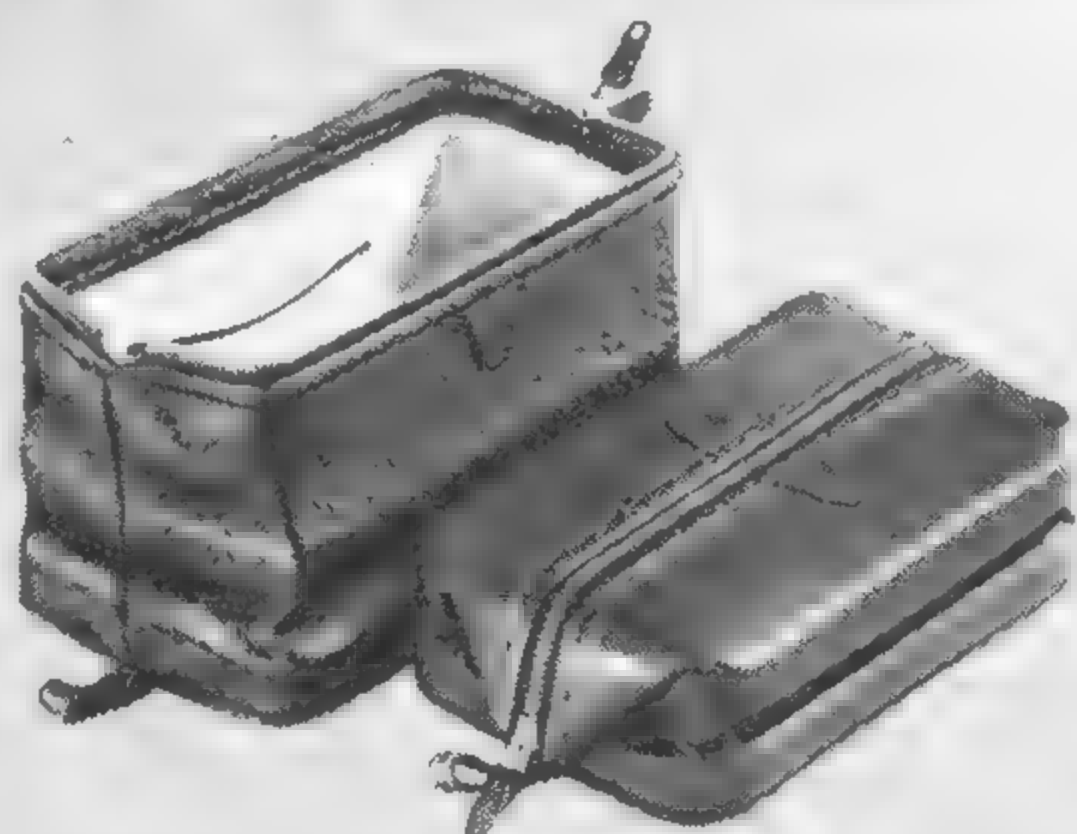
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Ethics for a Goose

Continued from page 229

ground? Got any polka dots?"

She didn't reply, and he turned to her in time to see tears well up in her eyes, spill over, and trickle down her cheeks. "N-n-no p-polka dots," she said in a high, small voice. Then her voice broke, and her lips trembled, and in another second she was weeping on Mr. Potter's ample shirt-front. "Oh," she sobbed, "d-d-do you think he'll ever f-forgive me?"

"Don't know," Mr. Potter said righteously, "but if it were me, I'd go home this minute—and find out."

Mr. Potter was humming—more enthusiastically than tunelessly—when he returned to the office, and Wendy looked at him suspiciously. Then she blinked, and looked at him again, and whistled softly. "That Mrs. Lawtery must really be terrific," she said.

"Smart as a whip!"

"Anyone that could sell Peabody Potter a red necktie—with pink flowers on it, yet—would have to be."

"Humph," he grunted. "I don't see anything wrong with it."

"You're behind it," she said sweetly. Then she added, "Oh yes—and Mr. Lawtery phoned. He said something unexpected had come up and that he'd be a little late."

"Figured he'd be," Mr. Potter smiled.

He was grinning over a thick volume on California Jurisprudence when Bill Lawtery arrived some forty minutes later. He snapped the book closed, and his grin became a scowl as Bill slumped glumly into a chair. "What's ailing you?" he asked gruffly.

Bill squirmed uncomfortably. "Nancy's . . . home," he said, with forced lightness.

Mr. Potter shook his head, and the scowl deepened. "What you wanted, wasn't it?"

"Well—well, of course—sure. But—but—"

"But what? Now what's wrong?"

"Well—well, nothing's really wrong—yet, Mr. Potter. Only, you sort of handed her a line about—how *big* this Robertollini deal was, and—and—"

"And what?"

"Well—she's all pepped up now, and—and full of plans about what we're going to do with the money." He shrugged disconsolately. "She even wants us to take a trip to Honolulu—for a second honeymoon, she says."

"Nice place, Honolulu."

Bill frowned angrily. "But I told you—I haven't any money. How am I going to tell her that,



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now? That check from Robertolini wasn't a down payment—you know that. That was it!"

Mr. Potter reached for the telephone. "What you think." He smiled. "What Robertolini thinks, too."

He put in a call to Hannibal Robertolini, and leaned forward and scowled at Bill. "Why didn't you tell me you bought *The Dark Decade*?" he growled.

"I—I don't know," Bill said blankly. "Is—is that important?"

"Only to you," Mr. Potter snapped. Then his expression changed and he motioned for silence. "Lo, Hannibal," he said into the phone. "This is Potter. Couldn't find a single out in Voyle's contract, Han—but, fortunately, you don't have to worry about finishing that picture!"

"What do you mean?" Robertolini snapped. "I don't have to worry?"

"Silly to worry about finishing a picture you don't own, Han!"

"I don't own? Are you crazy, maybe? I—Hannibal Victor Ro-

bertolini—personally bought that book—and signed the contract, even—and now you tell me. . . ."

"Didn't say you didn't buy it," Mr. Potter interrupted. "I said you didn't own it! You bought *The Dark Decade* from William Lawtery, didn't you?"

"But positively! I could show you the contract even!"

"Did Lawtery write *The Dark Decade*?"

"Write it?" Robertolini exploded. "So he didn't write it. Who cares? He bought it from the guy which wrote it. That's good enough for me!"

"Not good enough for me," Mr. Potter said pleasantly.

"For you, yet! Look, Potter.

For ten years I been buying stories from writers—hundreds of them, in the least—and without no trouble—and now—"

"Different," Mr. Potter interrupted. "You've been buying stories they wrote. This is one Lawtery bought. Being a married man, he bought it with funds which—under the California law

Continued on page 232



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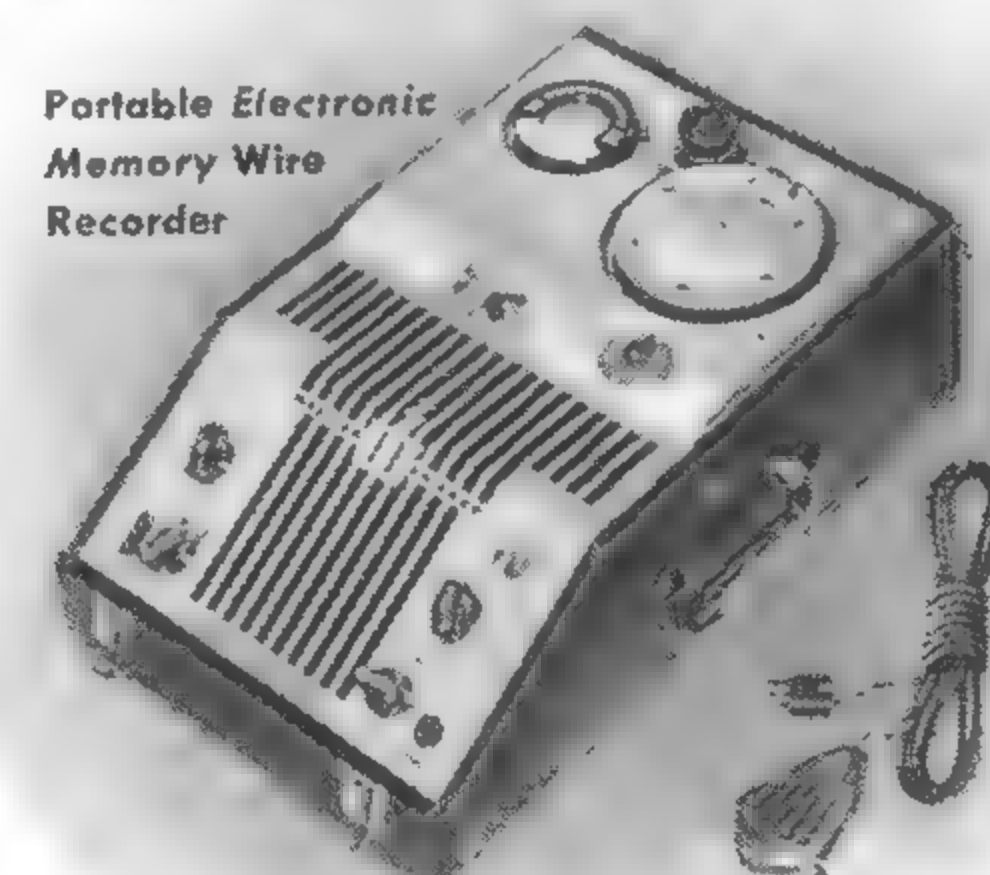
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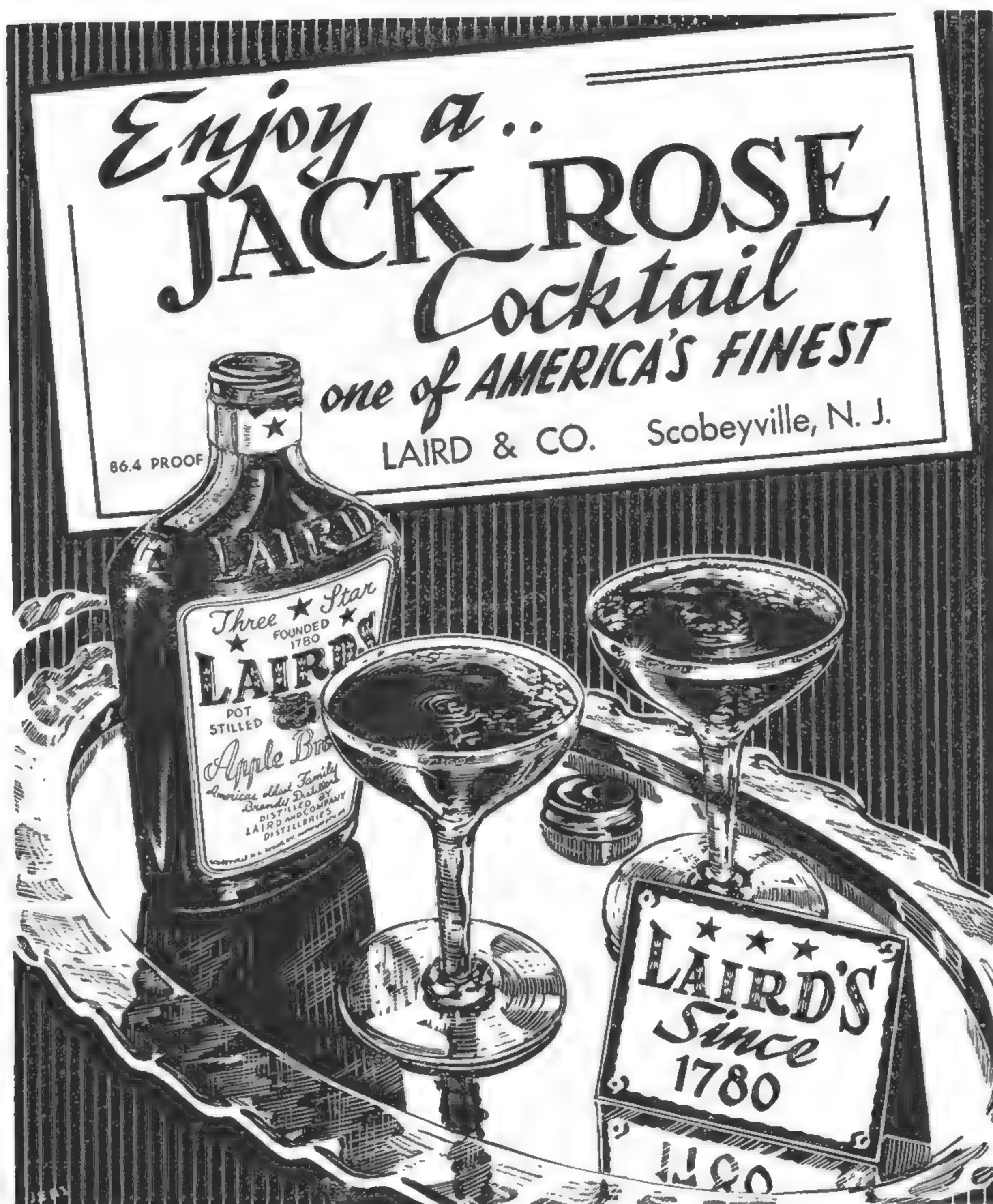
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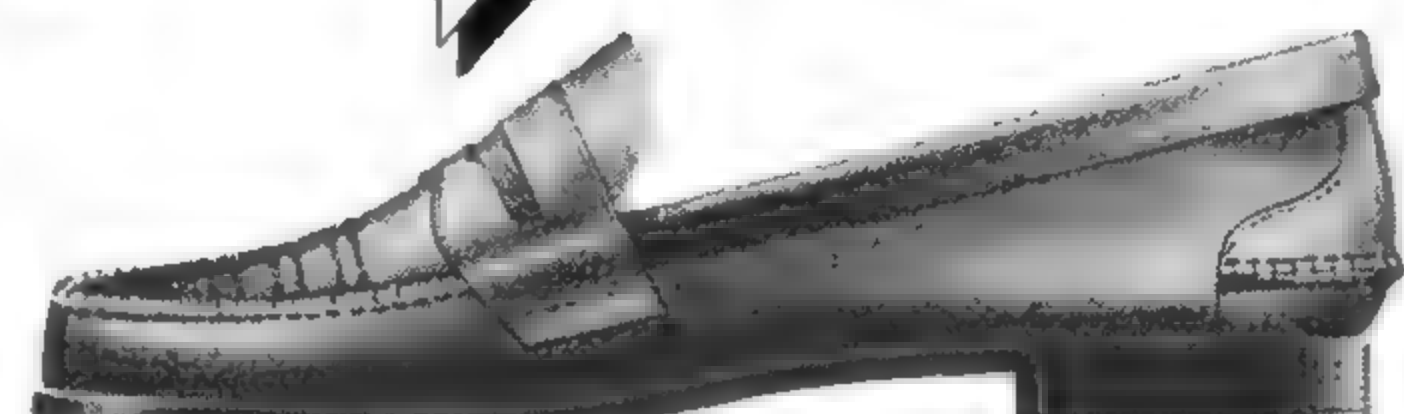


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7⁹⁵

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Factories in Old Town, Maine

Ethics for a Goose

Continued from page 231

—were community property. Means the book automatically became community property too. And a married man can't sell community property without his wife's written consent. You know that, Hannibal! All you bought is Lawtery's interest, but you don't own the book—and you can't make the picture, until and unless you buy Mrs. Lawtery's legal interest too!"

There was a moment's silence, and Bill looked at Mr. Potter in wide-eyed amazement. "Gosh, Mr. Potter," he exclaimed, "I didn't know that was so!"

"Not sure it is. But they're not sure it isn't, either. Applies in real estate. Might apply here too." Mr. Potter's eyes twinkled. "Basis for a test case, anyway. Only, they're not going to hold up their picture for a year—just to get a ruling." Then he winked, and jerked the receiver from his ear, as Robertollini screamed.

"Potter! This here is a attempted holdup—and you should be ashamed!"

"You ashamed of the deal you pulled on Lawtery, Hannibal? Relax."

"I ain't going to relax even slightly. I will personally fight this if it takes—"

"Want to fight, or make a picture?" Mr. Potter asked wearily.

"I'm warning you," Robertollini fumed. "Before I would leave you get away with this, I would sooner call the whole picture off!"

"You're the head man," Mr. Potter said. "You can call it off—and explain the half-million you've already spent on it to your stockholders—or you can add another thirty thousand to your budget and have a picture. Up to you."

"Thirty thousand dollars!" Robertollini emitted an agonized shriek. Then his voice calmed suddenly. "Look, Potter, this here is a bluff and the chances are you couldn't make it stick in court for even a nickel. But why should we go to all that trouble? Call it twenty thousand and you got a deal."

"Thirty thousand," Mr. Potter said pleasantly.

"Twenty thousand!" Robertollini screamed. "And that is final!"

"Know your stockholders better than I do," Mr. Potter sighed. "G'by, Hannibal."

He winked at Bill, but he didn't hang up, and Robertollini's voice came rasping over the wire. "Good-by—good-by—good-by! Who's saying good-by? We could talk a little, couldn't we? At least I got a right to know what the thirty thousand is for."

"Why certainly, Hannibal,"

a JOHNSONS Christmas ... is a Merry Christmas!

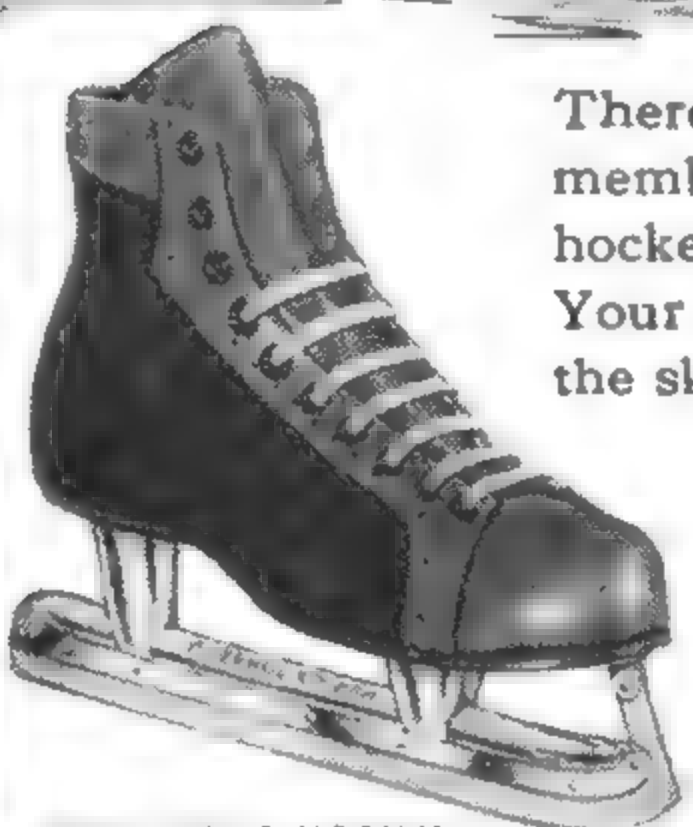


Give JOHNSONS to the favorite folks on your Christmas list. For when you give JOHNSONS you give the finest—and more. You give the precious gift of fun for years to come.

Nestor Johnson master craftsmanship and the finest materials are combined in JOHNSONS to give you the very best in ice skates. Skates that are worn with pride the world over. Make this Christmas a Merry Christmas—a JOHNSONS Christmas.

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Mr. Potter said, and grinned at Bill. "Fifteen thousand dollars for Bill Lawtery—the equivalent of fifteen weeks' salary for working on the script. And fifteen thousand for Mrs. Lawtery, of course."

"For Mrs. Lawtery, yet," Robertollini moaned. "For *what*, of course?"

Mr. Potter broke into a hearty chuckle. "You couldn't justifiably pay Bill the equivalent of fifteen weeks' salary for working on a book that you didn't own, could you?"

"Potter," Robertollini said sadly, "you are a unethical louse. You are also—and it hurts me that I should have to say it—a damn smart lawyer!"

"Unethical?" Mr. Potter laughed. "Why, ethics and business don't mix. *You* were the one who told me that, Hannibal. Remember?"

He hung up the receiver, leaned back in his chair and said, "That's that."

"Golly!" Bill jumped to his feet. "Mr. Potter, you're terrific!"

Wait till I tell Nancy about this!" "Silly."

"Silly to tell Nancy you're terrific? But—why?"

"Common sense," Mr. Potter snapped. "She's *your* wife—and at the moment she happens to think that *you* are." He rose wearily and scowled. "And now, I want to tell you—if I ever hear of your playing around again, I'll personally bash your teeth in!"

"But—but, Mr. Potter—I told you—I wasn't playing around. Don't you believe me?"

"No," Mr. Potter snorted. Then he smiled. "But I like you. Now, go out to the studio and get your check. And if

you're smart, you'll pick up a couple of tickets to Honolulu if that's what Nancy wants!"

"Sure that's what she wants. But, golly, Mr. Potter! What'll we do in Honolulu?"

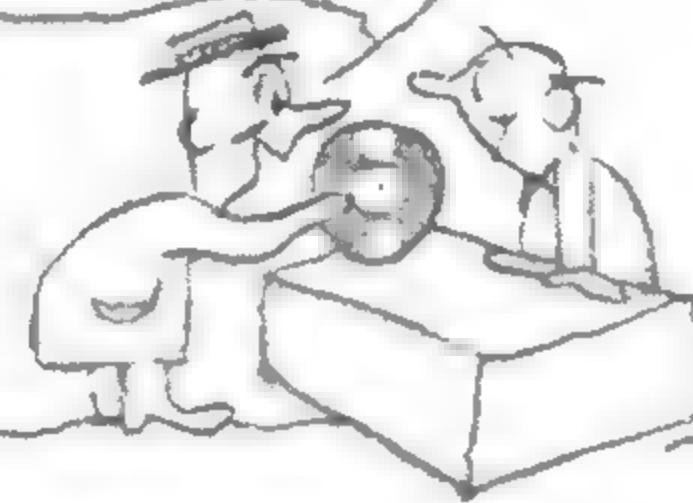
"On a second honeymoon?" Mr. Potter shook his head, as though he couldn't quite believe his ears. "Take a chance," he said. "You'll probably think of something." #

Continued from page 94



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when you buy a new type record . . .

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☐ HERS. QUANTITY.....SIZE.....COLOR.....

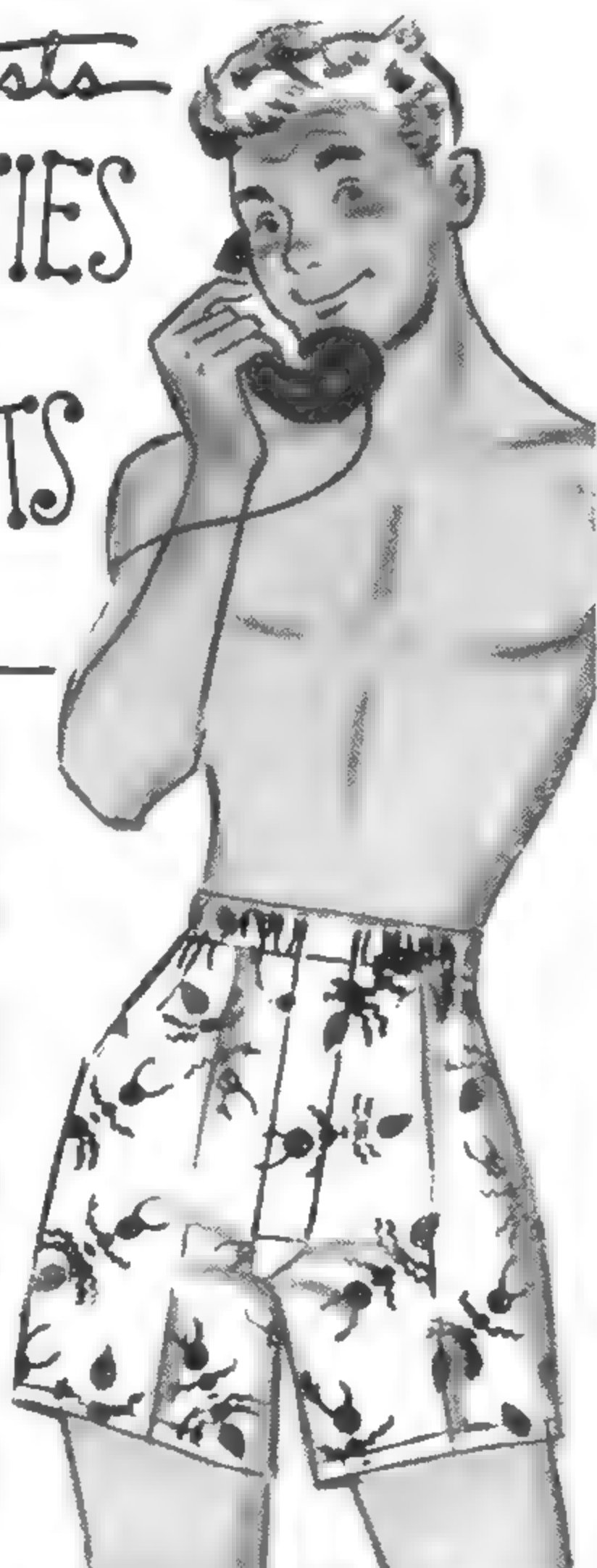
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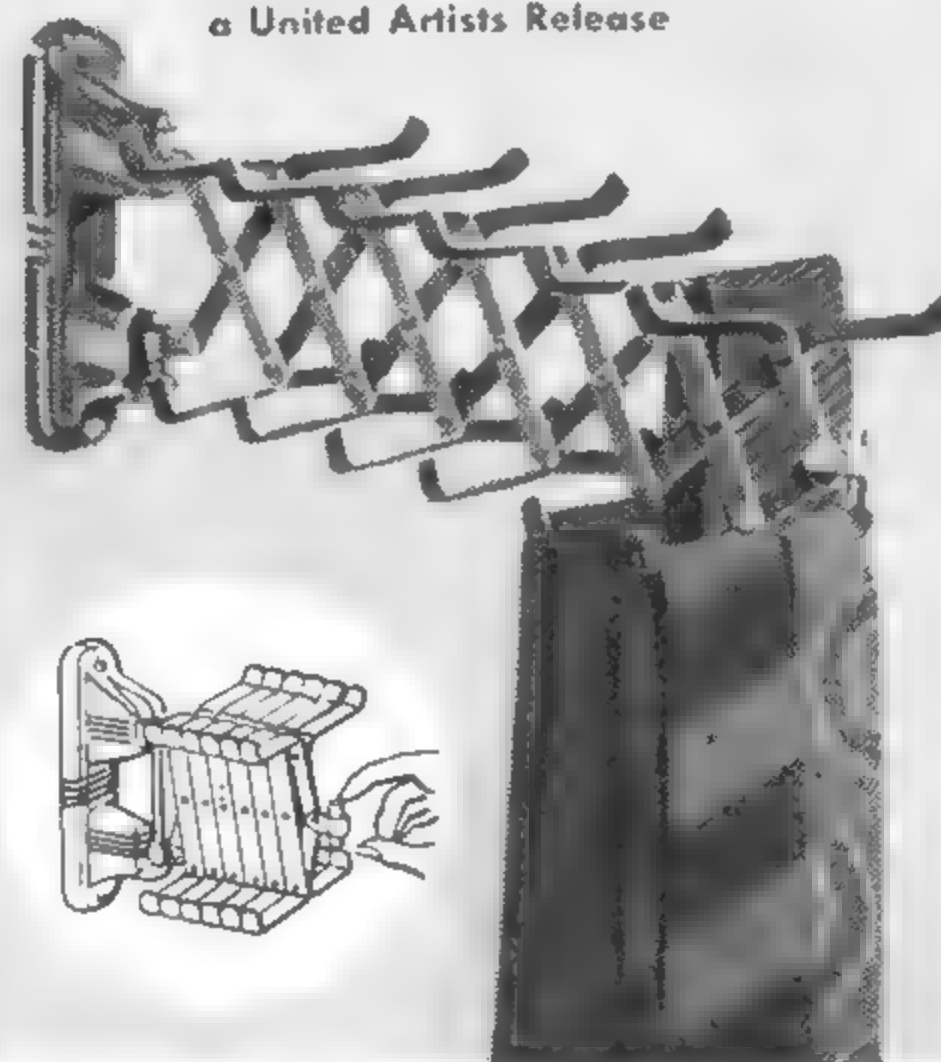
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good fellows
get together"

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time to bring forth the old-
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Dutch Masters Cigars. Let
each fragrant puff temper
the tall tales—and bring back
again the memories of yes-
terday, when this great cigar
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never notice! So neat and trim that
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100% genuine Para rubber . . .
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 20

how to pick a lock

In your September issue you
feature a story by James Charles
Lynch called *The Key*. . . I figure
that the dramatic suspense was
built on a fallacy: the idea that
Bastian couldn't release himself
from the sheriff because of hand-
cuffs. Every desert man carries a
pocketknife, usually a large sharp
one. We may assume that he or the
sheriff had one. Nothing was said
about disposing of such a knife.

Therefore, all that Bastian had
to do after he knocked out the
sheriff was to remove neatly the
handcuffed hand or a thumb and
forefinger, and he would be free.
Unpleasant perhaps, but do you
think a desperate man would balk
at a one-minute job like that? Nor
would a man with his cunning
have overlooked that bet.

TED McDOWELL

Oatman, Ariz.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Assuming, of
course, that the assumption is right.

the borzoi is a mandog

I enjoyed your story of the
borzoi dog, *Gift of the Greeks*.
Thanks so much for featuring this
Russian wolfhound in a man's
magazine as a man's dog. I am a
breeder of borzoi and I appreciate
the publicity. Usually, the borzoi
is depicted as a sissy dog, but it's
not. Very few people realize that
the borzoi has nearly 700 years of
hunting background, of combat-
ing huge packs of wolves on the
Russian steppes, and is used in
parts of the U.S. for hunting
wolves, coyotes, and small game.
With all its grace, beauty, and
elegance . . . the borzoi is truly
at home with a man's man. . . .

ISABELL WALTON

Ben Lomond, Calif.

down from the mountains

I feel hurt not to see anything
about one of the noblest fellows in
the world, the St. Bernard, in your
October Dog Supplement. The St.
Bernard is wrongly known to be-
have like the Swiss just because
the Swiss use him when they try
to save people in the mountains.
I assure you that St. Bernards
behave like you and me if they
have a chance. They are tremen-
dously attached to their masters
and deserve to be mentioned in
your gallery of fine fellows.

R. E. NOBEL, M.D.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

share the wealth

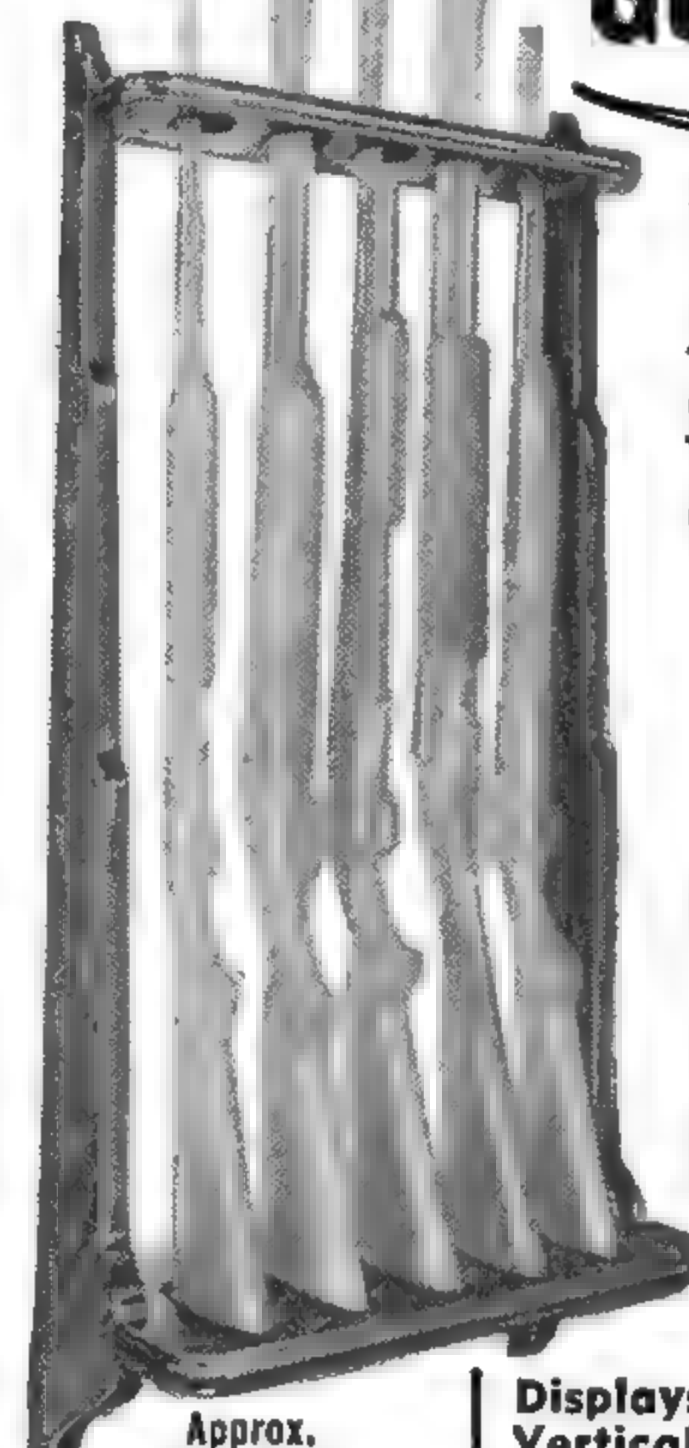
In a copy of *Esquire*, I saw that
some of your readers are willing to
send old copies of your magazine
and other publications to Europe.
We are very fond of American
magazines. . . . I would be very
glad if some readers would make
us happy by sending old copies.
We will send them to other people
and hospitals after reading. . . .

P. R. BLOK

Marlotflat 12,
The Hague, Netherlands

EDITOR'S NOTE: And similar re-
quests from Maurice Belsham,
Ward One, E. C. C. Hospital,
Broomfield near Chelmsford, Essex,
England; and S. Eudo, Shizuki
Church, Shizuki-Machi, Awaji
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nished with each Rack for use as "floor" model. A
truly handsome gift item. Clip this ad and mail with
check or money order for \$19.50. Shipped postpaid,
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"SHOWER-
FRESH"



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Cologne-Deodorant and stay safe. You'll
find TAWN freshening because it's liquid
. . . harmless to clothes and doubly effec-
tive. It not only deodorizes but also
checks excessive perspiration. Ask for
cleanly fragrant TAWN — the Cologne
Deodorant preferred by both men and
women. Safely yours — for only 75¢
plus tax

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missed a m'le

Esquire shouldn't limit the controversy (*Is a Miss as Good as a M'le?*—October) between American women and the rest of the world's stock to a short article on the French versus the American. You people really missed some beauts—or maybe your cameraman has never been to Sweden or Spain or Italy or a lot of places. How 'bout a spread on whether a tomato is as good as a tamale.

G. C. NEILSSON
Tampa Beach, Fla.

If you ask me, you weighted the scales against the American girls. Whereas, the full-page picture was of the most beautiful French woman (or any other nationality) I have ever seen, the American girls looked like college kids, but, oh, those French. Well, here is my nickel and I'm making my choice.

MURRAY SORENSON
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I never knew there were blondes in France, but obviously there are, and I must say that they were much more *zofistik* than the representatives from the U.S. Really think you brought up a very important question and hope that we will see more comparisons of the local women to women in other lands. Some native belles could probably learn a few things.

M. L. C. HORNWELTER
Los Angeles, Calif.

The French women looked good but so professional that I'd still pick the misses.

PETER SCANLON
Albuquerque, New Mex.

Vive la France! Magnifique! Bon! Terrific! But I'm sure that you could have gotten older and more svelte Americans.

W. L. GROSSMAN
Minneapolis, Minn.

the Patton story

Congratulations to you and Leland Stowe on a fine article about a great general (*Old Blood-and-Guts Off the Record*, October). I think Patton was one of the most misunderstood men of the last war and has yet to be given the credit he deserves for his actual contribution to the victory in Europe. True, he made a lot of mistakes, especially in his public relations, but he was a wonder on the field. There's a subject for your *There Was a Man* series.

S. B. WIDENER
New York, N. Y.

You picked a good man to write that article on Georgie Patton. He has a right to talk, even to some of us who can remember the complete lack of love, admiration, or anything else we had for the late general.

ROBERT M. MARTIN
Portland, Ore.

ragtime cowboys

The cowboys may be *Still in the Saddle* (October), but the trouble is they are all out on the ranges and the guys riding around at the rodeos are not cowboys any more, but just acrobats. . . . If a man travels with a rodeo all year round he can hardly make the spring roundup, or do much branding. Yet the public is given the idea that those who compete in rodeos are real cowboys. They might have been real cowboys at one

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New York City. Esq-12-49

time, but when they travel with some of the rodeos I've seen, they are hardly any more than professional athletes. I for one can't see how a cowpoke would give up the free life you mention to travel with any kind of a show.

L. M. CAMDENSON
El Paso, Texas

I think you can see in the story of the vanishing cowboy, the vanishing of an America that used to be, but that will never be again. In the days when the frontiers were there to be taken and the land was for anyone who could clear away the forests, the American could be a real individual. Whenever he didn't get along or make the kind of success he wanted, all he had to do was saddle up and push on to the frontier where he could start over. That was freedom. The cowboy, now hemmed in by fences and his job, is the last remnant of those Americans who had wide open spaces always before them.

HENRY C. DONALDSON
Salt Lake City, Utah

cannon fodder

Glad that, at last, somebody decided to give some credit to just about the most unsung group of men in baseball, the coaches. (*A Lot of Things: The Deacon and the Ventriloquist*, October.) Won't argue or agree with Cannon's selection of the best, but it's nice to give all of them a tribute.

GEORGE MARKESON
Brooklyn, N. Y.

quick, the red lights

In the October issue . . . there was some sloppy proofreading. In *Murder Is No Accident*, the promiscuous lady is described as wearing a red bathing suit. In the illustration, however, she is twice pictured in a white suit. Either you were careless or her mother was frightened by a chameleon.

MATT BRUCCOLI
New Haven, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Accordingly, the careless proofreader gets a reprimand and a color chart.

day brightener

I have been an ardent reader of Esquire for many years, but nothing has impressed me so much as the current series of female photos like *Lorelei* in your September issue. Really beautiful. . . .

J. R. GLUSHKO
Syracuse, N. Y.

mored and seconded

I have started to read Esquire just this month and hope to continue. As a whole, I think the magazine is very good. However, on page 16 of the September issue a man by the name of Carroll Atkinson of Thomasville, Georgia, has written you a very fine suggestion. I, for one, think Esquire should have more pages devoted to fashions for men.

D. J. PAPPAS
Wallingford, Conn.

I remember the days when Esquire had just about half as many fashion pages as it has today. They were separated and smaller and a lot closer to their proportionate importance to the magazine and the readers. I hate to be one who looks back, but how about it, just on this point?

H. R. DANMUELLER
Chicago (Continued from page 20)

Handsome..

and then some!

For casual and business wear



Royal Palm BI-SWING: The answer to every man's need for a light weight sport coat! Featuring four patch pockets, luxurious half lining, and for your comfort the bi-swing back! Illustrated: Royal check in soft tropical fabrics and color combinations, including black and white, navy and white, lime and black, green and copper, brown and white, gray and black. **\$20.00**

Also in crisp crease-resistant tropical fabrics in solid colors: navy, gold, rust, maize, lime, powder blue, gray, beige, bottle green and royal blue. **\$18.50**

. . . And so smart with a shirt and tie!



Royal Palm CARIVIERA: Smartly joining popular styles from Caribbean and Riviera resorts! Look at these features: sport rolled collar, 4 lined slashed pockets, pleated back and front, 2-button side vents, soft debonaire styling. Same colors as listed above.

In solid colors, **\$12.95** In checks, **\$14.95**

ROYAL PALMER: (not illustrated)
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All styles in identical boy's models,
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All that Glistens . . .

A story of a girl and a
brooch, and the men who
could afford them both

by JAMES MASON

I JOINED the group scanning the passenger list. There might be names on it which would threaten the five days of privacy I had promised myself. My heart sank as I noted half a dozen: a pair of straight bores, one fascinating bore, a crusader who disturbed my conscience, a gin-rummy addict who did the same to my purse, and the woman I wanted to marry—Claire Westcliffe.

Resolutely, I took all meals in my stateroom, emerging only for a walk around the decks after dark. I wrote fifteen chapters of a novel in the first two days, one chapter on the third day, and on the fourth I was stuck. I had contrived to catch a glimpse of Claire each evening in my furtive walks. Now it seemed I should not write another word until I spoke to her.

I booked a table for dinner in a remote corner of the Veranda Grill, still hoping to avoid the attentions of all but one of my old friends. Those of the fascinating bore were unerringly thrust upon me, however, and by the time Claire made her appearance I was sinking rapidly.

Her escort was, as usual, a rugged middle-aged man with a black mustache and a rusty voice. I reassured myself that she would shortly realize that he had nothing to offer, and was no more worthy of her than I was. But it was a long time before she could withdraw her attention from him sufficiently to take in the rest of the room. It was such a cursory glance that I thought she had not seen me, but after a moment she turned around slowly and looked straight at me. I smiled at her and she waved to indicate I would be welcome to join them.

However, I had no confidence in my ability to wrest her away from her friend, so I returned to my stateroom. A smile from Claire was enough to provoke three more chapters of my novel, and it was past midnight when I was interrupted by a knock and the sound of Claire's voice. I gave her a kiss on the cheek in a brotherly sort of way for the reason that I had been greeting her with such brotherly kisses for ten years.

Then she flopped down on the sofa and told me all the terribly exciting and amusing things that had happened to her on the trip. She had the grace not to try to sell me the high qualities of her present escort. But her good spirits made me bristle with jealousy just as they added luster to

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her own attractiveness. Her skin was deeply tanned and her hair and eyes appeared blonder and bluer than ever before. And her lips had become the perfect frame for the pattern of words that danced on the tip of her tongue. As she talked she unfastened the diamond brooch from her dress and held it in her hands. Suddenly she got up to go, and said, almost too casually, "Darling, will you do something for me?"

"Anything. What?"

"You know how hopeless I am packing and going through the customs. Look after my 'jool' till we get to New York?"

"You'd never lose *that*."

"You don't know how incompetent I can be. Please." She looked devastatingly small and incompetent, and unnaturally innocent. "It's the only one I have. It would be awful if I lost it."

"I'll look after it for you," I said. "It will guarantee my being allowed to see you in New York."

Then I kissed her good night, this time less like a brother.

I went to bed and lay awake thinking about Claire. I wondered if I should ask her to marry me when I saw her again in New York. Then I thought of all the other occasions when I had so nearly asked her to marry me, and why I had hesitated.

Claire's family and mine were neighbors in the country, and when Claire was about fifteen she and I used to go riding together. It was after one of these expeditions that I was first shown the family jewels. Claire's mother, a widow, was persuaded to bring down her jewel case and spread out all the beautiful things. In family jargon, they were called the "jools," and it was an accepted joke that Claire at an early age had set her heart on a particular diamond brooch.

"It isn't fair!" she said on this occasion. "It's an insignificant little 'jool.' Mother never wears it and I don't know why she has to be such a dog-in-a-manger."

Her frustration was aggravated by the fact that according to the terms of her father's will the entire collection was left to Claire's mother, to be handed on after her death to the son's wife. At the age of seventeen, when it seemed to her that life without the diamond brooch would not be worth living, Claire made up her mind to steal it. She made sure the collection was insured and waited until she and her mother were staying at a London hotel. As she explained to me later, she preferred that the accident should happen away from home so as to cause the servants no embarrassment.

She persuaded her mother to let her wear the jewel at a school friend's "coming-out" dance and during the evening asked one of her partners to take her for a drive in his car. After they had stopped off at such distantly related spots as a chop-suey restaurant in Limehouse and a coffee stall on Highgate Hill, she announced she had lost her brooch

and made the young man drive over the route in a fanciful search.

The mother was duly recompensed by the insurance company, and it seemed to Claire that the deed had been accomplished with loss to no one but the insurance company which, since it was self-evidently made of money, you couldn't seriously count.

A year and a half later Claire found herself dramatically in love with one who passed for a young poet. She never tired of telling him how happy she would be to live with him in a garret, an assurance which never failed to infuriate him, since he could see no good reason why the daughter of a wealthy family should need to live in a garret. Claire began to feel that perhaps he was hurt that she had contributed so little to their joint substance. After all, he was a poet and one whom only the gracious things of life could properly stimulate. If he had a yen to fly over to Paris for cocktails, it was her duty to help him.

An inner voice submitted the possibility that the young man was, in fact, both lazy and devoid of talent, and overeager to pass himself off as a man of affluence. This voice was overruled however; the "jool" was handed to the poet and by him to a pawnbroker. Tickets were bought for a flight to Paris the next day.

But a complete disillusionment forestalled the trip. For on that same evening the poet got involved in a game of poker and by the time that Claire arrived on the scene he had lost the plane tickets and the remaining money, and had already put up the pawn ticket as a final stake.

This was Claire's first experience of gambling and it struck her as something inordinately silly. She voiced some candid sentiments, picked up the pawn ticket and swept out of the poet's life.

That left her the undisputed but surreptitious owner of the "jool," but with no money to redeem it. But the security was good for six months, and she had ample time to plan her next move.

Assuredly, the "jool" was a talisman capable of bringing happiness and, if need be, increment to those who touched it. Her first thought was for a friend, Henry, who was at that time wooing a lady called Olive Gore, who had so much of everything that from a mercenary standpoint she was almost untouchable. But Claire knew that she had a very special taste for Louis Quinze jewelry and believed her brooch might touch the lady's heart.

Claire decided to wait for further bright thoughts. Presently a solution came to her. Her mother was wealthy and could afford to pay some of the insurance money to redeem the brooch. So Claire announced that she had seen the brooch offered for sale in the window of a pawnshop.

Without hesitation Claire's mother produced the money, but as soon as she saw the brooch again she was in a fever of em-

Continued on page 238

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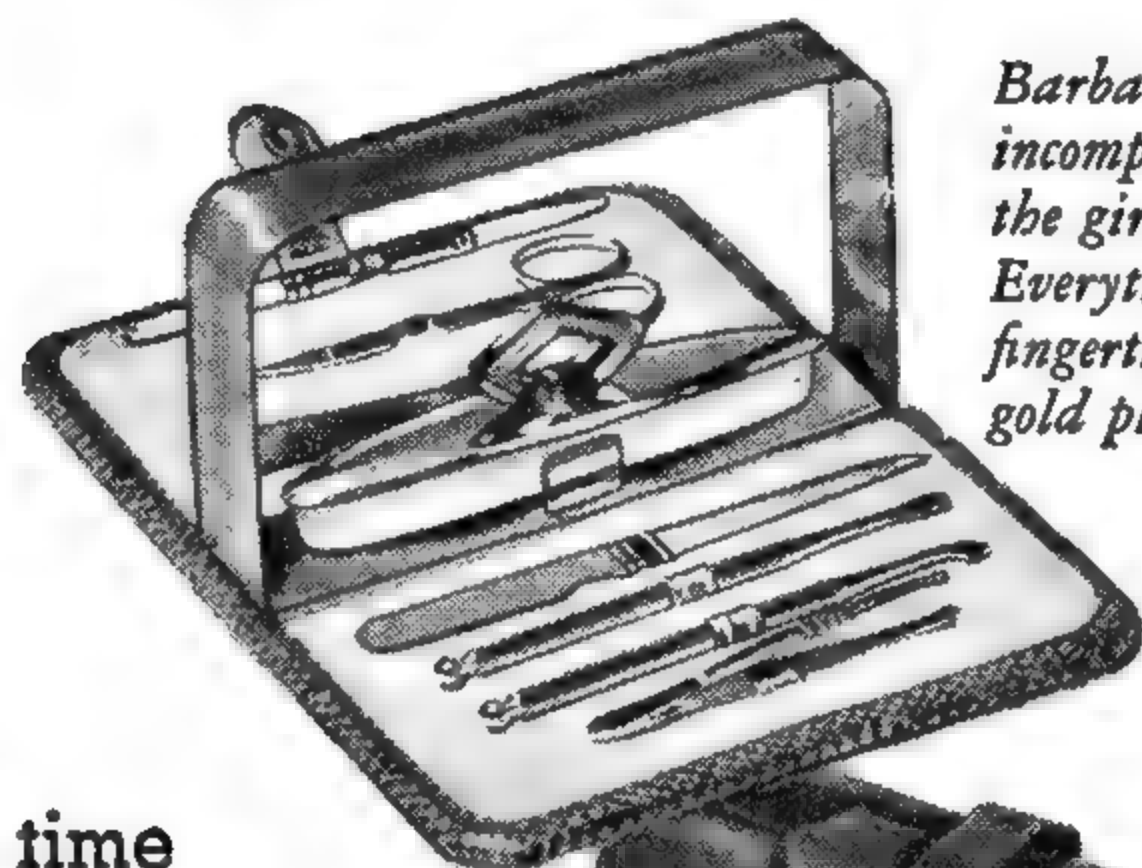
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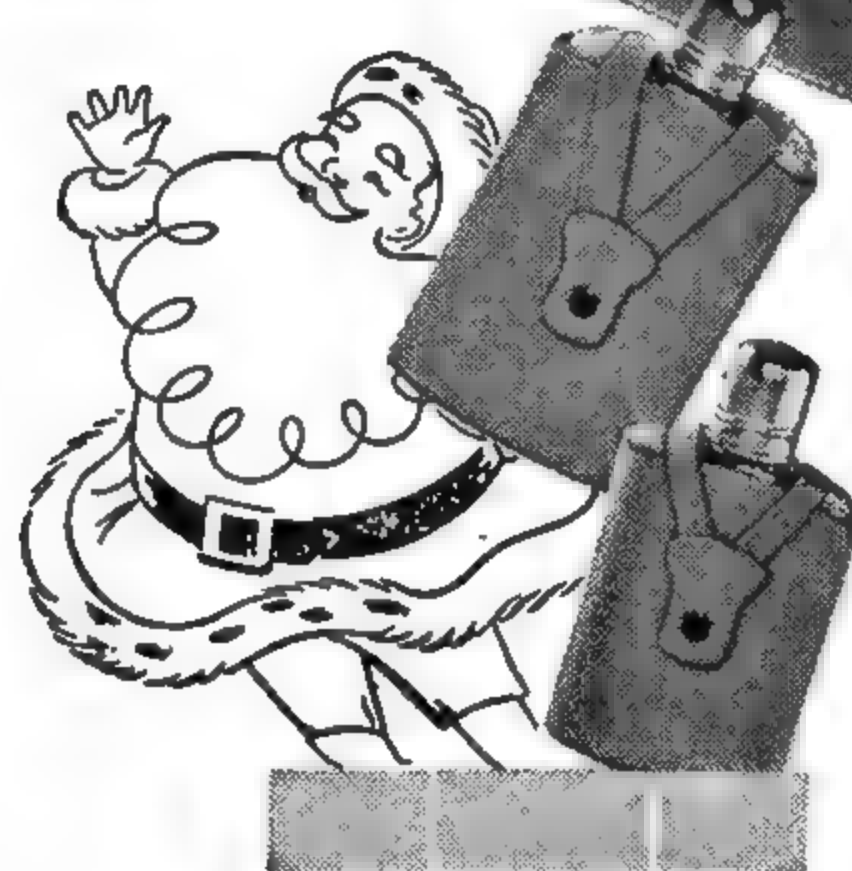
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All that Glistens...

Continued from page 237

barrassment. Ought she to report the matter to the police so that they could trace the thief? Ought she to return the money to the insurance company? Or what? Claire argued that the company would mark her down as a vacillating woman and a bad risk if she caused them any further paper work. And the police, she said, might even suspect her of having stolen her own jewelry for the sake of the insurance money. Claire's mother was properly scared and had an impulse to drop the jewel into the Thames so that the insurance company should never learn of its recovery.

But Claire had a better idea. They should wrap it securely, seal it and hand it over to the safe-keeping of the bank. True, none of them would have the pleasure of wearing it again until the incident was obliterated from the memory of the vigilant insurance company, but they would keep the collection intact.

Claire then ostentatiously placed the jewel in a cardboard box and wrapped it in brown paper. Ostensibly looking for string and sealing wax, she went into another room, removed the jewel and substituted a small cake of soap. Then she went back with the string and sealing wax and, with her mother's help, completed the operation.

The parcel was deposited at the bank and Claire's mother further appeased her conscience by donating to a worthy charity the unexpended residue of the money she had received from the insurance company.

Claire could now execute her plans for the happy consummation of Henry's wooing of the wealthy Mrs. Gore, both of whom fortunately moved in a social orbit far removed from that of Claire's mother.

She had already planted the idea in Henry's mind that the perfect Louis Quinze brooch might bring about an early capitulation. At the moment when Henry's frustration had reached fever pitch, Claire showed him her jewel and told him a story about its alleged owner, who was anxious to sell it since she had fallen on hard times. She accepted on this friend's behalf a sum only a little in excess of its value.

To keep an eye on her talisman, she became a close friend of Mrs. Gore's. Together they attended ballet, opera, beauty salon.

She had made up her mind that if Henry's wooing proved successful she would not steal back her jewel for at least a year.

What actually happened was neither one thing nor the other. The "jool" proved so acceptable that Claire saw little of Mrs. Gore for three weeks, so firmly established was Henry.

Then it was all over. Claire called one evening at cocktail time and found the tearful Olive drowning her disappointment in

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(SEAL) Kay Marten. (My commission expires March 13, 1952.)

pink gins. At the sight of Claire's innocently sympathetic face, the lady burst into a flood of tears and it was some time before Claire could get any sense out of her. Then, with a violent gesture, Olive wrenched from her bosom the diamond brooch and flung it to the opposite end of the room. Claire was after it in a flash, picked it up tenderly, and again gave her attention to Olive.

It came out by degrees that Henry was no good at all. She always had loathed men who dressed up in riding breeches and bowler hats and rode idiotically round Hyde Park. As if that were not enough, Henry made her watch him play polo, and dragged her to political meetings so that she could listen to him speak on subjects about which she knew and cared nothing. Finally, with insulting regularity, he had relaxed after dinner in an easy chair and fallen asleep.

"I can't imagine how he ever came to think of giving me the brooch, it was such a sensitive touch," moaned Olive. "Oh, why did he have to spoil it all?" Then she reached for the offending brooch. "Here, give me that. I shall send it back to him. Then I shan't have to see him again."

This was a development Claire had not reckoned with. She played for time.

"Oh, you mustn't do that!" Claire told her. "He would never leave you alone if you insulted him. You know what those self-important, pompous types are like. That hurt-dog look! You'd never be able to bear it." She went on pouring pink gins so that, if compelled to protect her property by desperate means, the episode would be obliterated from Olive's memory; and presently made a suggestion calculated to appeal to a dramatic sense inflamed by too much gin.

"I tell you what I'll do," she said brightly. "I'll flush it down the lavatory, then none of us need worry about it any more."

Olive fell into the mood of the thing and staggered to her feet. But she was well under by that time and Claire had no difficulty in flushing the lavatory with whoops of triumph before Olive could reach the scene.

When she told me about it later she justified her action by pointing out that even in this instance no one had actually been robbed. The thing belonged to Olive who was quite prepared to see it go. Its purchase had afforded Henry three weeks of bliss. Therefore no harm was done, surely, if she continued to look after it herself.

As I looked back on Claire's transactions, it became clear that the only parties who had suffered momentarily on account of the "jool" were Henry and the insurance company. Henry's investment brought no dividend, but that was through no fault of Claire's. And, as Claire so rightly pointed out, a firm which boasted at the top of its stationery that its assets exceeded sixteen million

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pounds sterling was not likely to feel the pinch.

As I closed my eyes, I decided that life without Claire was unthinkable. I would ask her to marry me and she would accept. And in my dreams I saw myself playing Little John to her Robin Hood, riding through the greenwood in pursuit of bloated insurance brokers and scattering the take into the grateful hands of impoverished English gentry.

We had dinner together three days after we had docked in New York. To my surprise she was wearing a new diamond brooch, a flashy piece which might have come from Van Cleef & Arpels. She evidently felt that an explanation was called for. "You remember that good-looking middle-aged man you saw me with on the boat?"

"Good looking?"

"Well, everyone else thought so. He was quite sweet, but rather a strain. But he really was an angel when I lost my 'jool.' He hunted high and low for it. But it never turned up. What's the matter? Didn't you know I'd lost it?"

My eyes were popping. I was flabbergasted. Really, I thought, *this was carrying the Robin Hood tradition just a little too far.*

"Go on," I said aloud.

"Well, when we got to New York he went straight to Van Cleef & Arpels and bought me this lovely diamond brooch. Do you like it?"

"Quite."

"You don't look altogether pleased. Do you think gold digging is terribly wicked? Or wouldn't you call that gold digging?"

"Not exactly," I said, trying to bring my own reasoning into line with hers. "He was, I take it, a millionaire?"

"Oh, yes, he is president of a steel company with assets exceeding sixty million dollars. I read about it in the papers."

"And you would say that the supposed loss of your 'jool' gave you the status of a young lady in distress?"

"Quite."

"And that the smug self-satisfaction that accrues to the knight errant is more precious than any trinket?"

"I think so."

"Good. That takes care of your boy friend. Now, here's another question. Will you marry me?"

"Oh, darling, what a sweet question."

"Don't answer at once if you'd rather not. But it might interest you to know that I've brought along a present which I shall only give to you if the answer is yes. Do you like it?" I laid the "jool" on the table. She kissed it.

"Why, of course, I'll marry you darling," she said simply. "I've often wondered why you didn't ask me that."

She unpinned the Van Cleef & Arpels brooch. "What shall we do with this?" she said, a wicked glint in her eye. "Hock it?"

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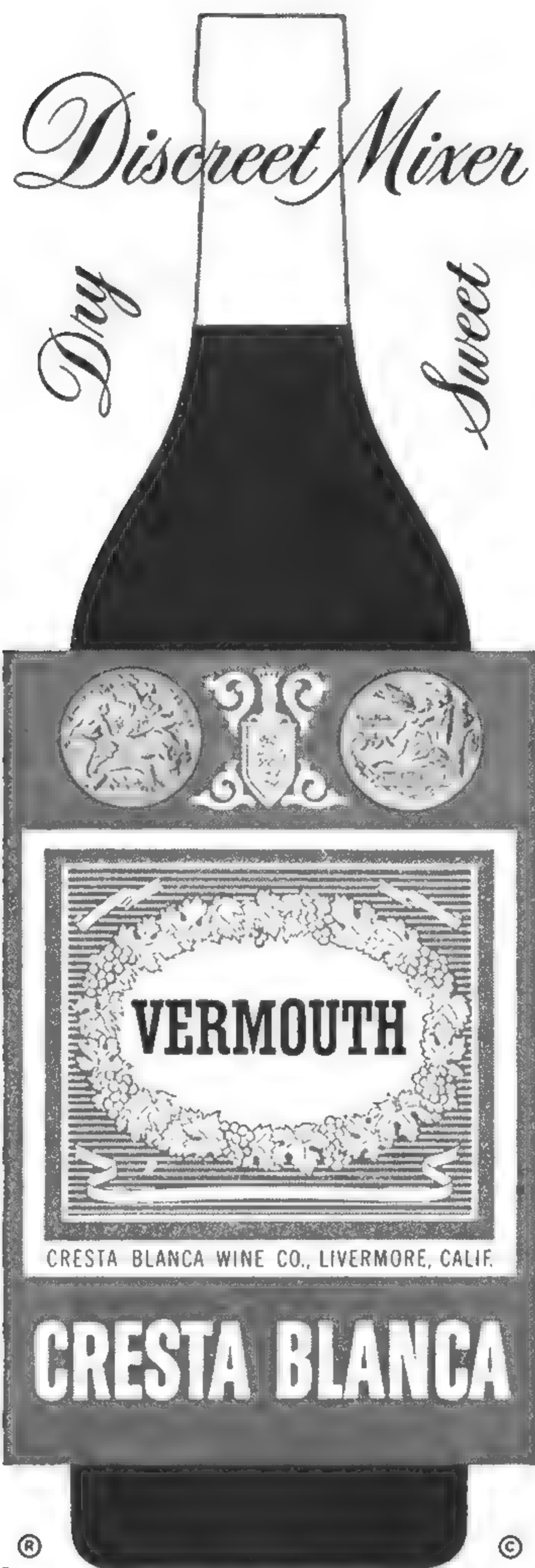
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KEEN'S ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE, 72 West 36th St. One of the oldest restaurants in the city, largely staffed by old and experienced waiters. Decor consists largely of treasured show bills and photographs of the 90's—collectors' items. Thousands of indexed clay pipes, property of patrons, cover the ceilings. The bar restaurant is exclusively masculine. Specialty of the house is famous English Mutton Chop, thick, tender, flavorful. Second and third generations of epicures and trenchermen hold Keen's in high affection. Prices are moderate, quality considered. Make dinner reservations in advance.

POLONAISE, 230 East 51st St. Presided over by owner "Uncle Paul" Pawlowski, a genuinely friendly host with a fine feeling for food and service. *Pirogi*, a hot Polish appetizer, has great virtue, is a must with the cocktails blended by an unusually competent barman. Polish accent on cuisine. Atmosphere is cheerfully Continental, the food moderate in cost. Entertainment; pianist, and wandering violinist who plays nostalgic tunes, but well.

RALEIGH ROOM, Hotel Warwick, 65 West 54th St. Colorful decor by Dean Cornwell. Food is excellent, service is tops—luncheon and dinner moderate in cost. Dinner and dance music by Composer-pianist Irving Fields and orchestra, implemented by Fred Hassler's Continental Trio dispensing between-dance music. The Raleigh Room is favorite of celebrities, popular and intimate. Dinner reservations should be made in advance.

RUBAN BLEU, 4 East 56th St., a Tony Mele property, under management of Al Mele, son of the proprietor of Theodore's Restaurant. A splendid and popular supper club; opens at 9; an excellent variety of entertainment begins at 10. Prices start with a minimum of \$3 Mondays through Wednesdays, \$4 on other days. Better make table reservation in advance.

THEODORE'S RESTAURANT, 4 East 56th St. Perennially popular, under personal direction of Host Tony Mele, a sound restaurant man. Cuisine is traditionally Italian, generated by Chef Giovanni Guzza, a recent importation and a capable culinary craftsman.

Luncheon is table d'hôte, prices from \$1.50 to \$2.50. Dinner is a la carte, the veal cutlet *Parmigiana* or *Milanese* retails at \$1.50—a minute steak at \$3—worth the money. Lobster *Fra Diavolo* is memorable. Theodore's wine cellar is famous for both domestic and imported wines. Dinner reservations in advance.

WEYLIN ROOM, Hotel Weylin, 40 East 54th St. This establishment deserves to be better known. The attractive room is highlighted by new murals by Vertes, the service is thoughtful and unobtrusive. Food is largely American with unmistakable but deft Hungarian accent by Chef Geza Kiss. Dinners start at approximately \$3. The Weylin room is popular with those who like to lunch or dine well and quietly in cheerful, uncrowded quarters, adequately lighted.

MOVIES FOR MEN:

BATTLEGROUND (MGM) is the man's movie of the month. The story is based on the exploits of the 101st Airborne at Bastogne. Trying for realism, *Battleground* succeeds in saying that war is primarily one hell of a lot of fun. There are some veterans who will remember that terror is experienced by more than cowards (Richard Jaeckel as Bettis); and that the clean-cut, likeable guys (Van Johnson, John Hodiak, George Murphy) don't always live through the battles. Some of the scenes are wonderfully funny: especially those with James Whitmore as Kinnie, the weary, tobacco-chewing sergeant in command of a bedraggled squad of chins-up fighting men.

Fortunately, the 101st broke out of Bastogne, but *Battleground* itself too often surrenders to somebody's idea of stereotypes required by the movie-going public. Just the same, a superior job you should see.

Also This Month:

IT HAPPENED IN EUROPE (LOPERT): Fast-moving, exciting, entirely plausible story of a marauding band of war orphans in Eastern Europe right after the war. Made in Hungary in 1947, English sub-titles. Superb camera work.



THEY LIVE BY NIGHT (RKO): A long-suffering plot is tortured once more. Farley Granger breaks out of jail with two older cronies. Although they get him to help stick up a few banks, he is really—down deep—a good boy. Falls in

love with the girl who would have him go straight. Inexplicably, he is shot in the last reel. Cathy O'Donnell, the girl, is the best reason we can think of for going to see this one.

BORDER INCIDENT (MGM): It's about immigration cops on the Mexico-California border. A real horror show in spots, a real bore in others, adds up to a satisfying action piece.

PRINCE OF FOXES (FOX): Tyrone, Orson, and Everett Sloane commit ugly deeds against beautiful Italian background of castles, gondolas, and works of art. Good cloak-and-sword stuff, if you're interested.

OBSESSION (EAGLE-LION): An English picture about a psychiatrist who takes five months to commit a murder, finally arriving at his dungeon with a bone saw and a sponge with which to mop up the blood. They could have cut out a few months but, anyhow, it was a lot of fun.

Still Good Bets:

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN (COLUMBIA) is nothing like the first Jolson movie, but it has Larry Parks and Al's voice. **WHITE HEAT** (WARNERS) offers Jimmy Cagney at a fever pitch. Reminiscent of the Cagney of *Angels with Dirty Faces*.

THEATRE:

Plays On Broadway:

DEATH OF A SALESMAN. Arthur Miller's great play, with inspired direction by Elia Kazan, and a superb cast, headed by Lee J. Cobb. (Morosco, 45th Street. W. of Broadway; \$4.80 top.)

DETECTIVE STORY. Ralph Bellamy in a rough and realistic melodrama by Sidney Kingsley. (Hudson, 44th Street, E. of Broadway; \$4.80 top.)

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

WITH ESQUIRE

DIAMOND LIL. Mae West, strutting and chewing her cud as only she can, proves that sex is the funniest thing on earth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. of Broadway; \$4.80 top.)

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT. A remarkable blend of fantasy and strange humor, this curious play by the late Jean Giraudoux is very French. Sometimes slow-moving, but beautifully acted and staged. (Royale, 45th St., W. of Broadway; \$4.80 top.)

MISTER ROBERTS. Henry Fonda in Thomas Heggan's and Joshua Logan's smash hit about a Navy cargo ship on which practically nothing unamusing ever happens. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. of Broadway; \$4.80 top.)



A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. Uta Hagen does some fine work in the endlessly wearing central role of Tennessee Williams' highly touted play. Stay away if you're sick of literary hysteria and undigested Freudian symbolism. (Barrymore, 47th St., W. of Broadway; \$4.80 top.)

Musicals:

AS THE GIRLS GO. The inimitable Bobby Clark and dozens of beautiful show girls in a haphazard show that badly needs Bobby Clark and dozens of beautiful show girls. (Broadway, Broadway at 53rd St.; \$4.80 top; Sunday performances.)

HOWDY, MR. ICE OF 1950. An ice extravaganza for those who enjoy such things. (Center, 6th Avenue at 49th; \$3.60 top.)

KISS ME, KATE. You know about this one. As sleek a musical comedy job as we've had in many a year. (Century, 7th Ave. at 59th; \$6.00 top.)

MISS LIBERTY. So Robert E. Sherwood wrote a musical comedy, Irving Berlin supplied its score, and Moss Hart directed it. So what? O.K. for a rainy evening. (Imperial, 45th St., W. of Broadway; \$6.60 top.)

SOUTH PACIFIC. Hammerstein-Logan-Rodgers-Mary Martin-Ezio Pinza-terrific-terrific! (Majestic, 44th St., W. of Broadway; \$6.00 top.)

WHERE'S CHARLEY? Run of the mill. But Ray Bolger is, as always, wonderful. (St. James, 44th St., W. of Broadway; \$6.00 top.)

LEND AN EAR. A review by Charles Gaynor, chiefly notable for its lively dancing and the fresh, youthful good humor of everybody concerned. (Shubert, 44th St., W. of Broadway; \$6.00 top.)

THE WAXWORKS:

Popular:

BENNY GOODMAN DANCE PARADE: One of many tried and true albums transferred to LP. Gotta Be This or That is among those present and uninterrupted. (COLUMBIA)

WOODY HERMAN DANCE PARADE: Same series including *Caldonia* and *Bijou*. Claude Thornhill, Les Brown, and Gene Krupa are also in the LP Dance Parade series (COLUMBIA)

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS. Bing Crosby, almost as big a myth as Santa Claus, wasn't nearly as inspired when he cut this set

as when he made his best selling Merry Christmas album that is also on sale again. (DECCA)

YOU'RE MY THRILL: Not much stimulus to keep going through the whole thing but it is a Doris Day album with *Bewitched* on top. (COLUMBIA)

I CAN HEAR IT NOW: For Christmas, still one of the best albums ever made. Ed Murrow and a cast of characters that made history. (COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS)

BALLING THE JACK: Miff Mole and his Dixieland orchestra with *How Come You Do Me Like You Do?* on the other side. Well-rounded group. (BRUNSWICK)

DARK EYES. The Russians won't like it but "Red" Allen does a lot that's fun with this favorite. Falters near the end. (BRUNSWICK)

I KNOW, I KNOW, I KNOW: Jud Conlon singers backed by Paul Weston sing a fair tune pretty well. Could do without the corn and some of the soprano. (CAPITOL)

YOU ARE MY LUCKY STAR: The great Louis Armstrong sings and plays. *I'm in the Mood for Love* is on the other side and just as good. (BRUNSWICK)

BABY, GET LOST: Best of two sides by Billie Holiday. (DECCA)

DON'T CRY, JOE: Subject of a real operation by DECCA'S Gordon Jenkins. Also sung by Frank Sinatra, almost like the old Frankie for COLUMBIA.

MISS LIBERTY: Fred Waring album of songs from the recently crucified Broadway musical. Best tune: *You Can Have Him* sung by Jeanne Wheatley. (DECCA)

LAURA: Woody Herman's masterpiece re-issued. (COLUMBIA)

Classical:

CHOPIN RECITAL by Gyorgy Sandor. Includes three typically Chopinesque selections, *Fantasia in F-Minor*, *Fantasia Impromptu in C-sharp Minor*, and *Barcarolle in F-sharp Major*. Brilliant and poetic. (COLUMBIA—long playing or standard, 6 sides)

DEBUSSY SUITE from "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE." Fascinatingly rich and colorful tone poem, all orchestral, derived from the opera. Played by Cleveland Symphony orchestra. (COLUMBIA—long playing or standard, 6 sides)

NEGRO SPIRITUALS, by Helen Traubel. Six old favorites, movingly sung by a great voice. (COLUMBIA—long playing or standard, 6 sides)

TAPIOLA, Symphonic Poem by Sibelius. Massive tone picture of great northern forests, frankly impressionistic but monumentally conceived. Characteristically Sibelius. (RCA VICTOR, 4 sides)

GLAZOUNOFF Violin Concerto in A-Minor. Strongly romantic and melodic, with lots of fireworks. Nathan Milstein does the bowing. (RCA VICTOR, 6 sides)

SUITE FROM "ROYALFIREWORKS MUSIC," by Handel. Superbly tuned to the classic ear, Handel's architecture and tuneful brilliance nicely sustained by Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. The original score was accompanied by actual fireworks, but you'll find the music satisfying enough without them. (COLUMBIA—long playing or standard, 4 sides)

READING MATTERS:

FICTION: *A Rage To Live*, by John O'Hara. Random House. \$3.75. Big (590 pages) solid novel about a woman in conflict with a town. Thorough, honest piece of work, not genius perhaps, but a sharp, clean, absorbing story.



This is a broader and more varied book than the author's *Appointment in Samarra*. It introduces a new O'Hara, a writer who is older, wiser, less sophisticated and better equipped to do substantial novels of American life.

GENERAL: *The Aspirin Age, 1919-41*, edited by Isabel Leighton. Simon and Schuster. \$3.95.

By far the most readable of the current crop of "roaring twenties" books. Top pieces by Morris Markey on the Starr Faithfull murder case, John Lardner on Lindbergh, Charles Jackson on Orson Welles' men from Mars radio panic, William McFee on the Morro Castle disaster, Herbert Asbury on prohibition, and Phil Stong on the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Life Among the Doctors, by Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace. \$4.75.

Sums up medical progress of the last ten years, reports latest discoveries in drugs and treatment, and what goals the research fraternity is currently tracking down. Also some sharp word portraits of the men behind the test tubes.

MYSTERY: *A Graveyard To Let*, by Carter Dickson. William Morrow. \$2.50.

Latest adventure of Sir Henry Merrivale, Dickson's whimsical British sleuth. There is a killer, of course, and before he is exposed, the detective explains a "miracle disappearance," disrupts the subway system, plays baseball, and generally behaves like the card his followers admire.

SPECIAL: *The Modern Dog Encyclopedia*. Stackpole and Heck. \$10.

The last authoritative word on everything from the chihuahua to the mastiff, from diets for ailing dobermans to records of field performances by champion beagles. 638 pages, 500 illustrations, data on all breeds and every aspect of dogdom. Most comprehensive work yet to be published in this field.

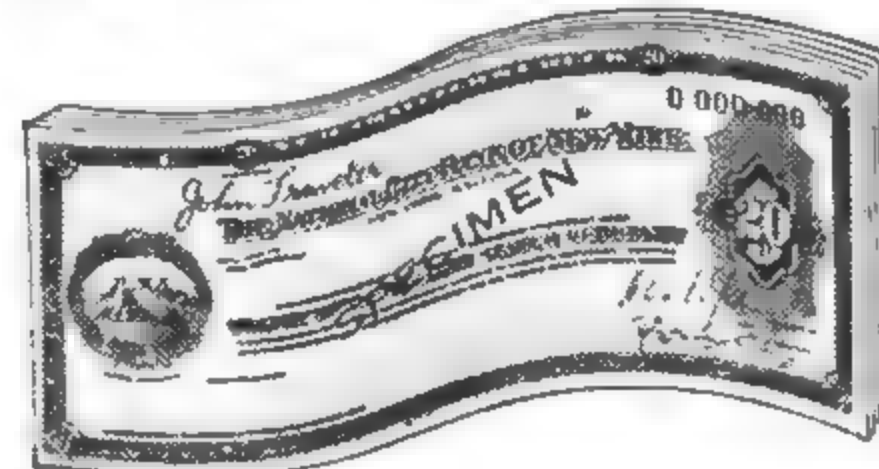
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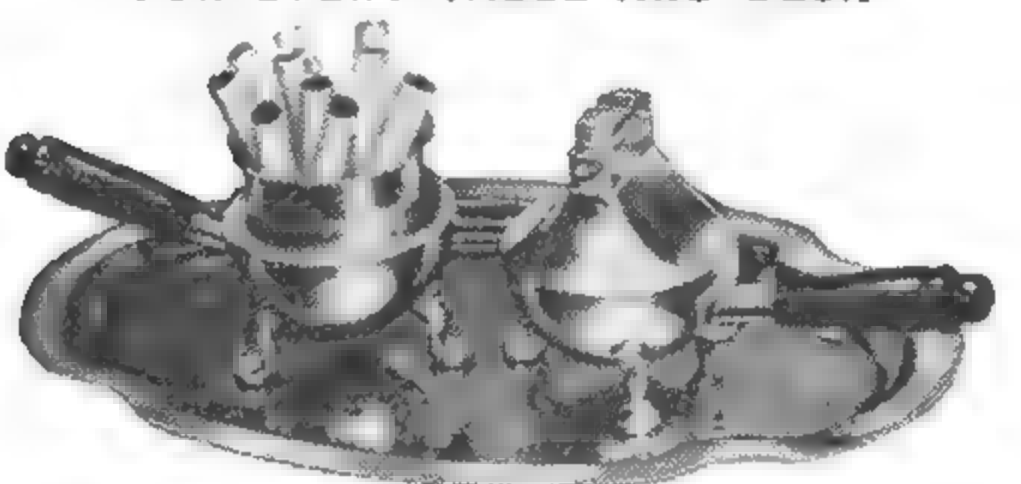
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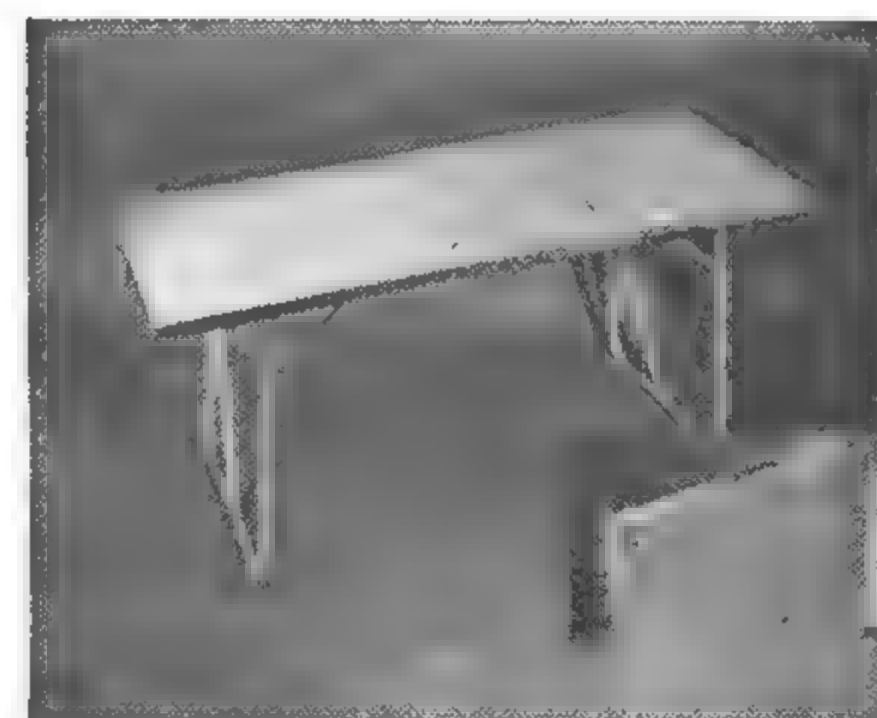
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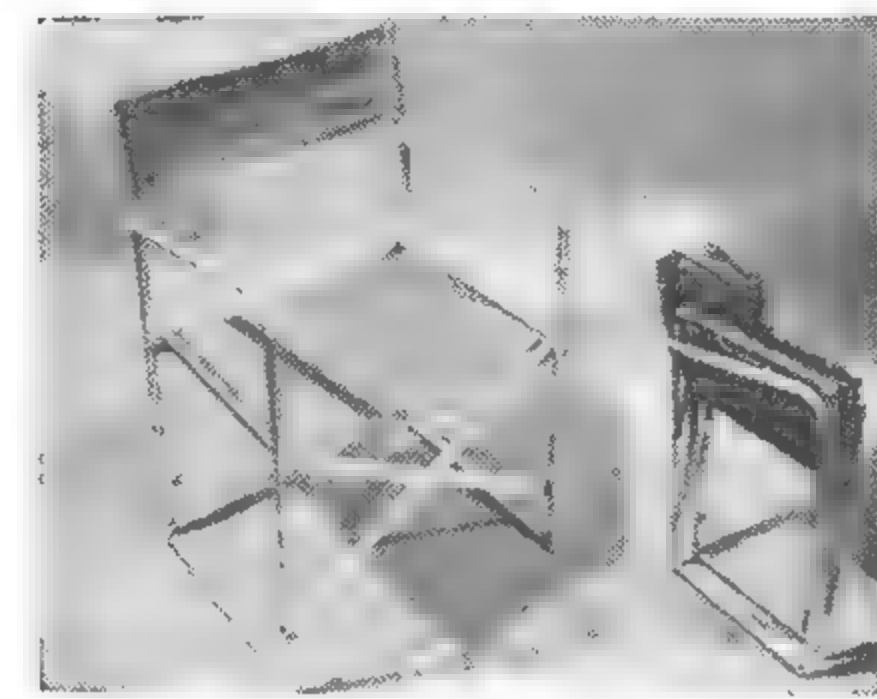
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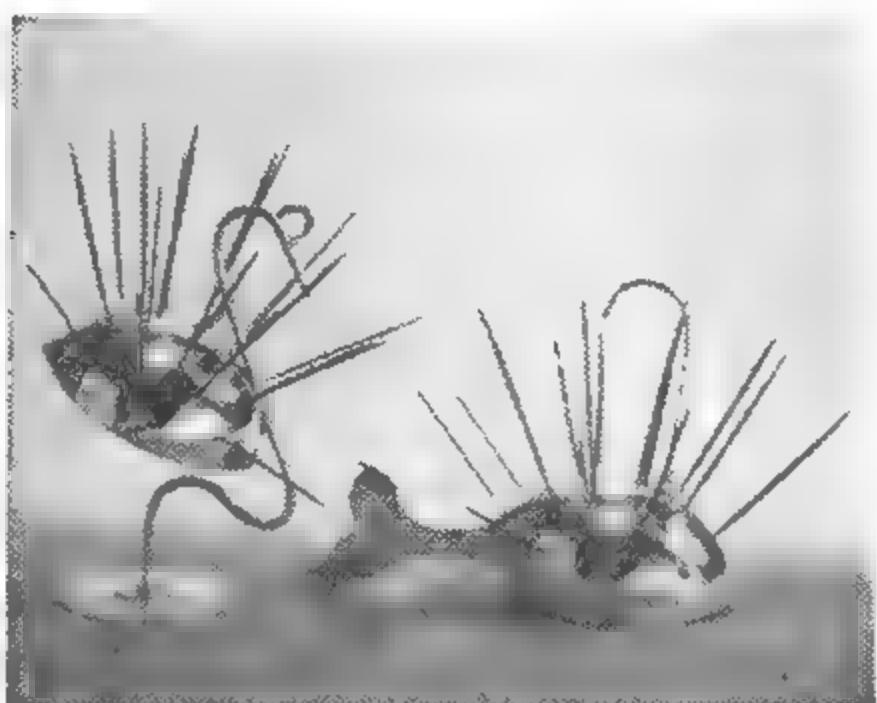
A COMBINATION of strength and service is the secret of this clean-lined, lightweight aluminum table. Snaps shut and folds into a compact package that a child can carry into the living room when company comes or to the picnic grounds. It seats six comfortably. Fine for work that needs space. Well-designed spring-lock prevents collapse.



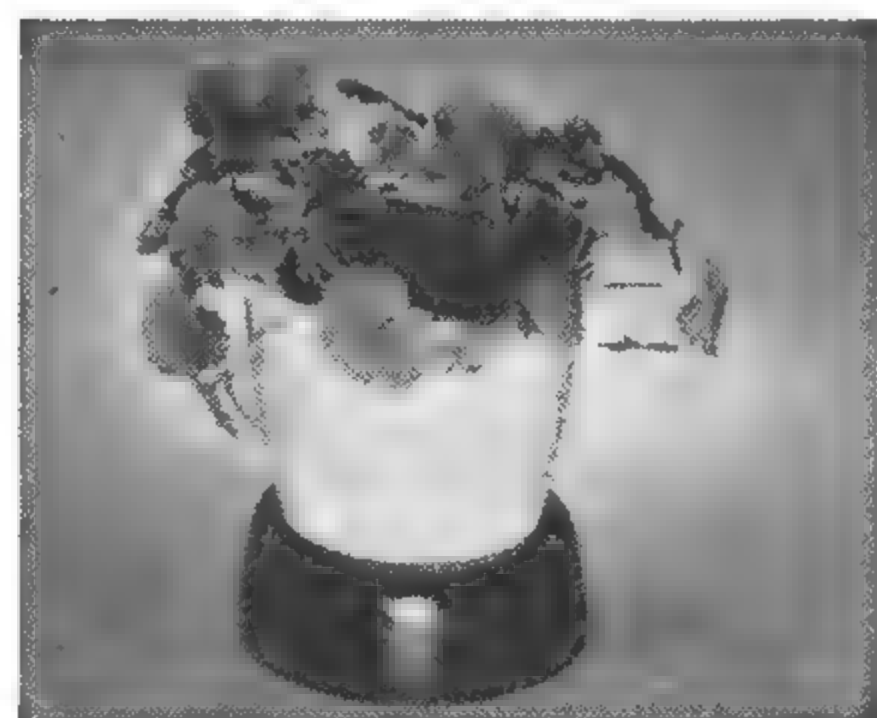
RUNNING MATE for aluminum table is this portable chair. Canvas back and seat are attached to tough aluminum frame. Chair looks like a movie director's. Folds up flat and weighs practical nothing. Sturdy and uncomplicated, it is a chair with emergency uses all year round. No wobbles or danger of cave-in. Canvas in colors.



LET THE WHALE or the swan hold the cheese, olives, miniature hot dogs and other canapes you serve with drinks. Both are silver-plated and lacquered to prevent tarnishing. The swan's head and the spout of the whale, collapsible for storage purposes, serve as handles. They come with colored toothpicks and hold approximately 18 pieces each.



A WICK-FED FLOWER-POT waters the plant for you. You fill the base with water and capillary action takes the moisture up through a woven Fibreglas wick directly to the plant roots. Made of plastic, the base is ebony, the top ivory, 4 1/2" tall and 4" in diameter. Saves the tired husband the bother of watering the plants when the wife is away.



For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

CHEESE in Wine! Smooth, flavorful, delicious



Set of four 12 oz. crocks contain Stilton and Cheddar cured in Port Wine; Bleu in Brandy; Swiss in Kirsch. Complete \$7.50
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Prepaid within 200 miles.

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The Recognized Caviar Specialists
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GENTLEMEN'S TIE RACK

Keeps ties always
NEAT & PRESSED

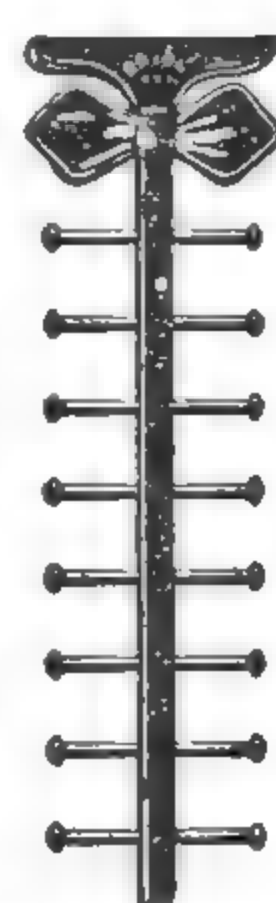
This famous Orlon tie rack has hundreds of uses. Can be installed on closet door or wall and will not interfere with closet fittings. Mottled in attractive colored mahogany from durable Celanese plastic.

2 FOR \$1.35
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Excellent Xmas gift for every male—young or old. Buy a dozen for only \$7.49

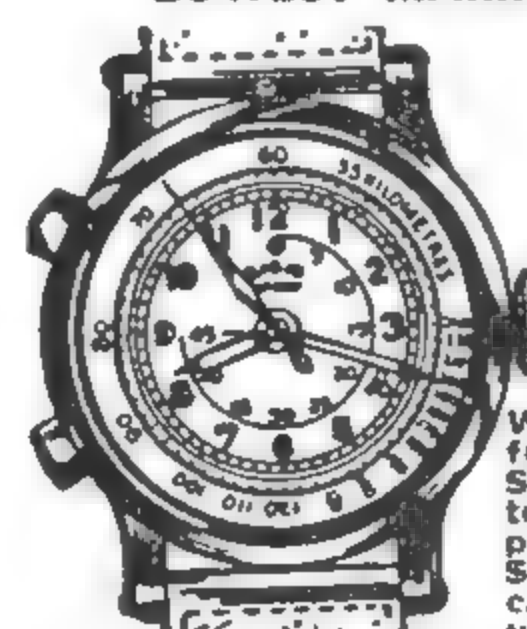
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GRIST MILL, BASKING RIDGE
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Chronograph Wrist Watch

LOWEST MARKET PRICE \$12.95



SEVEN JEWEL Sweep Second Hand; Shock-resistant case; Radium hands and numerals; Leather strap, measures distance, speed of cars, planes, horses, other moving objects. It's a time keeper, stop watch, telemeter, tachometer. 14K GOLD PLATE STAINLESS STEEL BACK. ONE YEAR WRITTEN GUARANTEE and full operating instructions. SEND NO MONEY. Mail order today. Pay postman \$12.95 plus 10% Federal tax. Total \$14.25 plus postage. Or send cash (money order or check) with order and save postage.

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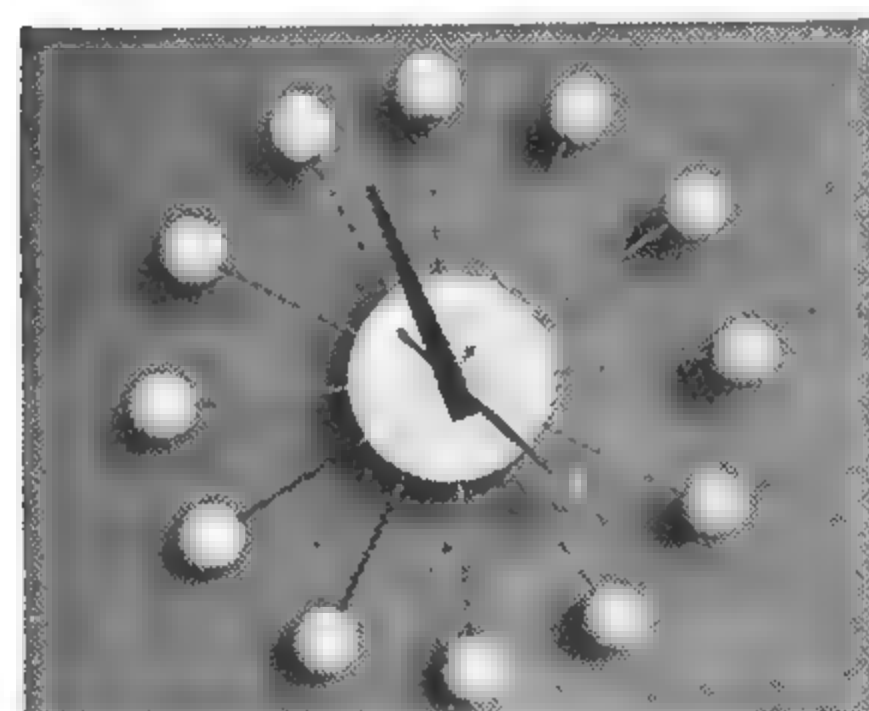
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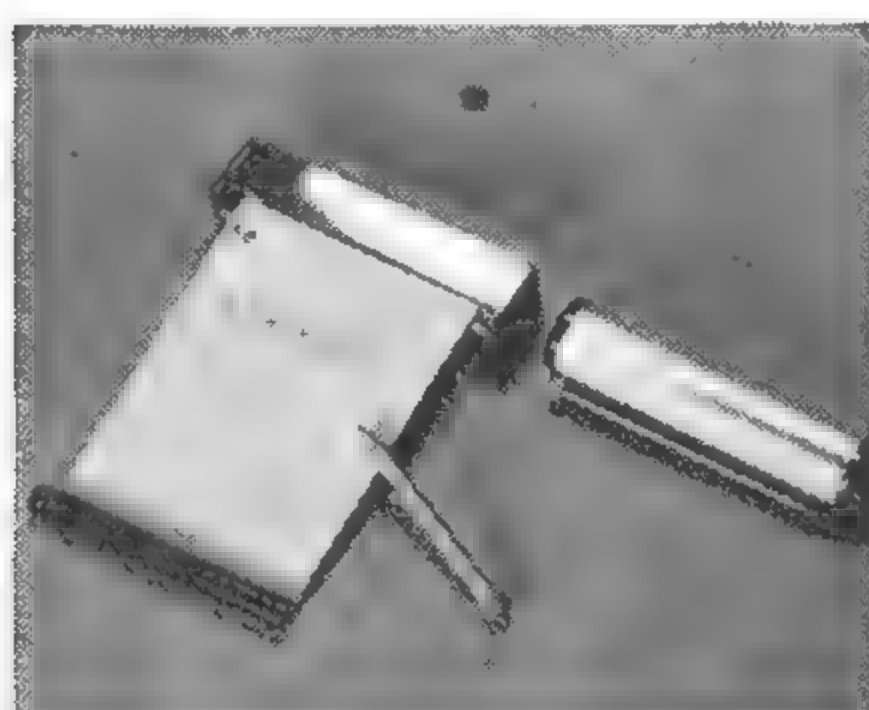
AT ANY ANGLE, this adjustable reading stand holds books, magazines or sheet music so that you don't have to hold them in your hands. In any position, up or down, it adjusts to your height and can also be used as a tray. Small extension is for an ash tray or glass. Convenient for students, musicians and the bed-ridden.



FLOATING MAGNIFIER. An excellent aid to stamp collectors and others involved in close work, this glass reveals the tiniest details and concentrates a fluorescent light at the point of work. Attached to a base which enables it to float into almost any position, it is equipped with a 5-inch circular lens and three 6-watt tubes.



WOODEN BALLS replace the numerals in this modern plug-in electric clock designed by George Nelson. 14" in diameter, it comes in several combinations of metal and wood: red center, brass spokes, black hands, red balls; white center, brass spokes, black hands, white balls; brass center and spokes, black hands and natural birch balls.



A PHONE NUMBER and address listing device—to keep things straight for a lady—operates like a window shade and looks like an oversized lipstick. Pull the sheet out and it stays out. Press a button and it springs back. The pull bar holds a toothpick pencil. Sheet takes insertions on both sides, won't wear out and can be erased.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. **Ranger**

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Guatemalan Shoulder strap feed bag, blond full Grain Leather, Hand Sewn, 12" high, 6 x 9 bottom, \$15.95, Fed. Tax \$3.19. Total \$19.14.

Indian Cate Tong Sandals. Fits all ages 6 to 60. Send foot outline and \$4.50. No tax.

Folding Saddle Chair. Hand tooled leather. Ideal for den, tack room or outdoors. \$8.95. No Tax.

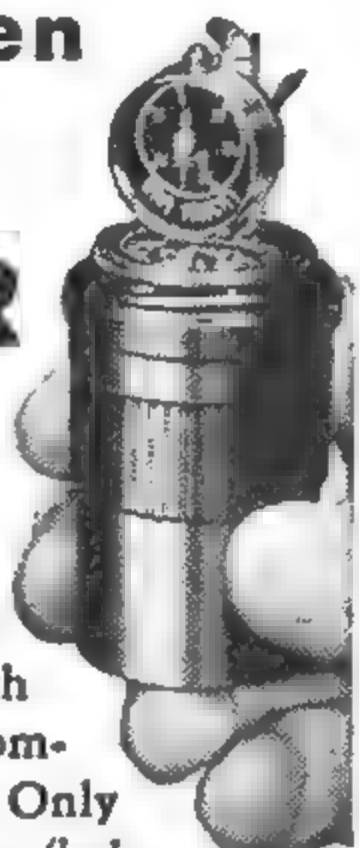
Money Back Guaranty Post Paid in U. S. A. by **EL ENCANTO** 2331 Collins Av. Miami Beach, Fla.

All Outdoorsmen go for

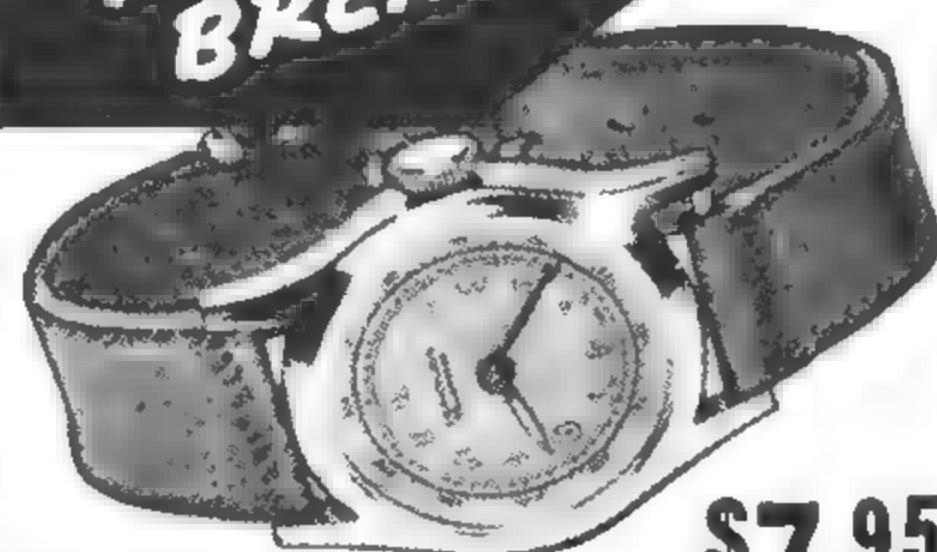
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Wind Velocity at a glance

It's a pocket-size, guaranteed precision instrument. Model A measures wind speeds 5 to 30 m. p.h. Model B, 10-60 m. p.h. Both models have accurate, built-in compass to show *wind direction*, too. Only \$8.75. Real leather carrying case (belt-type) \$1.50. If your dealer can't supply you, write Dept. E, The H. M. Sawyer & Son Company, Cambridge, Massachusetts.



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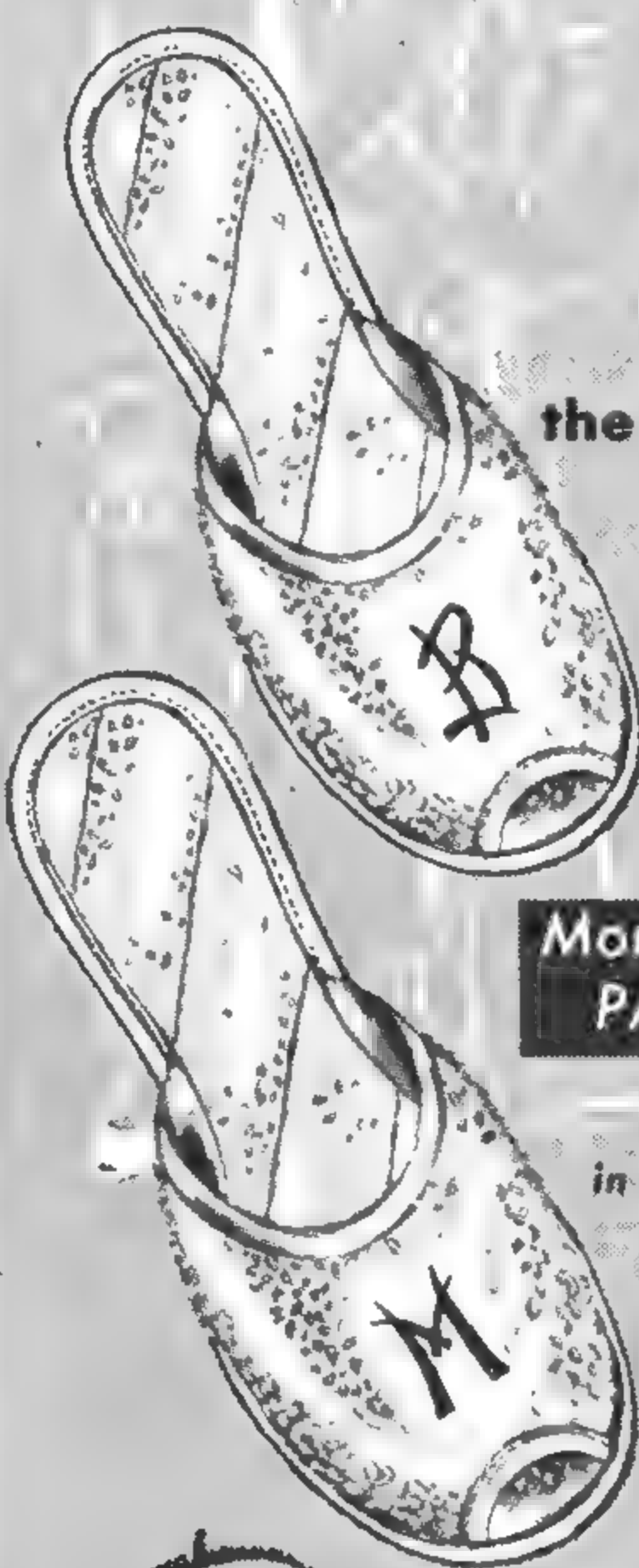
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new!

different!

the perfect gift

for HER

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Monogrammed PADABOUTS

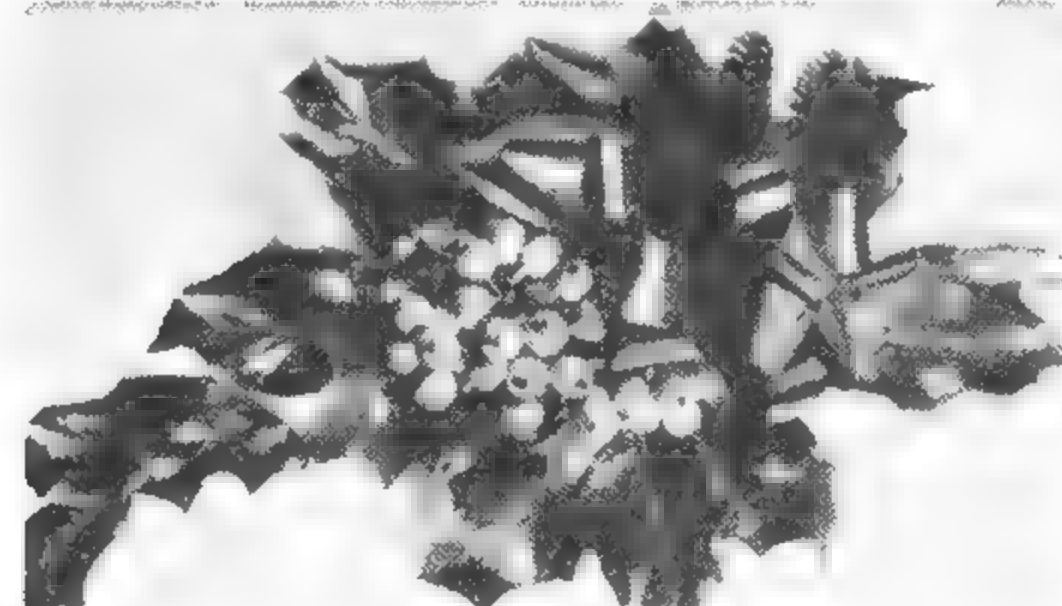
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\$2.95 pair
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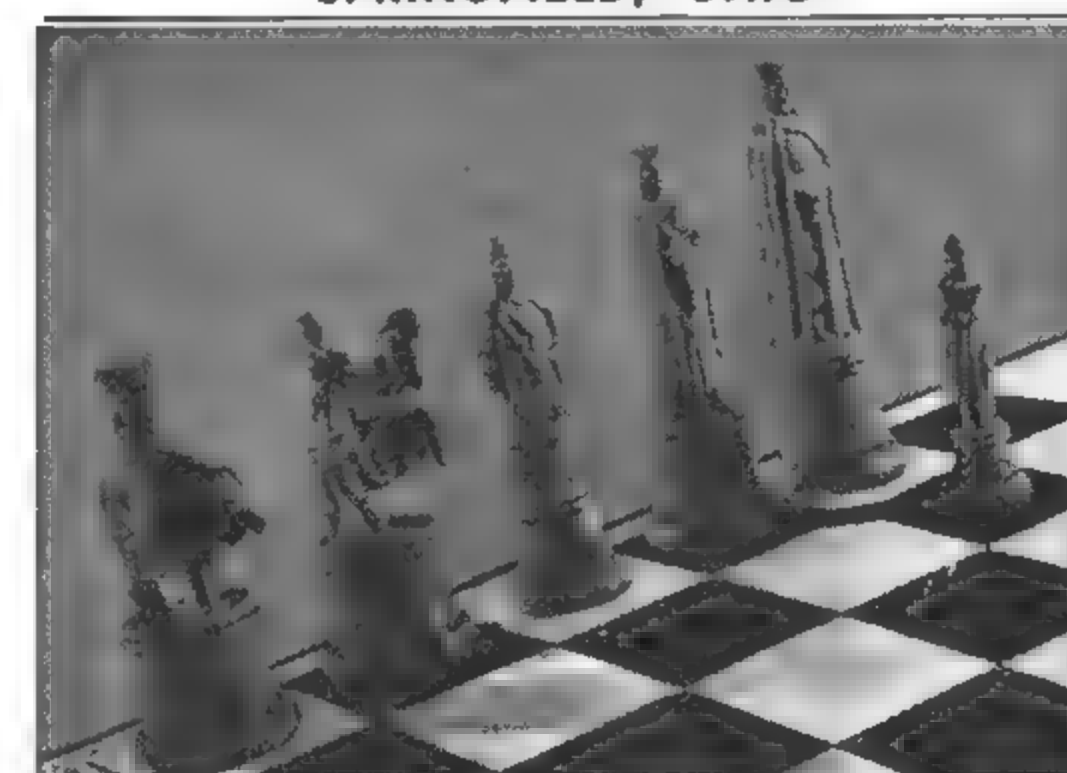


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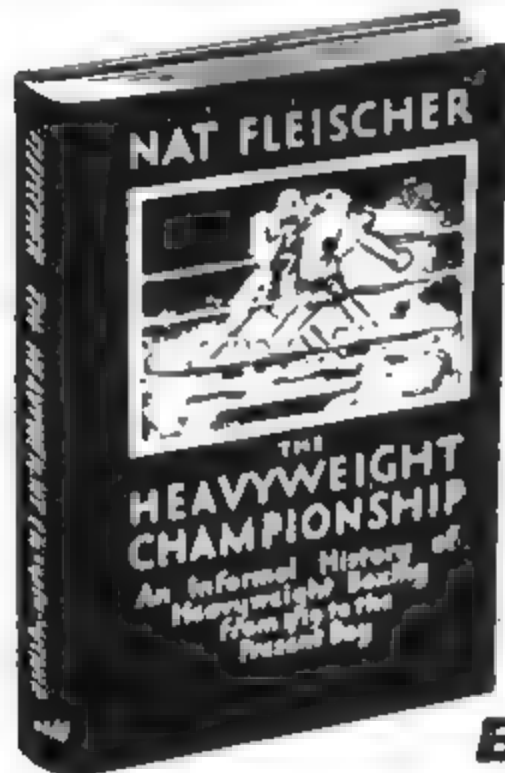
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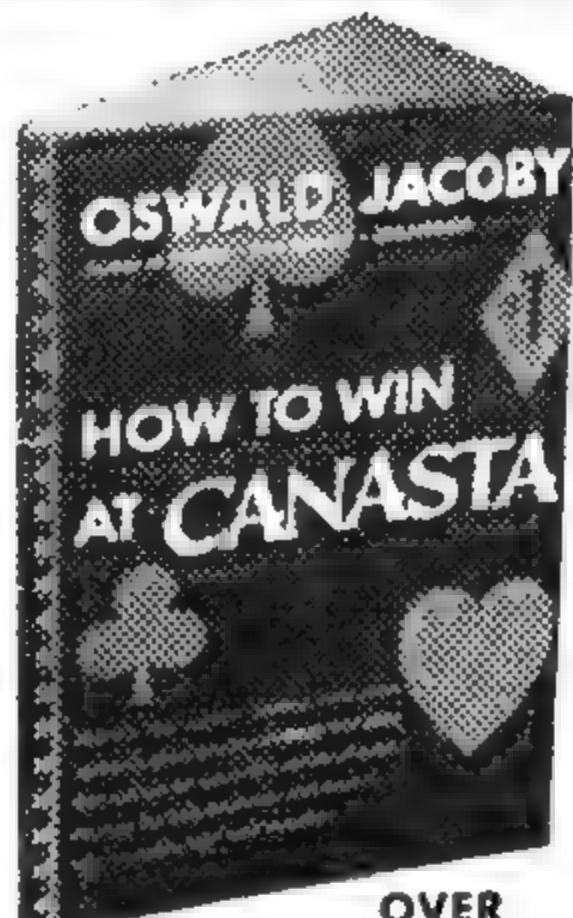
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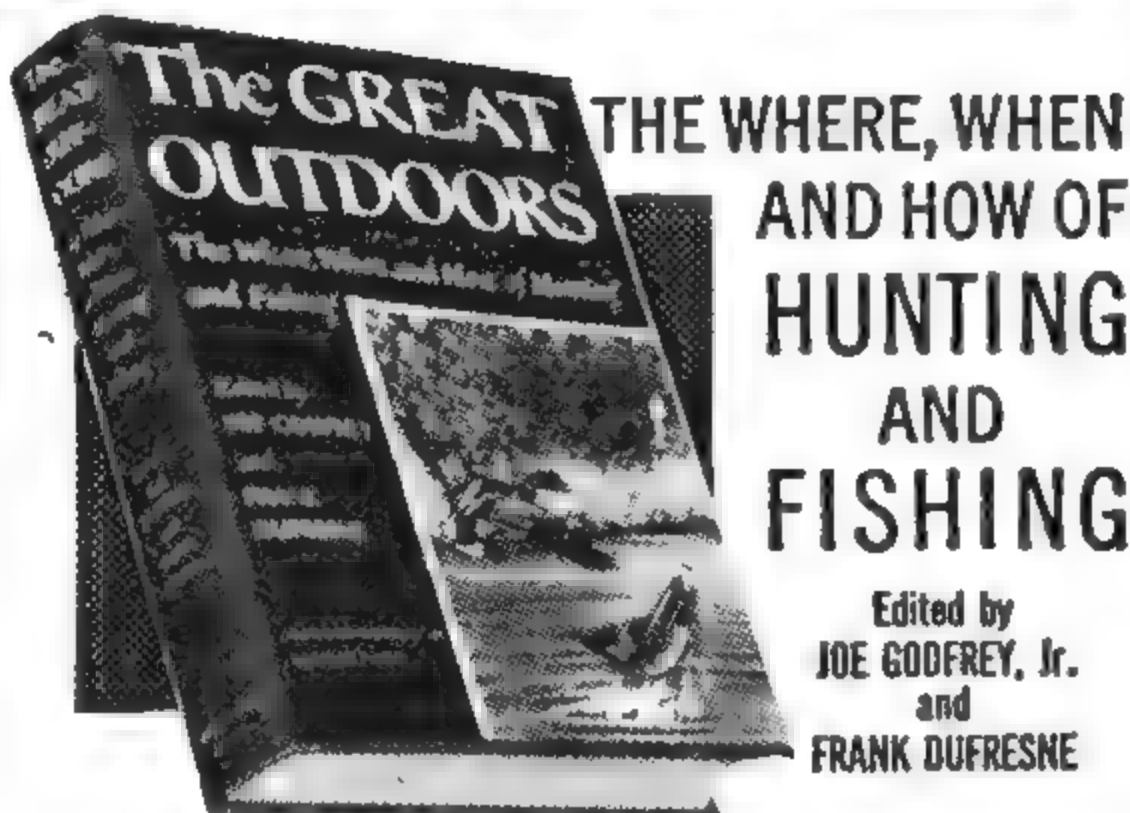
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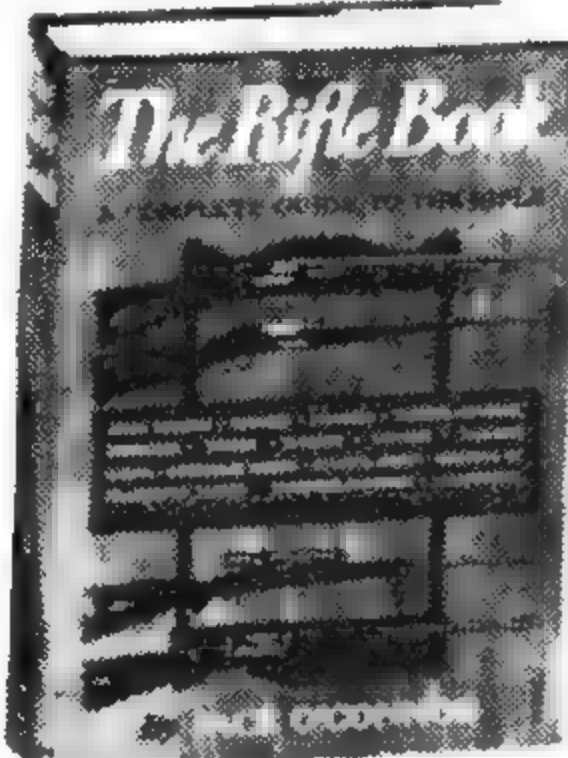
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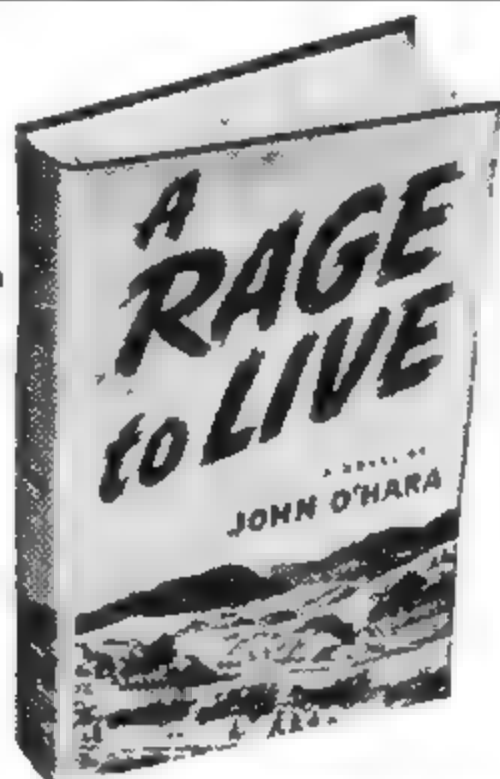
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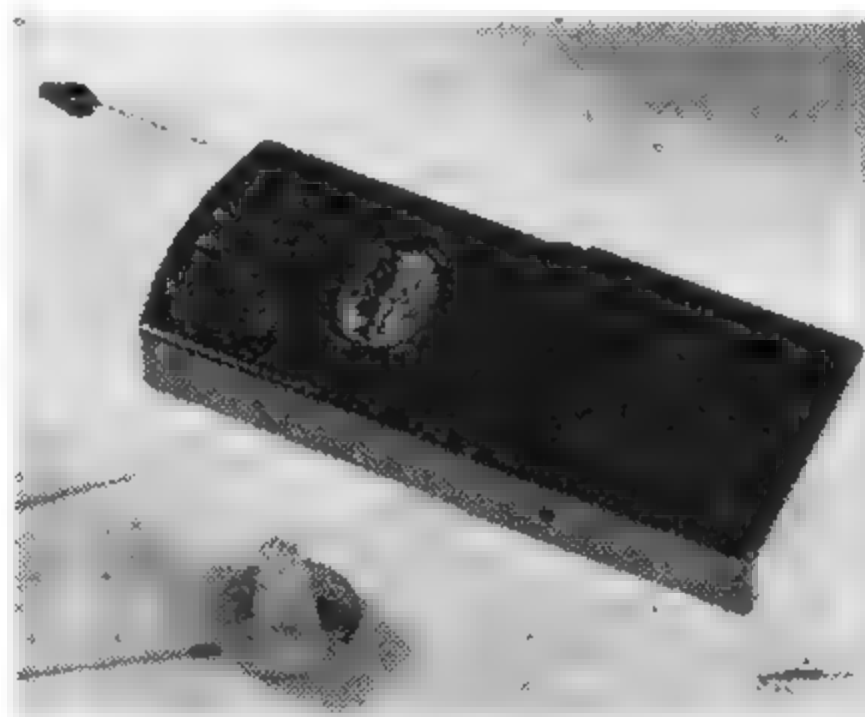
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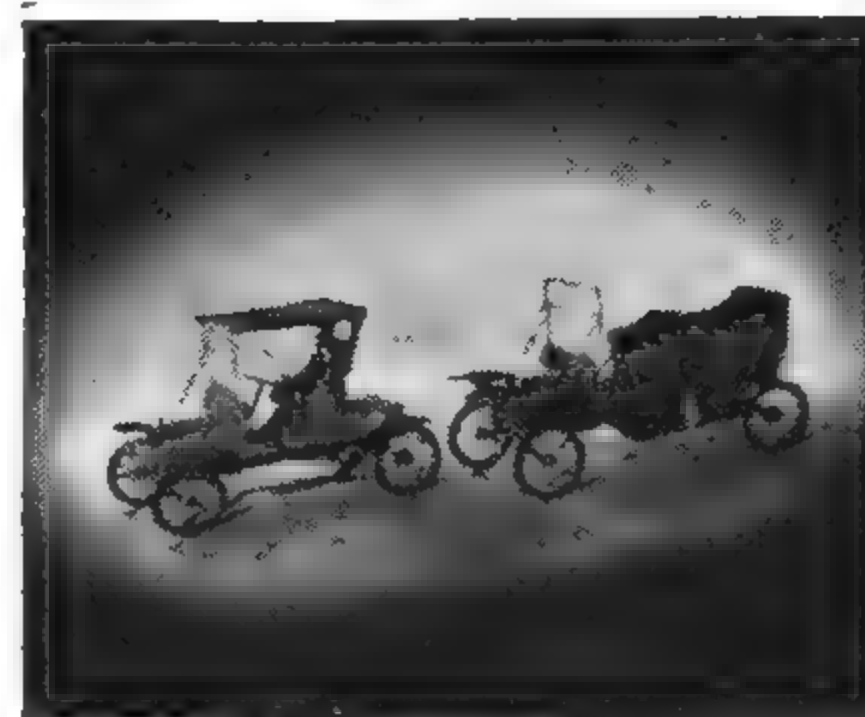
MUSIC ON YOUR WEEK END is the purpose of this handy, eleven pound portable record player. Rustic tan and brown leatherette case holds a sturdy three-speed set. A flip of a switch and it plays standard 78 shellacs or long-playing discs at 33 1/3 or 45 r.p.m.'s. Plug in any AC outlet at college or lodge. Gives good tone for its type.



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MOST FAMILIES, with a budding musician will probably get a familiar feeling when they see these amusing water color sketches of youngsters making music. Framed, the prints make delightful decorations for play room, den, or school. Done in full-color by a talented teen-age artist, each is 8" x 10". Twelve different instruments.



SAFER THAN A HOT ROD, auto enthusiasts will find hours of recreation in these miniature automobile hobby kits. Exact half-inch scale models can be built from molded, die-cut plastic parts. Wood parts also cut to shape. Old timers pictured are (left) 1911 Maxwell (7 1/2" long) and 1909 Model "T" Ford (8" long). '04 Olds and others available.

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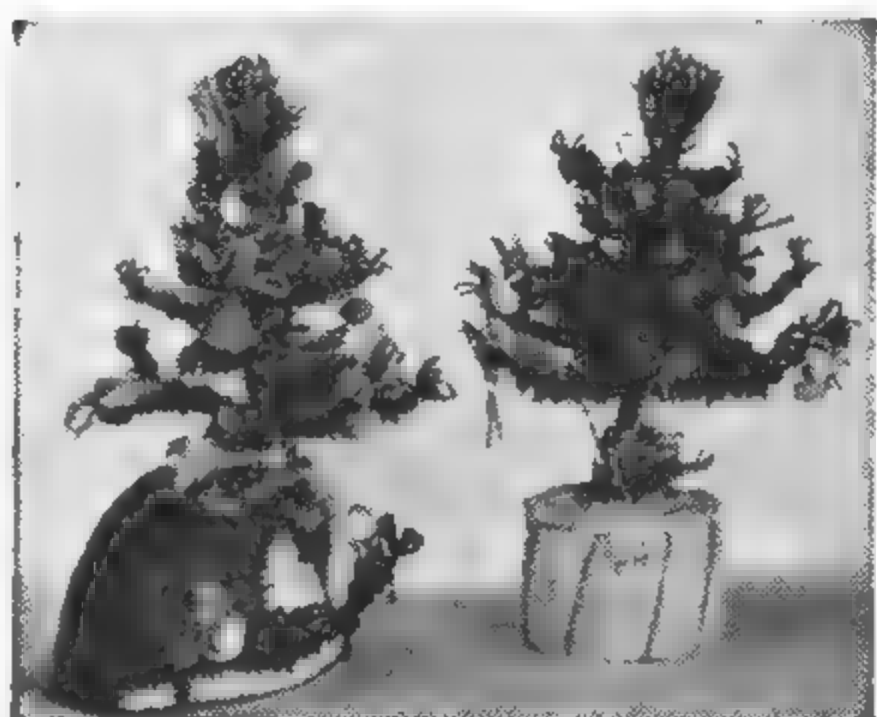
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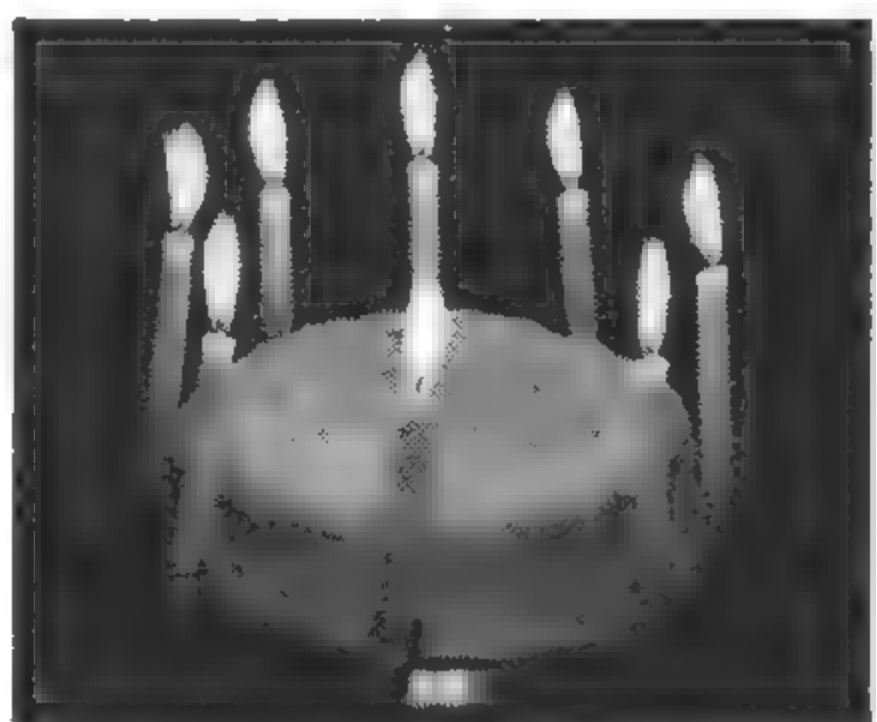
SAFETY AWARD WINNING Christmas tree stand has many advantages packed into its heavy-gauge steel base, 15" wide, 7" high. It holds three gallons of water and supports a tree up to nine feet high without extra support. Tree is kept fresh and fire-resistant when trunk is held between three screw-in braces in water. Rust-proof. Leakproof.



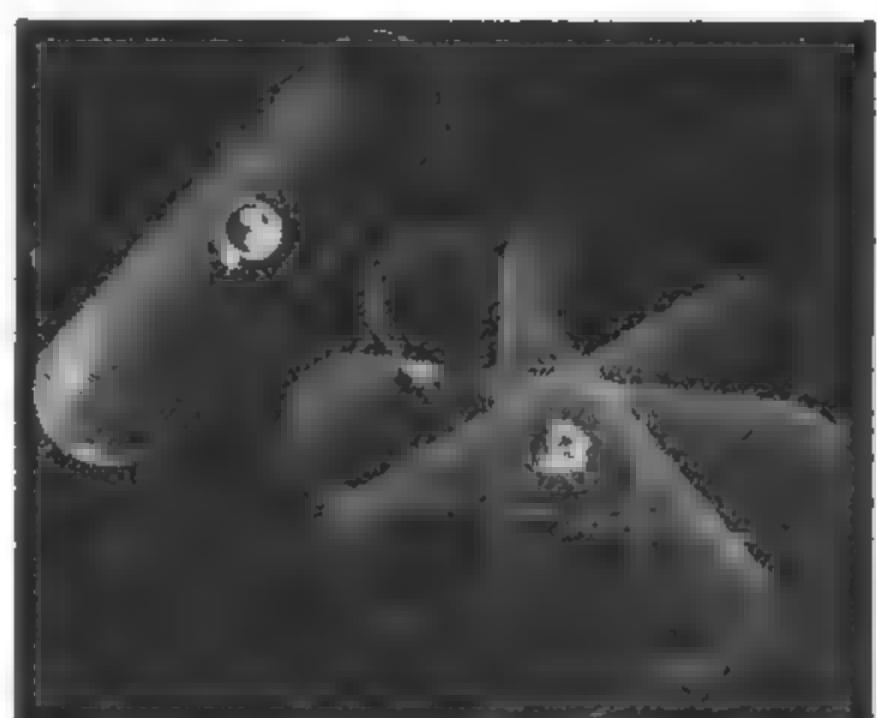
CAMOUFLAGE went out with the cessation of hostilities but a neat hiding place for a small Christmas gift is under either one of these miniature (13") Christmas trees. The straw branches are laden with clever ornaments and cotton snow. Tree-trunk is attached to a base that will hold a small toy or candy. Shuts tightly and fastens.



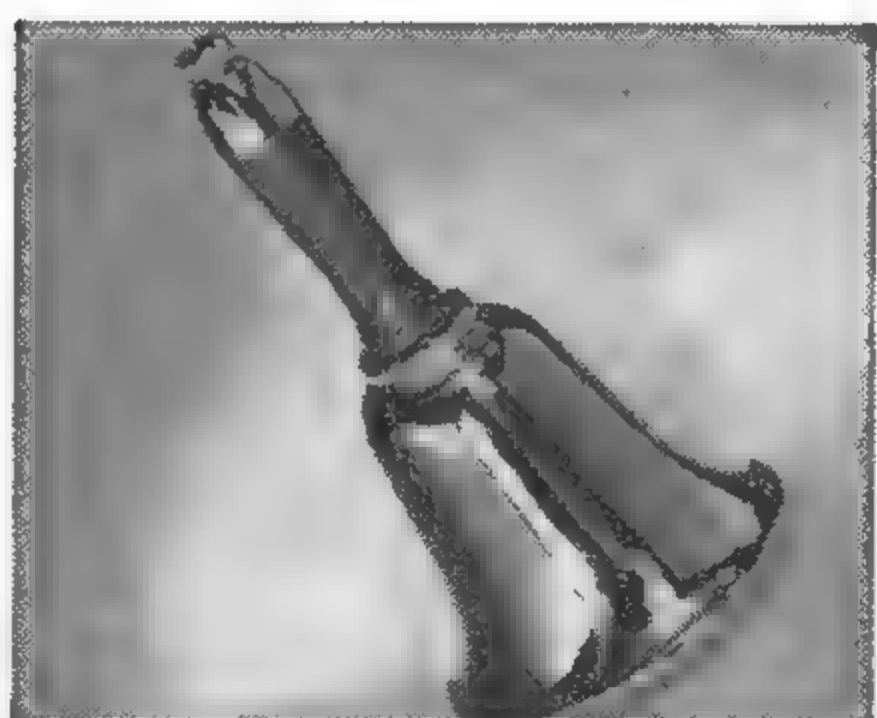
BIRTHDAY CAKE candles needn't drip all over the cake. A metal ring, adjustable to any size from 7" to 15", encircles the whole cake and the candle holders (and candles) fit onto it wherever you want to place them. The ring comes with 8 holders but more are available separately. Up to 70 candles can be used. Inexpensive and handy.



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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

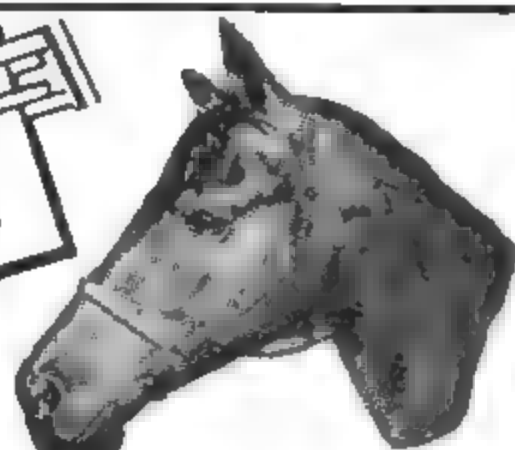
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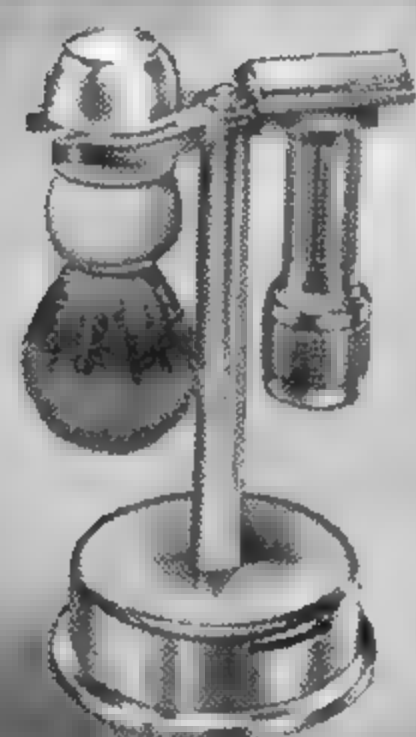
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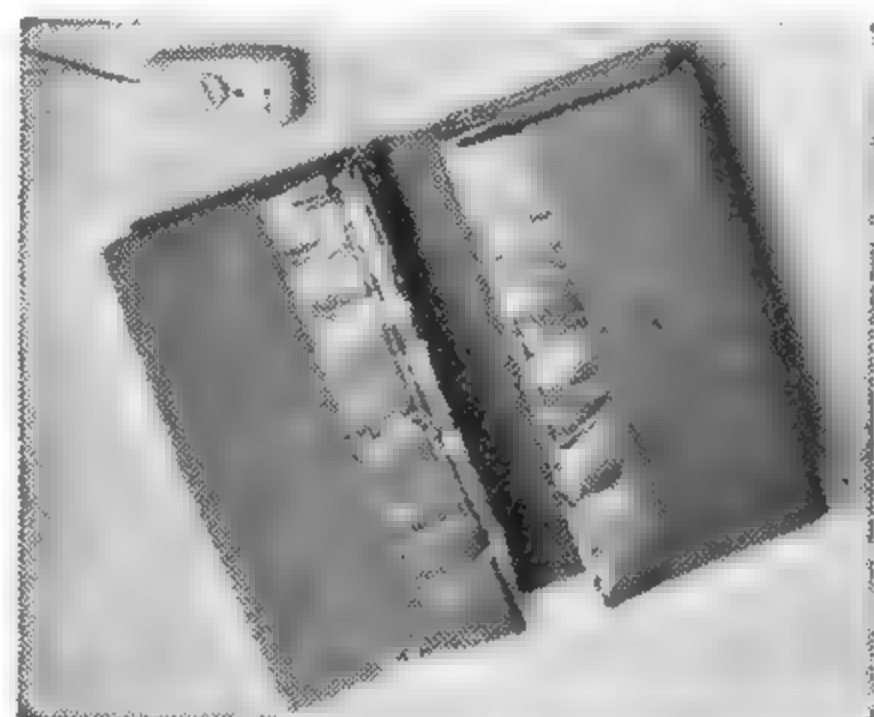
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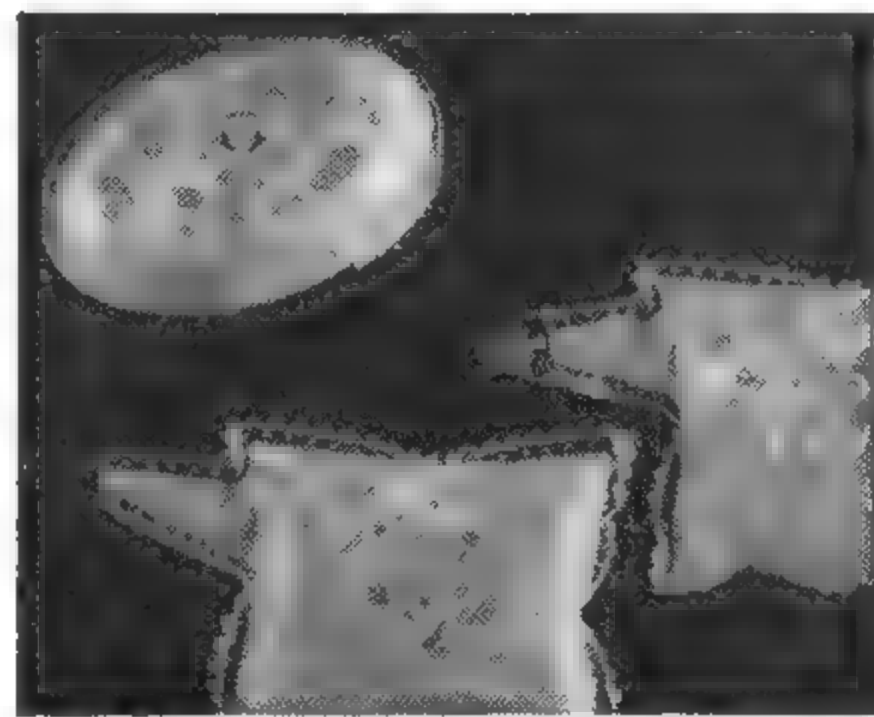
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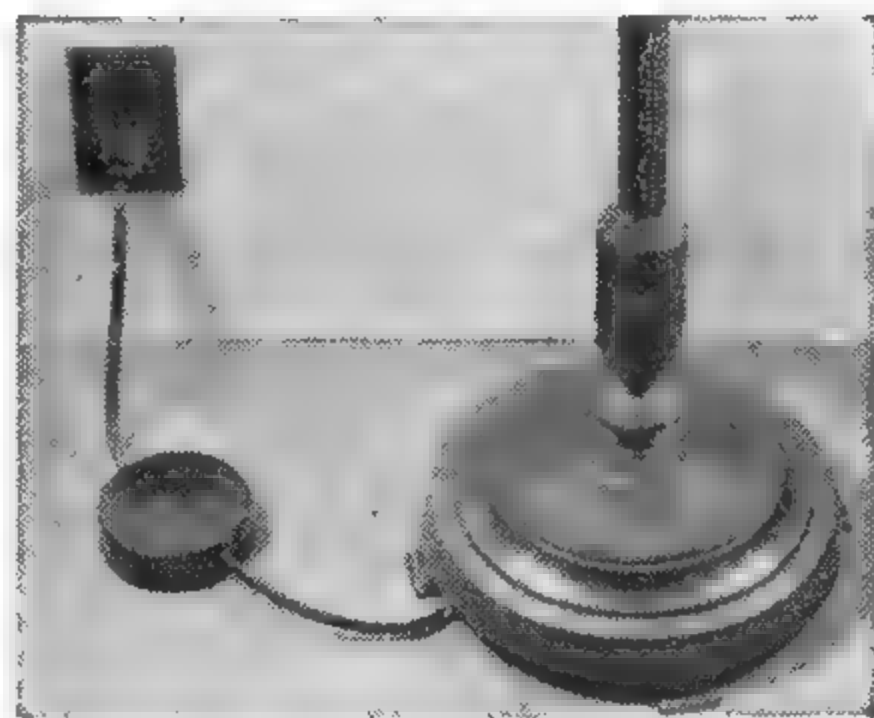
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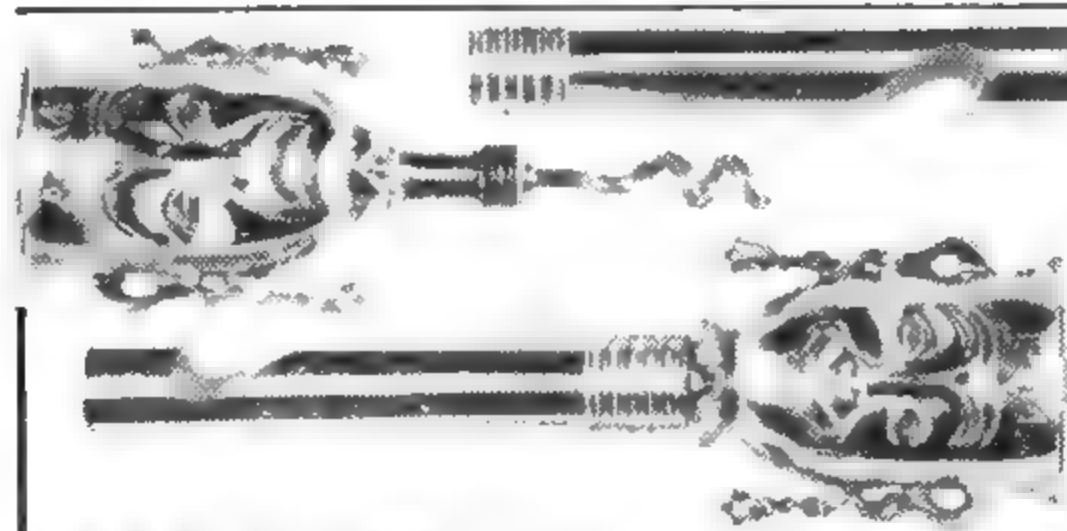
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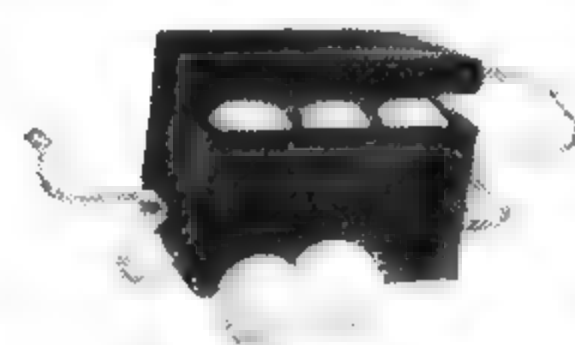
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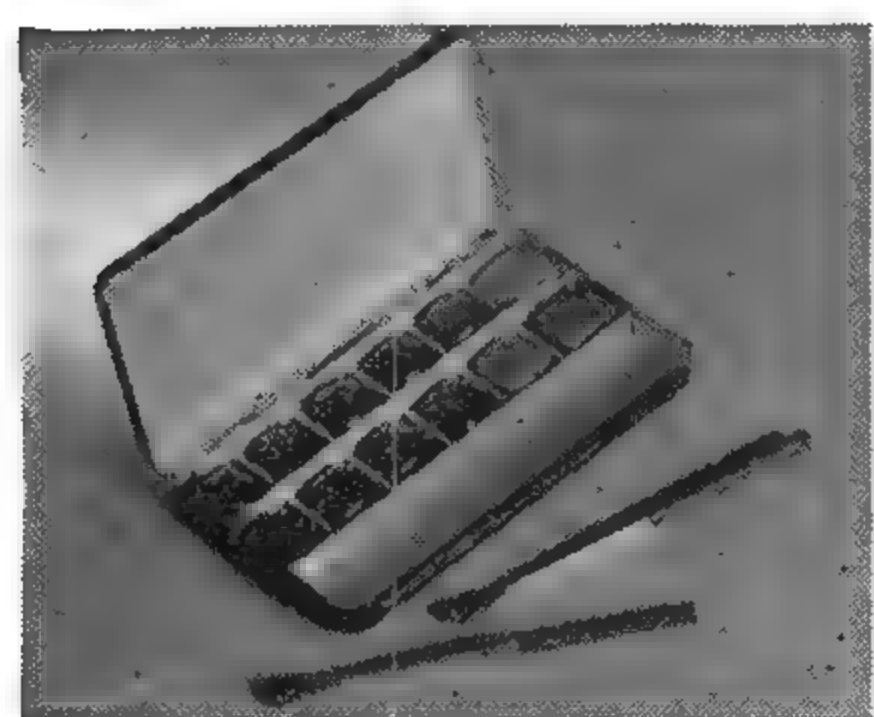
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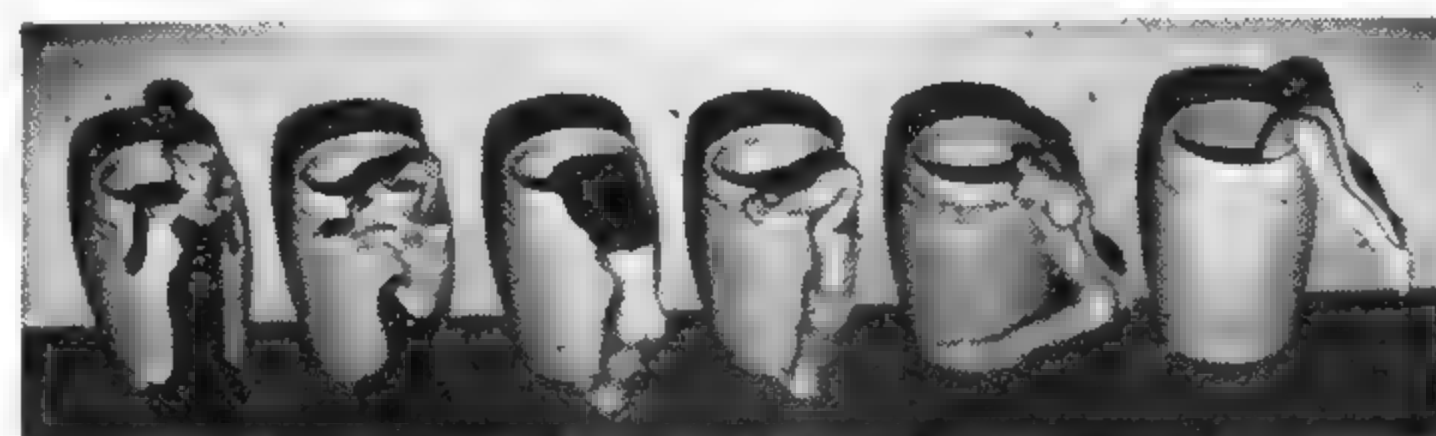


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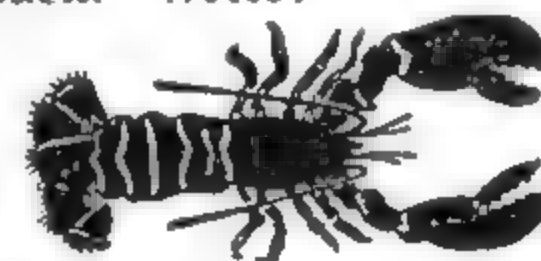
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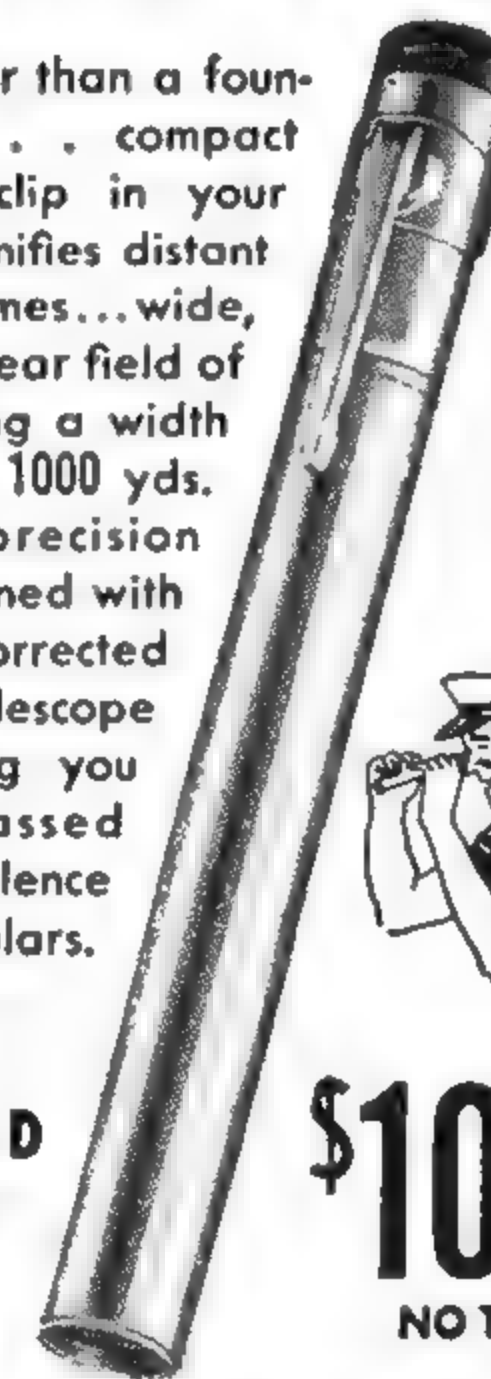
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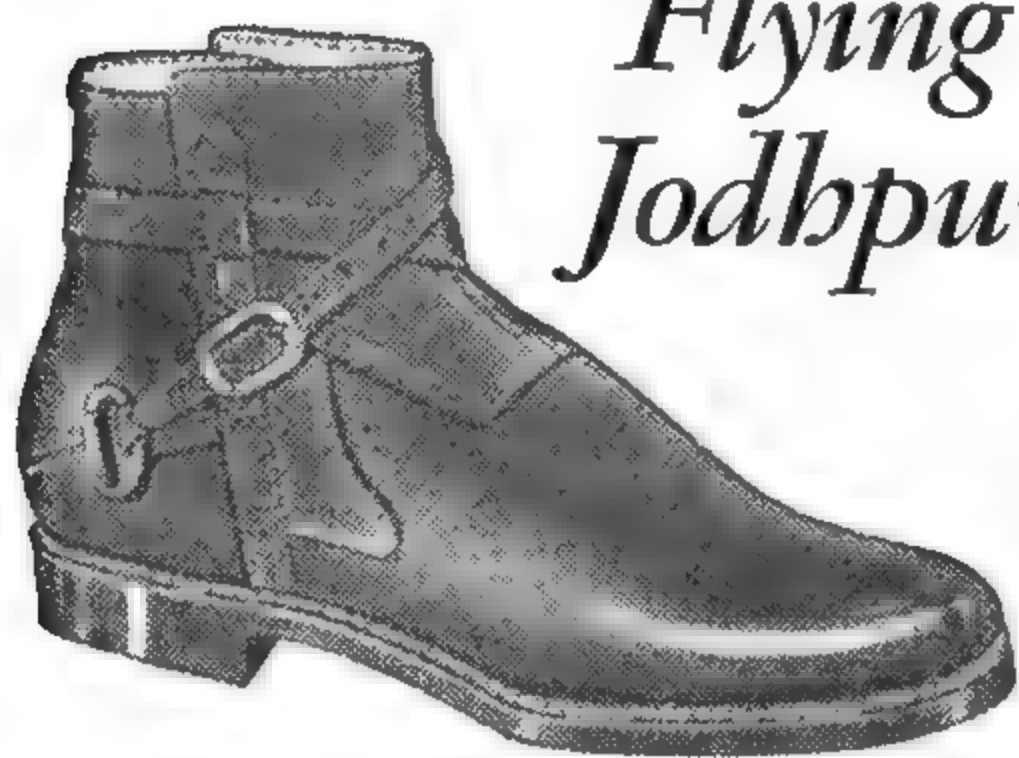
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SINCE 1857

137 MATHEWSON ST., PROV. 3, R. I.



The Flying Boot "FOR SKYFARERS"

Here's an exact copy of the Brazilian Boot—that smart, easy-to-get boot every man has been looking for. Fashioned of the finest leather, fully bench-made and leather-lined, over comfortable fitting lasts. Tops are soft and pliable. Available in Rich Cordovan Brown or Black, "C" width and wider. (not recommended for narrow feet). Sizes 5 to 12. In stock for immediate **\$20.00** delivery.



The Flying Jodhpur

We are proud of this fine, imported shoe made by Mexico's finest bootmaker. It's soft as a glove, yet fully leather-lined, bench-made of finest quality leather. A popular favorite of modern men, this shoe is ideal for hiking, riding, flying, or business. Rich Cordovan Brown or Black. Sizes 5-13. **\$18.00**

Order by mail giving size and width.
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★ IMPORTERS ★
113 So. Oregon St., El Paso, Texas

GIANT INFLATO TOYS

- Tough Colorful Vinylite
- Child Can Blow Them Up

#92 SANTA CLAUS

A big bellied Saint Nick! Wonderful surprise to set before your tree, or present as an Xmas gift. In red, white & black. Free stand holds Santa upright. 4 Ft. High, 4 Ft. Around.

Only **\$2.98** ea.

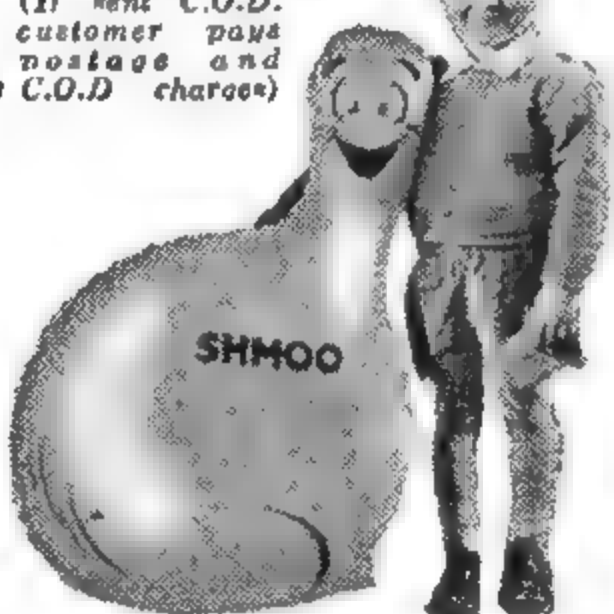
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Order by mail shipped postpaid

(If sent C.O.D. customer pays postage and C.O.D. charges)

#93 THE SHMOO

Life-size roly-poly playmate. Light as a feather. Stands by himself. Ride him—punch him—takes loads of abuse. Great pal in the home, out-of-doors, or in the water. 3 Ft. High.



DAVID RODES CO., Dept. E-129, 225 W. 34th St.
New York 1, N. Y.

"I Feel 10 Years Younger!"

Says Mr. A. P.

Before I started wearing my special SPORTFLEX support I looked and felt like an old man. Today, with this wonderful figure aid, I look 10 years younger and feel like a million!

Sportflex
Arg. Appd.

What a wonderful way to control those bulges! SPORTFLEX simply e-a-s-e-s you into upright, perfect posture without any restraining stays to dig into soft flesh! The wide 2-way stretch band of quality latex can't roll, bunch or bind... Soft, smooth detachable crotch gives sanitary support. Here's a sturdy, resilient figure aid for porous non-chafe control that launders like magic!

Please specify waist & height size.

Send check or money order. **\$3.00** POST PAID
C.O.D.'s accepted.

SIZES OVER 48 MADE TO YOUR ORDER, \$5.00

SPORTFLEX FOUNDATIONS

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EXTRA CROTCH 75c

Smart Women Want It!

Smart Men Give It!



The gift she'll really treasure... Atomette's beautifully jeweled perfume dispenser and lipstick case. In Ruby, Emerald, Crystal, Topaz, Aqua, and Sapphire.

The set in silk carryall, \$6 tax inc. Separately: Atomette \$3.60, Lipstick \$2.40, both with tax inc. At your favorite store or order direct (specify color) No C.O.D.

Atomette
Co., Inc.
New York 10

WOW'EM!

Pour Drinks out of a CIGARETTE PACKAGE!

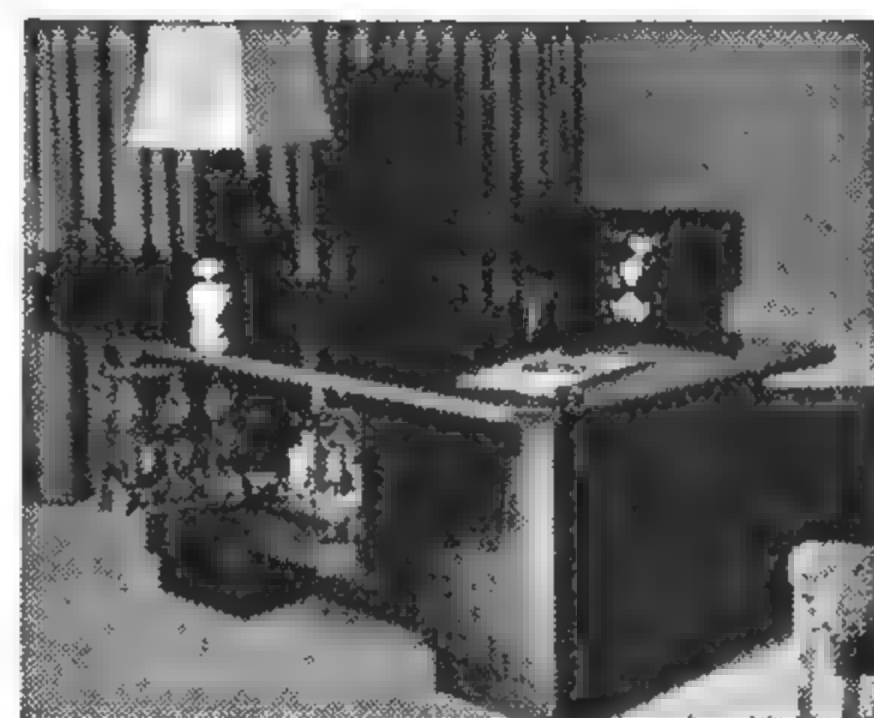
Watch their eyes pop out when you pull out a cigarette package and pour out a shot of 100 proof! The new Hollywood KICKJACKET is a sensation everywhere—a tiny Plastic Flask small enough to slide into an empty cigarette package yet BIG enough to hold 2½ full jiggers of your favorite liquor.

2 for ONLY \$1 "Gift Wrapped for Xmas" Hollywood KICKJACKETS are selling like mad! Everybody wants one. Be first to flash this flask sensation on your friends. Biggest dollar's worth of fun since they put monkeys in the zoo. For Sports & Honky-Tonks they're Terrific. Rush order today. Money back quick if not delighted.

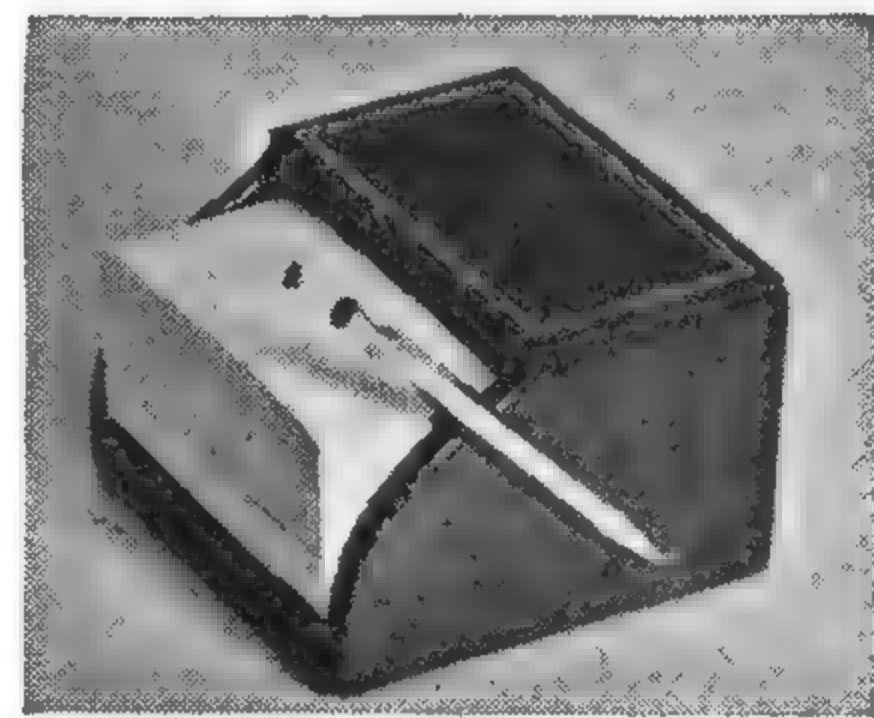
KICKJACKET CO., Dept. 5, Box 1982, Los Angeles 36, Calif.
Dealers: Write for complete information.

TALKING SHOP

A LUXURY MODEL desk, in addition to being extra large (40" x 80"), is made so that the top overlaps the base enough for comfortable seating all the way round. The leg room underneath makes it usable as a board table. The front has inconspicuous doors which open into a bar with racks for glasses and room for about a dozen bottles.



THOSE PEOPLE who can never find a pencil when they need one will probably welcome this memo box which holds the gold metal pencil to its magnetized right side. In addition, there is less temptation to walk off with the pencil because it has no pocket clip. Florentine leather with gold tooling and stamped initials. 900 memo sheets.



THREE THREE-SIDED ceramic pieces for the busy man's desk at the office or at home: A handy pencil holder, cigarette container and ash tray all made of a fine highly-fired New Hampshire clay. They are glazed in three colors that look well against a wood, a desk or table top—speckled turquoise, gun metal or mottled, rusty yellow.



LONG JOHN SILVER, peg leg, parrot and all, is one of the Royal Staffordshire figures used for library lamps. There is also an English Beefeater, a Scotty much like Sir Harry Lauder and a whole array of Gilbert and Sullivan characters. The base is solid hardwood, the shade is heavy-duty parchment bordered with antique brass nail heads.



For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

YOU NEVER TASTED FINER CHEESE



\$4.85 POSTPAID

You Never Saw a Gift More Pleasing Most popular selection is "Five Flavors"—1 lb. Aged Wisconsin Cheddar, 8 oz. Yorkshire, 12 oz. Balgigue, 4 oz. Blue, 1 lb. Aged Brick... **\$4.85**

OTHER POPULAR ASSORTMENTS

"Epicurean Selection"—1 lb. each Aged and Mild Wisc. Cheddar, 8 oz. Aged Balgigue, 1 lb. Aged Brick, 4 oz. Camembert, 8 oz. Yorkshire, 4 oz. Blue... **\$6.50**

"All American"—8 oz. each Aged and Mild Wisconsin Cheddar, 8 oz. Aged Brick Cheese, 12 oz. Balgigue... **\$2.90**

Plymouth Cheeses make ideal gifts for friends who "have everything". American Type Cheeses our specialty... never sold in stores. When you buy direct, you are assured cheese correctly aged for perfect enjoyment. Send check or money order. We pay shipping charges to any U.S. address. Order NOW. **Plymouth Cheese Cellars, Dept. 104, Plymouth, Wis.**

NAUSEA



If you suffer discomfort from morning nausea, or when traveling by air, sea or on land—try

Mothersills

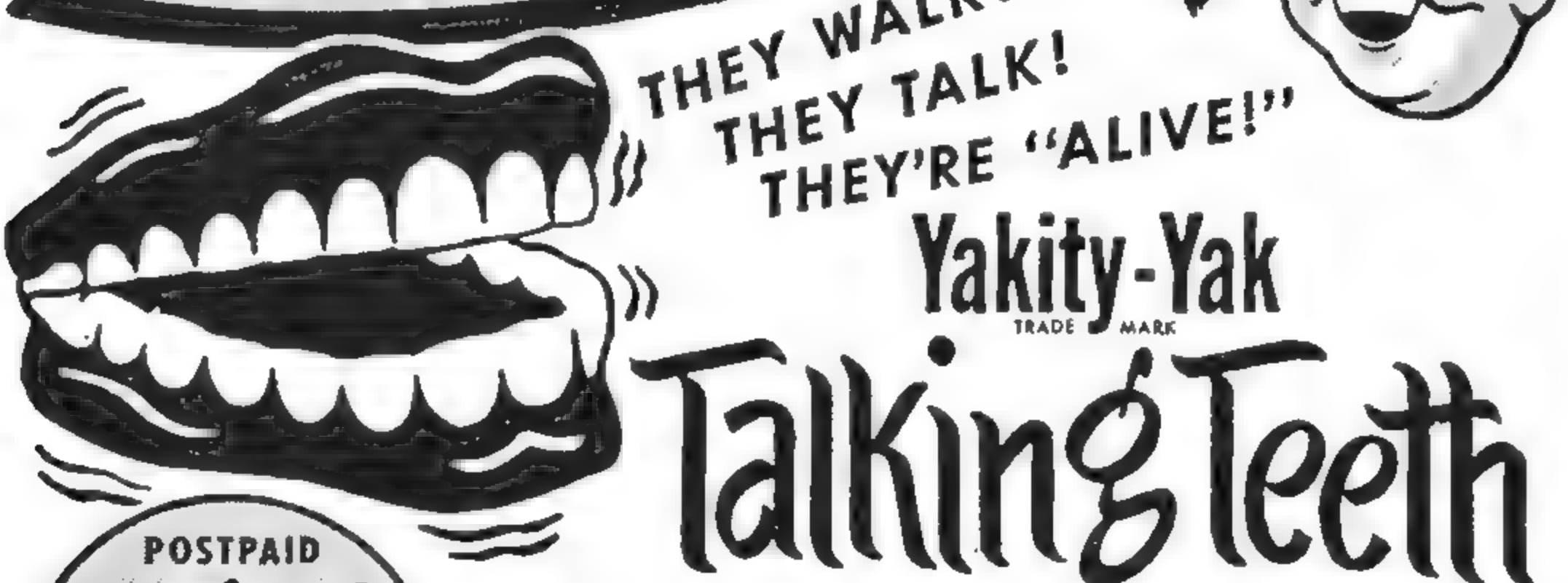
Used for over a third of a century as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability. At druggists. **MOTHERSILL'S, 430 Lafayette St., New York 3, N. Y.**

MUSICAL Toilet Tissue Holder



\$6.80 Only **\$6.80** postpaid. Just pull the paper and enjoy the Music! Whistle While You Work! Guaranteed Swiss Music Movement. Send check or money order and we pay postage. C.O.D. you pay postage. **P. O. Box 1204, Miami Beach, Fla.**

THE FUNNIEST GIFT EVER!



THEY WALK!
THEY TALK!
THEY'RE "ALIVE!"
Yakity-Yak
Talking Teeth

POSTPAID
\$1.00
IN GIFT BOX

Just wind 'em up—and watch 'em Yakity-yak!

People look... smile... GUFFAW when they hear these teeth Yakity-Yak as they go WALKING ALONG. No dentist ever saw plates like these! A howl at parties—especially when put in center of floor or table while someone hogs the conversation. At novelty counters, or order direct. Buy several today for yourself and gifts!

FISHLOVE INDUSTRIES 712 N. FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO 10, ILL.

WITH ESQUIRE



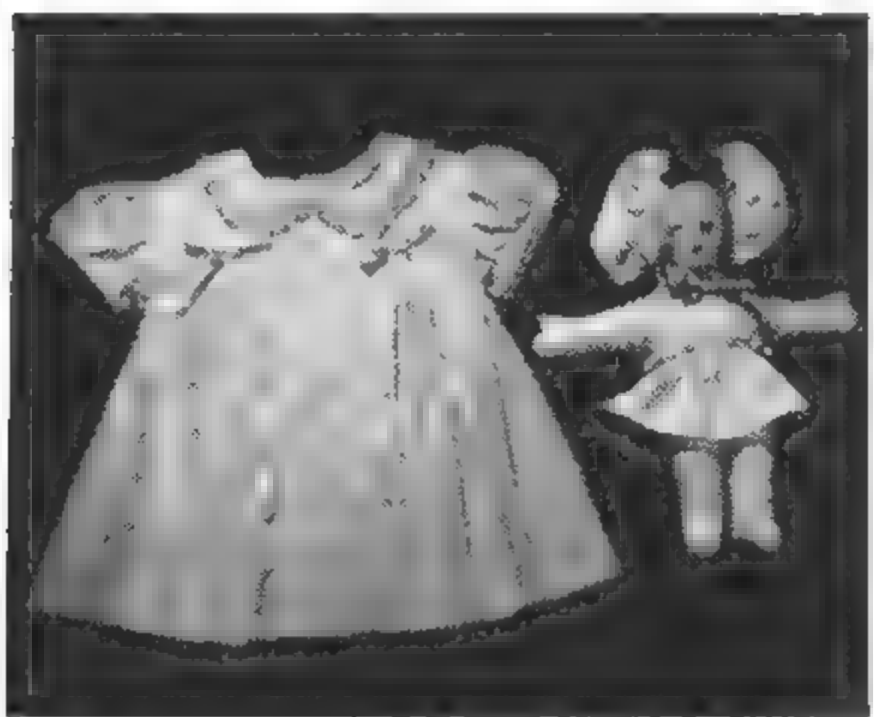
PICTURES COME ALIVE when viewed in full color through this three-dimensional stereoscope. Little Red Riding Hood, Three Little Pigs and kodachrome shots in the zoos, come on easily inserted reels that have seven pictures each. Over 300 reels are available and although it is a great gift for children, adults will like it, too.



NOT ONLY THE CHILDREN but every adult in the vicinity will be completely captivated by "Songs for little folks." On one long-playing unbreakable record, the melodies are adaptations of such classics as a Beethoven Minuet, Offenbach's Barcarolle, a Chopin Prelude: lyrics, sung in a soft clear tenor voice, are about the zoo, toys, etc.



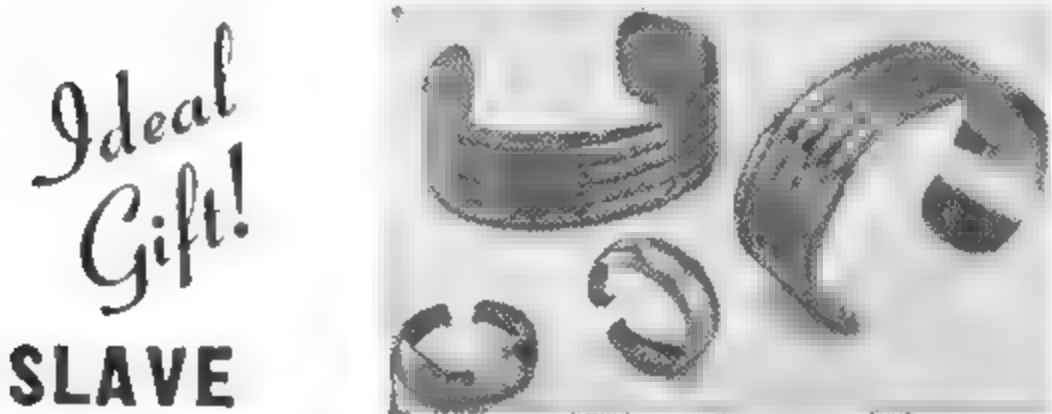
A PRACTICAL MALE MIND will grasp the value of a gift for the young mother that makes it easier to take the baby visiting or out in the family car. A woven wood basket with washable lining is fitted with items constantly in demand: plastic bib, cereal and cotton pouches, unbreakable spoon, juice glass, powder and a bag for wet diapers.



PINT-SIZED, a dress of blue broadcloth complete with pleats and two shimmering satin ribbons hanging from each shoulder is just what a man should get for some gal in the 9 to 18 months set. He can't go wrong on it especially since it comes prettily packaged with a doll toggled out in an identical costume. Also in pink.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Ranger



SLAVE EARRINGS AND BRACELETS
Bewitching... enchanting! Designed by the famous Indian silversmith, Blue Sky Eagle, Lustrous Copper or gleaming Nickel-Silver.
EARRINGS—extra wide and eye-catching... \$1.00
BRACELETS—1" wide, smooth and chic... \$1.95
SET of 2 (one for each wrist)... \$3.50
COMPLETE SET (earrings and 2 bracelets)... \$4.50
Tax included in all prices.
Order by mail, check or money order and we pay postage; or C. O. D. plus charges. Immediate delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed.

OLD PUEBLO TRADERS
Box 4035 Dept. ES Tucson, Arizona

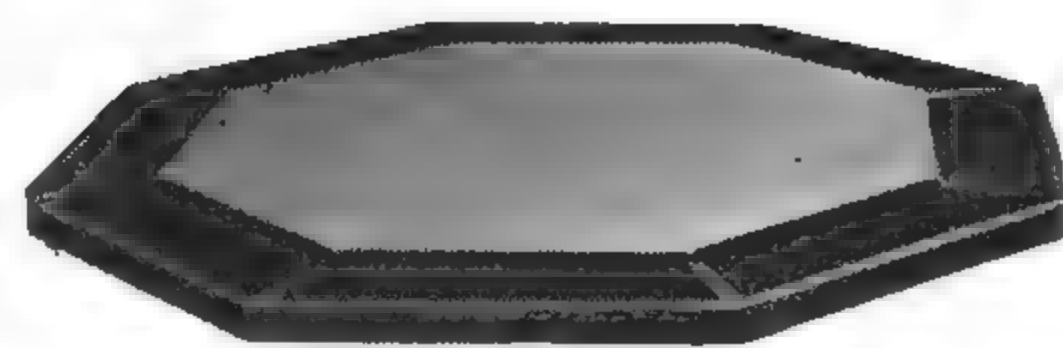
HUNTING SLINGSHOT

WHAM-O SPORTSMAN* \$1.00
HITS LIKE A .22 RIFLE. KILLS RABBIT, SQUIRRELS, For Hunting, Target, Training, Pests.
NOT A TOY
A Man's Sport!
Powerful, silent, accurate.
Complete with 40 pellets and extra rubber straps. Send \$1.00 today to—
WHAM-O MFG. CO., BOX 24, SOUTH PASADENA, CALIF.
*Professional Model Used By Members
Not'l Slingshot Assn.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR YOUR CAR!
THE DEFIANCE KEYLESS LOCKING GAS CAP
Prevents theft of gasoline — yet requires no keys! Loss, theft and siphon proof. Permanently installed in 10 seconds without tools. Heavy chrome plate. An appreciated gift for every car owner! If your service station or dealer does not stock it send \$2.75 today to
Defiance Manufacturing Company, Inc.
1651 Cosmo Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

BENTON PIPE

Smokes BONE-DRY
A new invention. Smokes dry as a bone. Not for gadgeteers or dilettantes — handsome, imported, real pipe-smoker's briar. No baffles. No boilers. Hidden hole in bit plus beveled tube makes every pipe-load smoke dry. No wet heel! Smoked by pipe experts everywhere. R.B.A. writes: "A great advancement in pipe-smoking". Buy by mail only. 5 styles... Billiard, Bulldog, Apple, Dublin & Pot. \$5 each. Money-back guaranteed to smoke dry by me... D.C. Benton, Pipe-lover. 3572 4th Ave., San Diego, Calif.
FINE GIFT
NO "PIPE ODOR"



POKER TABLE \$16.50

This beautiful official size poker table for eight people fits on top of any bridge table without scratching the table. Durably made of fine woods and assembled with screws for long life. Mahogany finish. Center covered with green felt. Two inch thickness permits easy storage. Reverse side flat for serving after-game "snack."

Send check or money order for \$16.50
(Ohio residents add 3% Sales Tax)
Shipped Express Collect. No C.O.D.'s

ZEPHYR WOOD PRODUCTS CO.
5151 Harshmanville Rd., Dayton 3, Ohio

A Veritable Treasure

Authentic. Handcrafted Tropical Cane Cart. Perfect for your snack table. Or, filled with fresh fruit, it's an attractive table piece. Burnished copper-liner (optional) makes it completely waterproof. Heaped with rich earth, it's a miniature garden for your favorite small plants.

Cart \$9.95

Copper-liner \$1.25

Dealer Inquiries Invited

In Natural Pine, Natural Redwood, or two-tone combination of both. Also dark antique.

Sent postpaid anywhere in U.S. upon receipt of cash, check or money order. C.O.D.'s accepted. 10-day money back guarantee.

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SAFE... EASY... SANITARY... FRESH TASTING OYSTERS— WHEN YOU OPEN 'EM YOURSELF!



U-SHUCK-'EM

HOUSEHOLD OYSTER OPENER

No fuss, no fuss—one pull of the lever pries shells open quickly without injuring meat. Stays in place without fastenings. Measures 7x7x14". Strongly built with duraluminum frame, nickel-plated lever and stainless steel oyster jaws. Shipped fully assembled with easy-to-follow instruction sheet. Please send check or money order to—

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Automatic "SNAP ACTION" POCKET KNIFE

Stainless Steel Blade
Only \$2.50 POST PAID
PULL CATCH AND BLADE FLIES OPEN
PUSH CATCH AND BLADE SNAPS SHUT

Here's the Imported Pocket Knife every man will like to own. Gleaming ivory or onyx colored handles, colored tassels, genuine pigskin colored leather case. With the fastest OPEN AND SHUT "Snap Action" you'll find. No broken fingernails... no stuck blades. Different... a real man's gift. A "Salamander" Exclusive.

SALAMANDER Novelties

154 Nassau St. New York 7, N. Y.

Sheer Witchery



She'll adore this exotic midriff bewitching gown

Made of rich, exquisite, shimmering, sheer Chiffonata... the new miracle blend of nylon and acetate by Bur-Mil. Lavishly trimmed with fine Alencon type lace and satin ribbon bows. Sizes 32 to 38. Black \$10.95 only.

BRENDA SHOPS LTD.

Roosevelt Hotel
369 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please send me Chiffonata

Gowns at \$10.95. Size

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D.

the original
"SLIM"
 \$2.50

The perfect gift for yourself and friends

Another WENDLEY first is the distinctive narrow bar stripe tie made extra long for the popular Windsor knot. Exciting range of modern colors. Woven of pure dye reppe silk that ties a wrinkle-free knot. Order several original Wendley Slims today.
 Color Catalog on Request

Wendley 400 Madison Ave. New York 17, N. Y.

Enclosed find check or money order for:
☐ WENDLEY original Slims at \$2.50 each for four in hands (A) \$2.00 each for bows (B) in color combinations circled below. New York City residents add 2% sales tax.

Background	Stripe Color	A	B
SCARLET	Black, Olive, Gold.....	☐	☐
OLIVE	Scarlet, Rust, White.....	☐	☐
BROWN	Scarlet, Orange, White.....	☐	☐
MAROON	Gold, White, Navy.....	☐	☐
SMOKE	Scarlet, Cerise, White, Gold..	☐	☐
NAVY	Gold, Light Blue, Maroon, White, Cerise.....	☐	☐
BLACK	Scarlet, Light Blue, Gold, Green, White, Cerise.....	☐	☐

Personalized HAND CORDED PARTY BOWLS
 The Perfect Gift

ATTRACTIVE COLOR COMBINATION OF RED YELLOW AND GREEN • LARGE BOWL 7" IN DIAMETER.

• NESTLED •
 SEND CASH • CHECK OR MONEY ORDER • SORRY-NO C.O.D.'s.

Complete Set of 4 Bowls \$6.98 PREPAID

New! Gray! Novel!

Lucky "KITTY" BOWL
 A Must for Card Parties
 ATTRACTIVELY HAND CORDED IN RED & GREEN
 \$1.50 PREPAID

LARGE BOWL WITH ANY 2 NAMES YOU REQUEST
 PLEASE PRINT NAME OR NAMES TO BE CORDED

Make your next Party a HIT
SMARTART P.O. BOX 37 • VANDERVEER ST. BROOKLYN 10, N.Y. DEPT. "E"

NEW!-NOVEL!

Brilliant RED what a Xmas Gift!

This 5 Tube Superheterodyne **RADIO**

Is Taking the Country by Storm

It's a beauty! New as tomorrow... this smooth, lustrous, brilliant red radio is a handsome attractive scale model of the familiar Cooler for Coca-Cola® seen everywhere. Only 9½ inches high a "Cooler Radio" is ideal for your recreation room, kitchen, breakfast-nook, children's room or any place needing a spot of bright color.

Fully guaranteed, this popular novelty radio requires no aerial. It operates on AC-DC and has superb tone quality. Order now for Xmas. Shipped express collect. Send check or money order. 50% on C.O.D. Order now!

Only \$21.50 EACH

*Coca-Cola is the registered trade mark of the Coca-Cola Company.

POINT OF PURCHASE DISPLAYS, INC.
 415 North Dearborn Street
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A CORKER OF A GIFT FOR ANY OCCASION
 IMPORTED
LEVER CORKSCREW

\$3.95

Corkscrew imbedded into cork with levers outstretched. Then bring levers down.

And the most stubborn or difficult cork will be drawn out with perfect ease without breaking cork or spilling contents. A child can operate it.

INDIVIDUAL GIFT BOX.

Made of Brass—Chrome Finish. It is so Highly Polished it will find its place with your Best Silver

It is new—Different Smart Useful Unique Durable Decorative Novel. No more fuss in opening a bottle of old vintage

No C.O.D.'s—Money Back Guarantee. Send Check or Money Order.

STANLEY PUBLICATIONS
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PERSONALIZED GOLF BALLS

Highest quality... championship type golf balls... now available with any name imprinted on both poles in indelible ink. Limit 13 letters. Perfect gift. Send only check or money order

\$10.50 doz.
 Postpaid
 Write for Catalog

Dorothy Weaver
 QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

Worn Without Shoes
\$21.95 pr.

CUSTOM-MADE

Sky Boot

Modeled after the popular Australian flying boot. Soft, supple black or brown leather, lined with shearling for warmth and comfort. Perfect for men and women, for flying, cold weather sports and trips, square dancing.

Custom-made. Delivery 3 to 4 weeks. Send actual shoe size and width when ordering, together with cash, check or money order. Descriptive folder available.

Lined Half-Boot Models, \$16.95 pr.
Narragansett Boot Co., Dept. E12
 P.O. Box 551, Pawtucket, Rhode Island

An Unusual Gift for a Shooter

HOPPE'S GUN CLEANING PACK

Contains everything he needs for the proper care of his guns—gun cleaner, patches, oil and grease. He'll recognize it instantly by the Hoppe trade mark and will appreciate its quality and your thoughtful choice. All good gun dealers sell it or send \$1.00 to

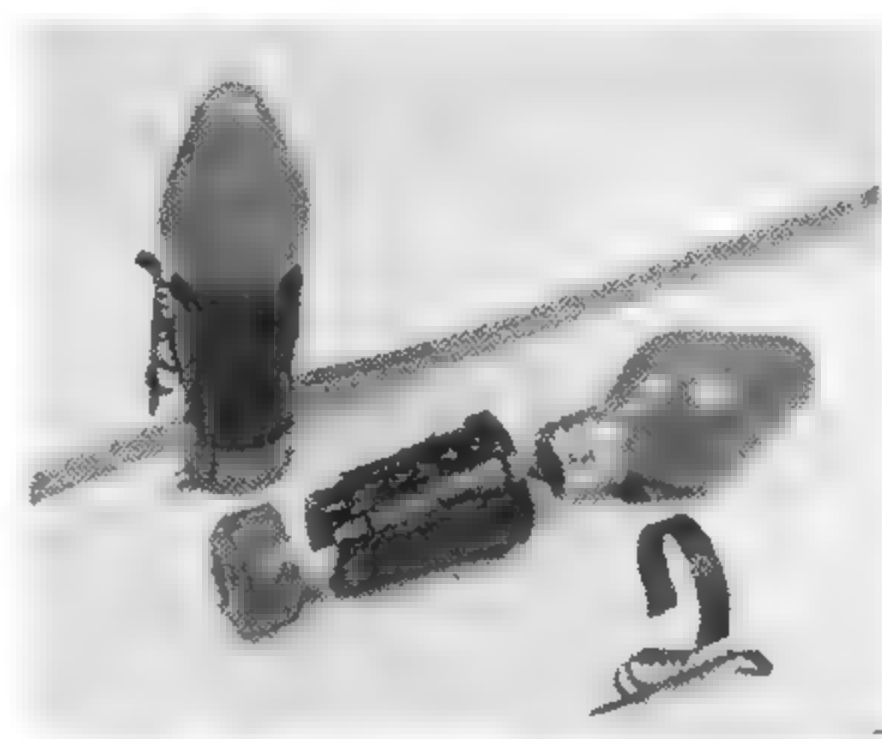
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 Philadelphia 33, Pa.

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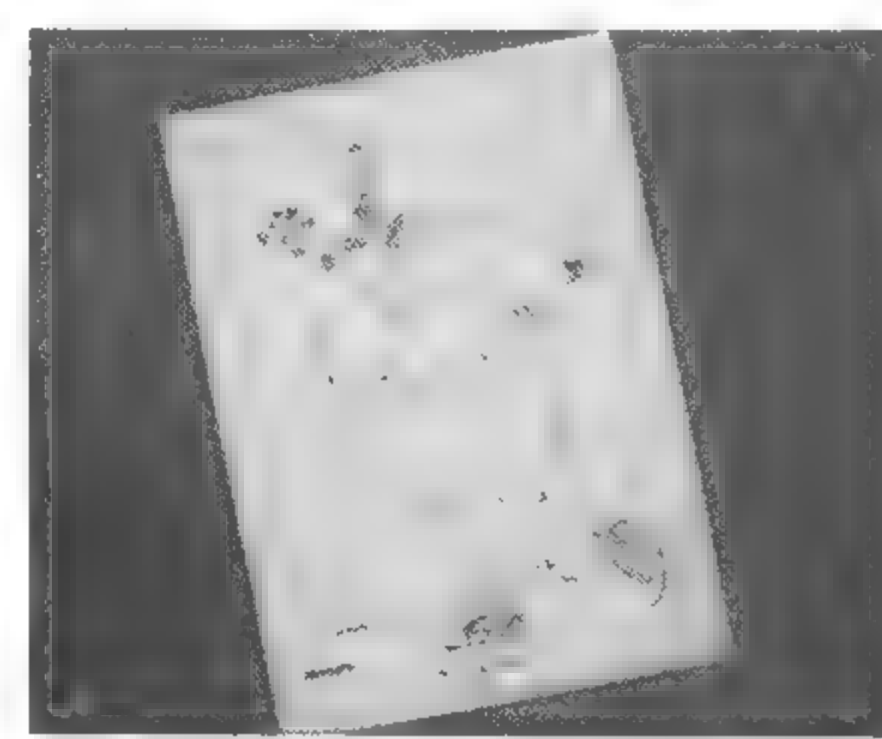
NO MEAN MONKEY this white one in stoneware stands 7½" high on a pedestal. The work of the Scandinavian sculptor, Gunnar Nylund, it is made in a limited edition series, each one numbered. The face, hands, ears and feet are brown and the total personality has what it takes to "win friends and influence people."



XMAS TREE DECORATION this year can be simplified and effective with a set of colored lights that fasten to the wire wherever you want them. You string the wire first and attach the lights afterwards. Metal tree clips make it easy to fasten the wire to the branches. The lamps are in assorted colors; the sockets are the safety turn-lock-pin type.



A LITTLE HUMOUR and something departing from the "pretty picture" type of Xmas greeting card are what some people look for but seldom find. However, there's one done by Steinberg, the cartoonist, that stands out in any usual collection of cards. It's a line drawing of a squarish Santa on skates—a little sophisticated and a little funny.



NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED as an original gift possibility are a set of old-fashioned, sterling silver picture frames—small and circular, 3", 3½" or 4" in diameter, they lend themselves in pairs to a "mother and father" set, or, in a "small, bigger, biggest" combination, to a wife and children series. They are available singly as well.



For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

Hand-Crafted "OUT WEST" Belt with your name or friend's name carved on it...

Only \$6.95 (without name \$5.50)

A WONDERFUL XMAS GIFT for MEN OR WOMEN
 Hand-made from finest cowhide with any name you specify carved on it... plus handsome Bronze-Gold" buckle and California Poppy design. Belt is 1½" wide and available in lengths from 24" to 44". Specify name you wish carved on belt and length. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded. Delivery by Christmas assured if ordered now.

OUT WEST SADDLERY CO.
 117 East Third St., Los Angeles 17, Calif.

ORDER THESE Genuine Ripon LOAFER SOX

Perfect for loafing around the house or cabin—after a day outdoors—slipping down to breakfast—at college—convalescing, etc. Styles for men, women, children (Mickey Mouse). Scarlet, Royal or Powder Blue, Green, Maize, Maroon, Brown. Give second color choice. State hose size and style. Ideal gift. Only \$2.95 per pair, postpaid. Money back guarantee. Immediate delivery. Order now. Your gift list carefully handled.

GUY TEETER
 Box 206-J, Green Lake, Wis.

52 GIFTS IN 1!
 Santa Comes
 Every Week of the Year
 With JUNIOR STORY CLUB

Each week THE STORY TELLER sends 4 to 8 year old youngsters a wonderful, wholesome story and a personally addressed letter in 4 colors, with prizes, contests and surprises galore, together with a membership card, free birthday gift and a leatherette story binder. Special gift card from donor with first letter.

26 weeks....\$3
 52 weeks....\$5
 (Postpaid)

JUNIOR FEATURES
 Box 458
 SCARSDALE, N. Y.

Beatrice Mack Triple Taste Thrill!

Unusual COOKIES CANDIES NUTS

Beatrice Mack's limited clientele can now include you and your friends. Ingeniously decorated cookies, exciting candies, extra large nutmeats—all beautifully gift wrapped. Order now!

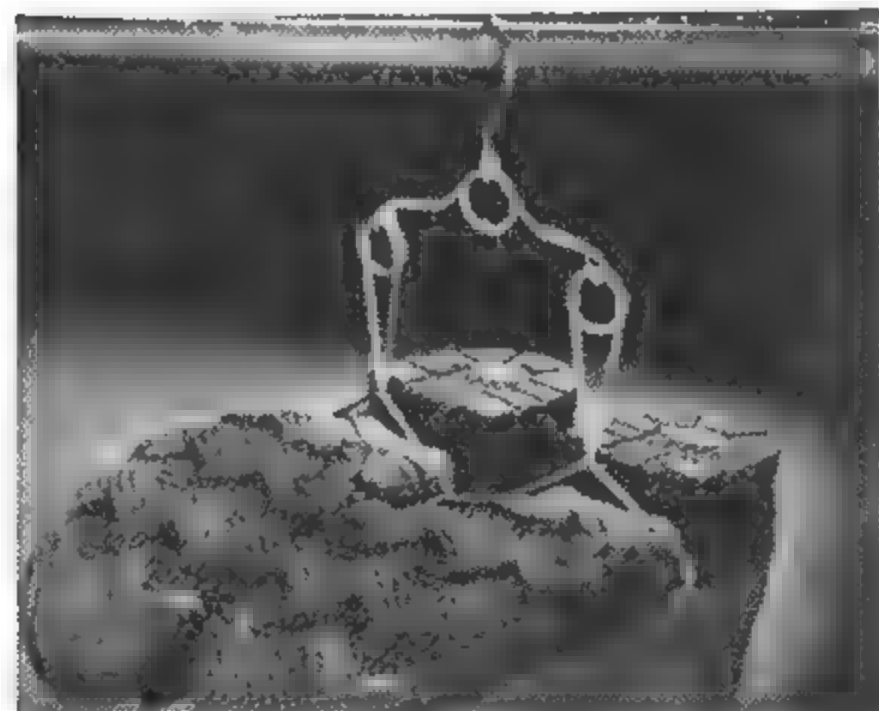
Add 75¢ for shipping anywhere in U.S.

\$3.75 \$7.50 \$10.00
 2 POUNDS 4 POUNDS 5-1/2 LBS.

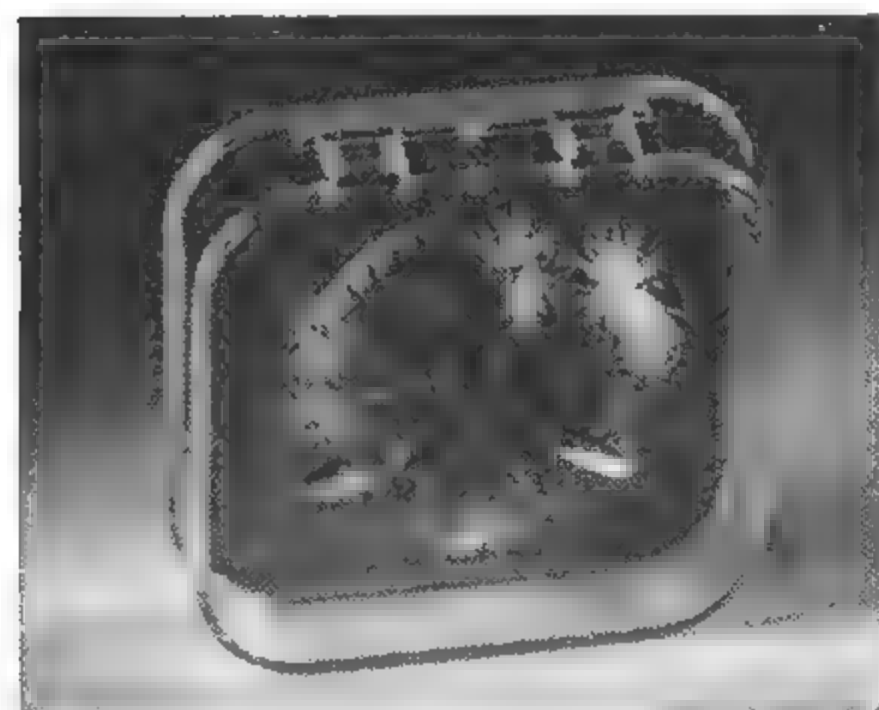
WITH ESQUIRE



A HUSH HUSH INVENTION developed during the war for use on fighter planes was an ingenious rear view mirror now available for cars. It consists of 5 mirrors in a frame mounted above the windshield. They give the driver a complete 180° arc of vision so that he can see cars behind to the right and left as well as straight back. No glare.



GIVE 'EM AIR. There is no item of outdoor equipment so hard to dry and keep as a pair of rubber boots. This boot hanger will gladden the heart of a hunter. It assures ventilation and prolongs the life of the boots. Rustproof, light, easy to use. Non-gouging clamps fit over boot soles. Sturdy spring steel gadget, it will last and be useful for years.



A MAGNETIC FLY BOX reduces fly changing time while in mid-stream. Even in a stiff wind, the permanent rotating magnet assembly holds three dozen flies securely and permits easy selection by a turn of the dial with no danger of damage to flies. Made of heavy gauge polystyrene, the box has a clear view plastic top. Shirt pocket size.



THE POCKET TURNIP has returned. All brass about 1 3/4" across, it is styled like the one grandfather used to carry and like the railroad conductor used to use. The easy-to-read face has big black Roman numerals, sturdy winder and stem. You can either clip the fob to your belt or wear it on the chain. For women, it comes enameled in a choice of 7 colors.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Ranger

GIVE PRIZE-WINNING "PRIDE OF WASHINGTON" APPLES



No Wonder EVE WAS TEMPTED

As in the Garden of Eden, prize-winning "Pride of Washington" Apples will tempt you, your family and friends, too!

Giant, deep red, crisp, luscious apples make a perfect gift.

Packed one dozen to the box, shipped prepaid anywhere in the United States. Our guarantee for quality and safe arrival is unconditional. **\$3.50**

Quick attention given to business lists. No C.O.D.'s—make checks payable to **McCarthy-Kernan & Sons** ROUTE 1 OROVILLE, WASHINGTON



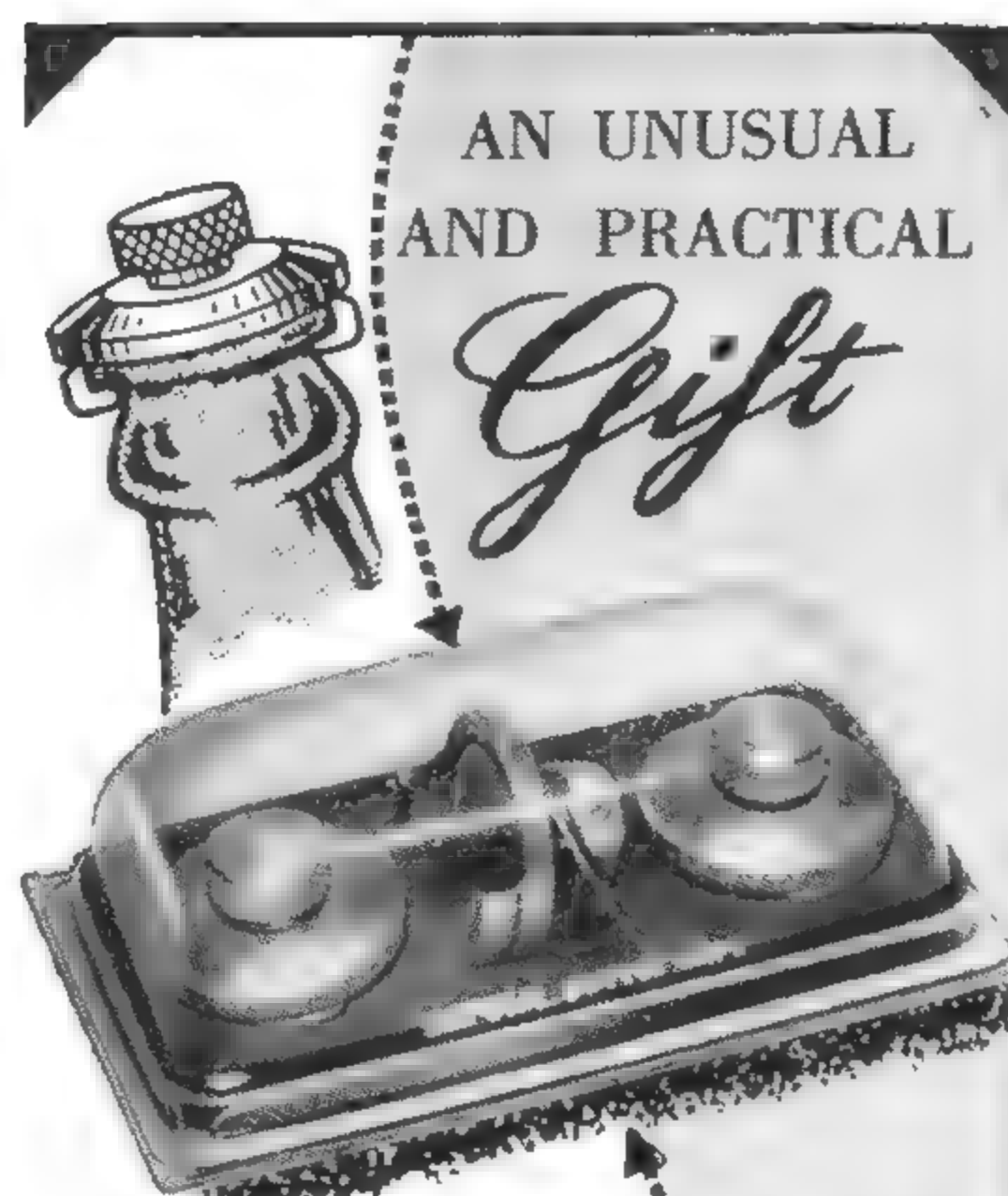
REGAL'S FEATURE CRAMMED SKI BOOT

COMPARE the leather, workmanship... the comfort and safety features—then COMPARE THE PRICE! Sold direct to you, this SKI BOOT saves you dollars! You get: Leather-covered foam rubber ankle and tongue pads; husky double soles, with rubber outsole to stop snow from caking; soft, pliable water repellent uppers; elastic-laced heel for snug hug and easy "vorlage"; anchored back-stay; channeled heel and box toe for firm fit in binding. Even sizes 6 to 12, wide width only.

Order Direct from Factory Send for your REGAL SKI BOOTS now—we guarantee fit. Write for FREE CATALOG of smart shoe styles, all at one low price of \$8.80 per pair plus 25c mailing charges.

REGAL SHOE CO., Dept. 236 Whitman, Mass.

SEND FOR CATALOG!



SLIPSEAL GOLD-ALUMILITED BOTTLE CAPS

New aluminum Slip-Seal caps keep sparkling flavor in carbonated beverages. A half turn of the hand-screw assures an air-tight, leak-proof seal. Beautifully finished in permanent gold aluminite.

Slip-Seal keeps that drink ALIVE

3 GOLD-ALUMILITED CAPS \$1.00
(In attractive Gift box)

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE OR WRITE TO

SLIPSEAL BOTTLE CAP CO.
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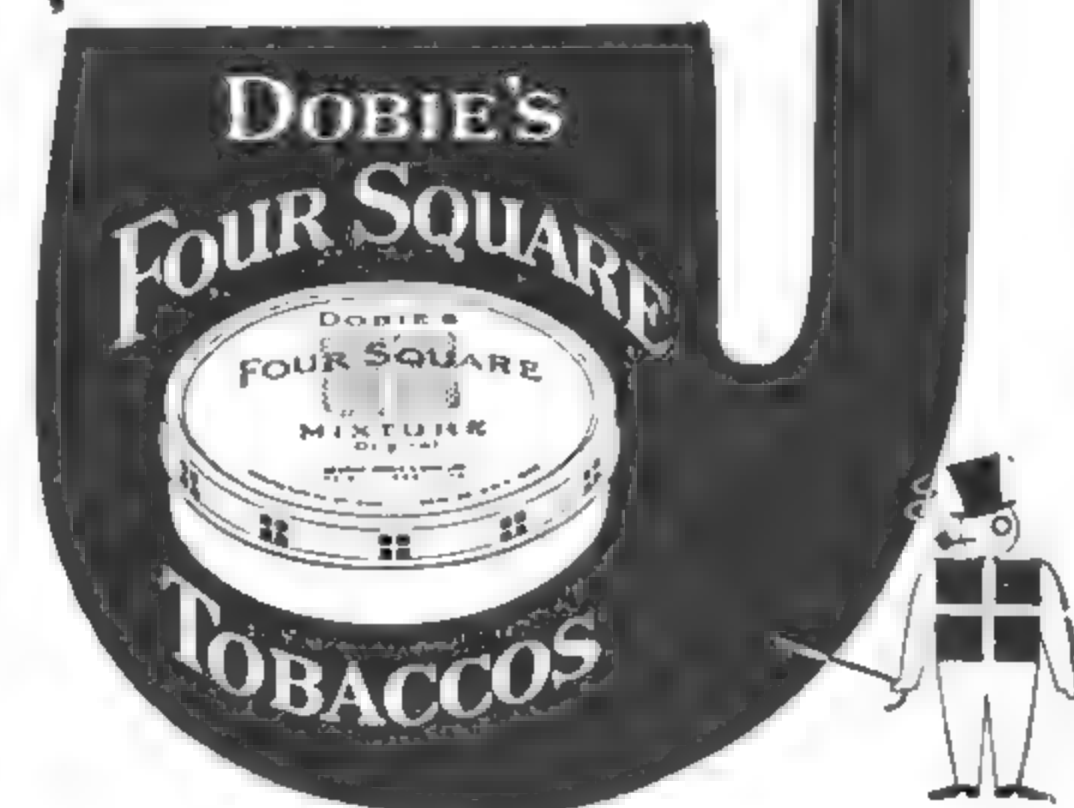
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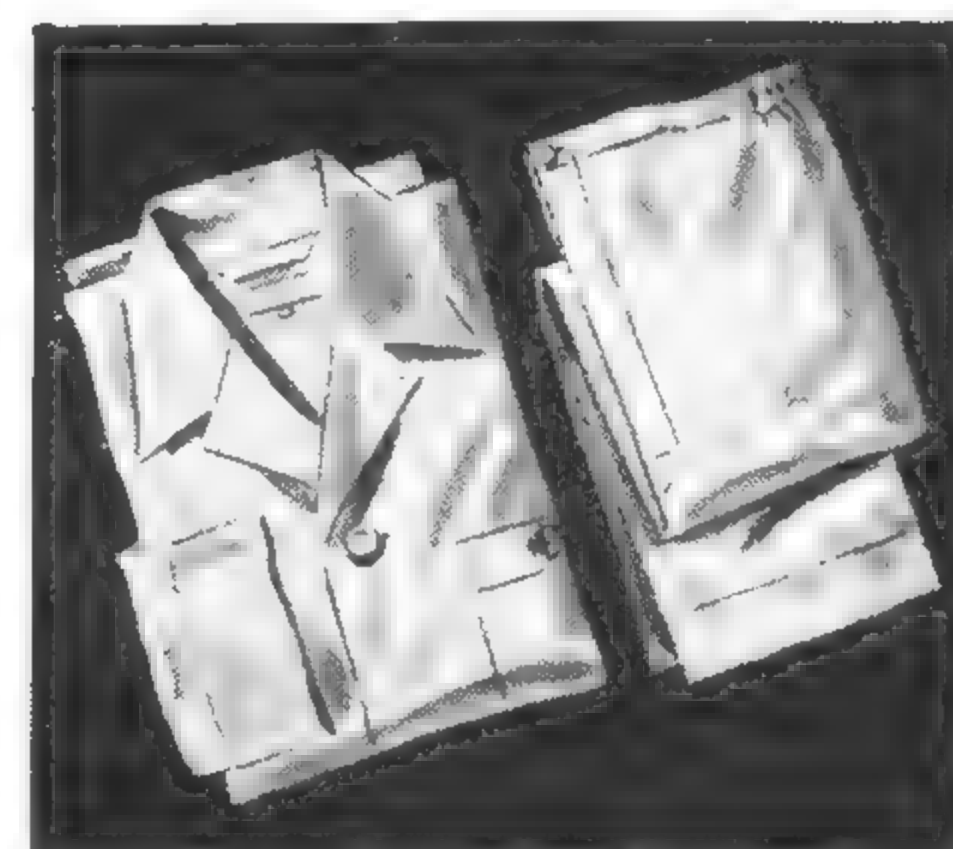
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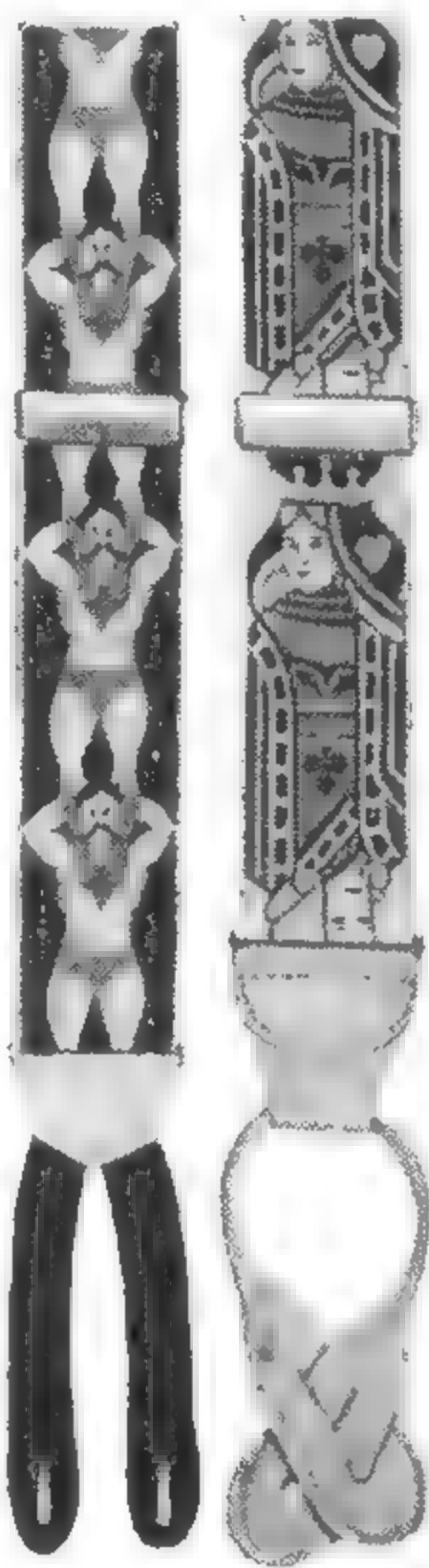
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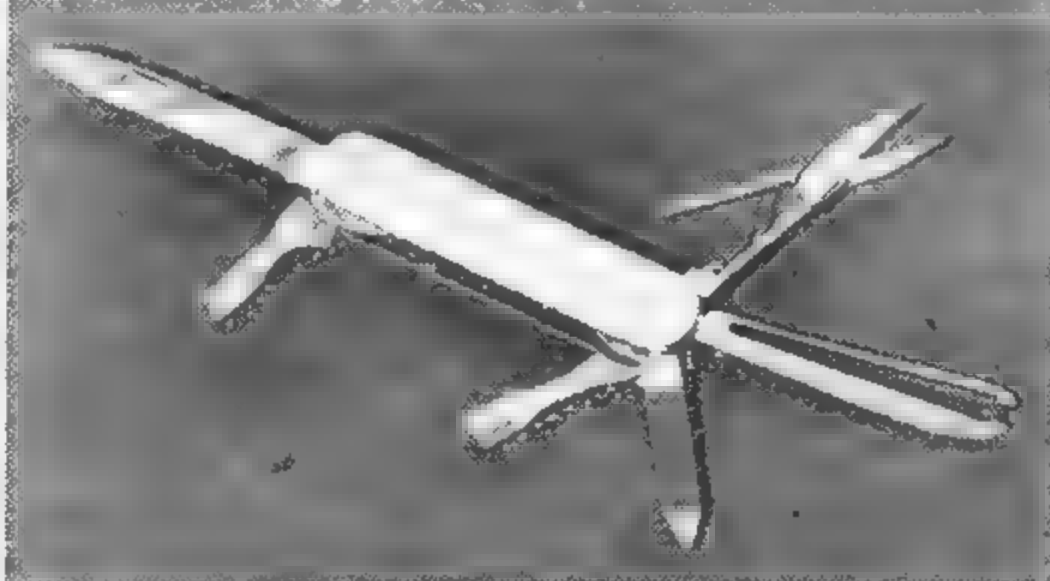
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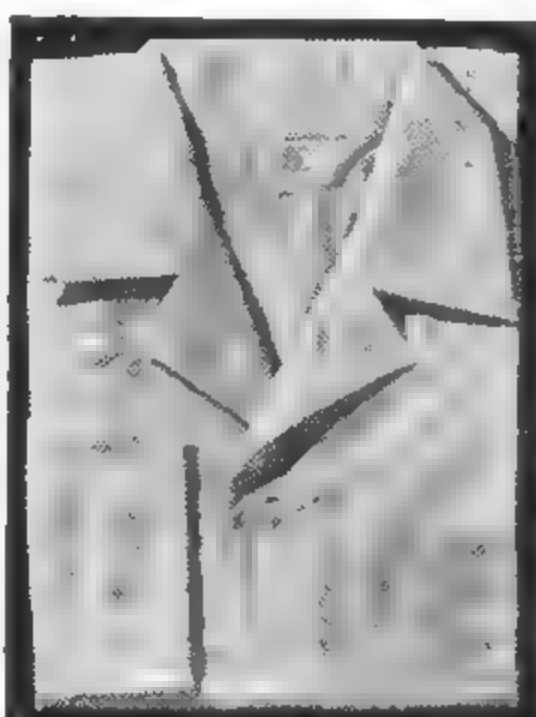
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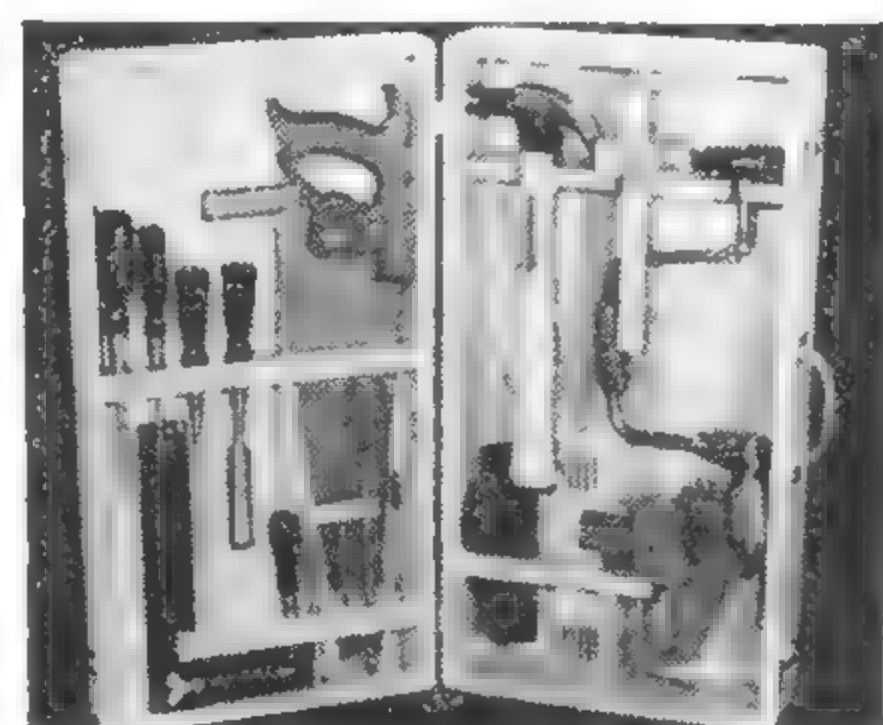
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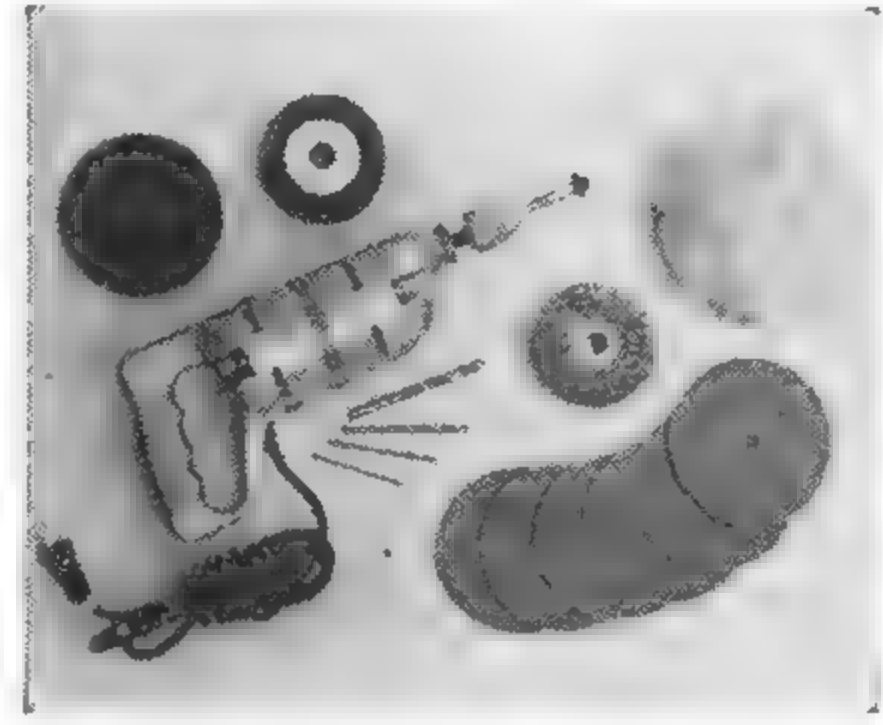
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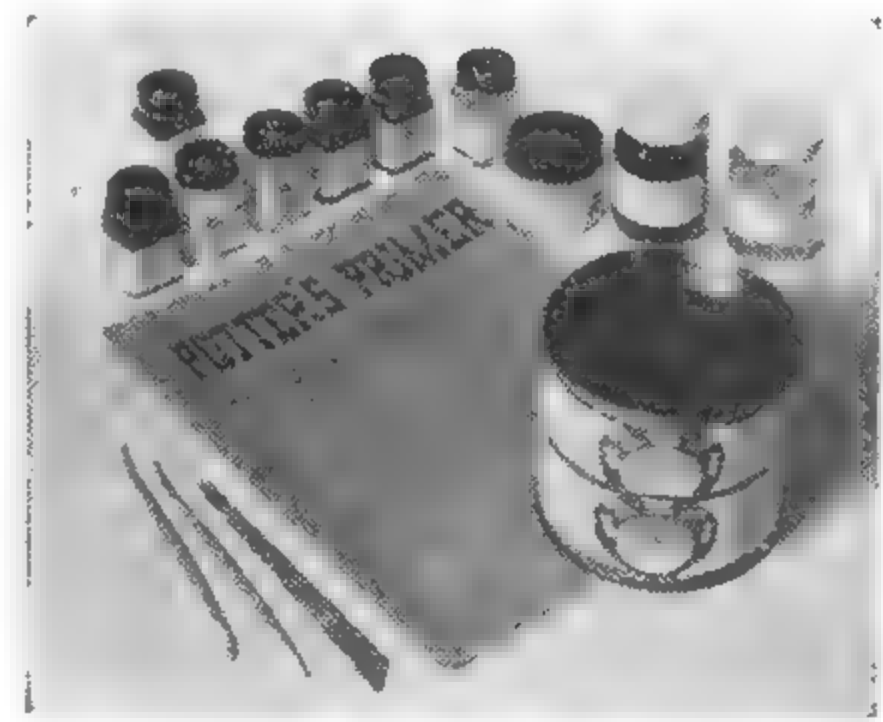
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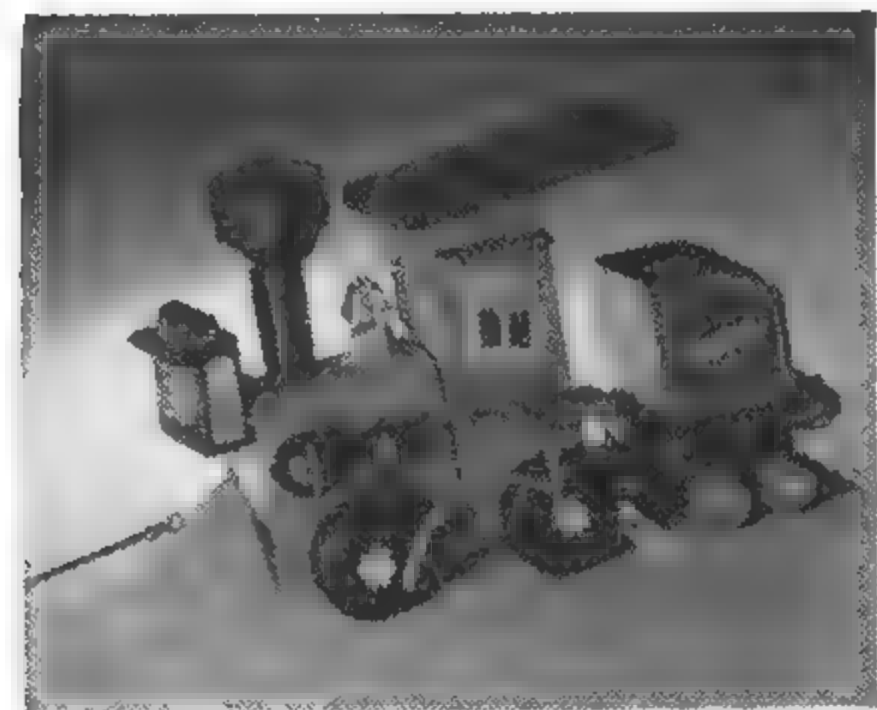
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FONDNESS FOR FOOLISHNESS even in adults probably accounts for the existence of these wooden toys. Handpainted and on wheels, there's a kind of clumsy gayety about both the long-necked llama and the red-headed tiger. Neither is in the least frightening. In fact they bear a remarkable resemblance to once-famous Ferdinand, the bull.

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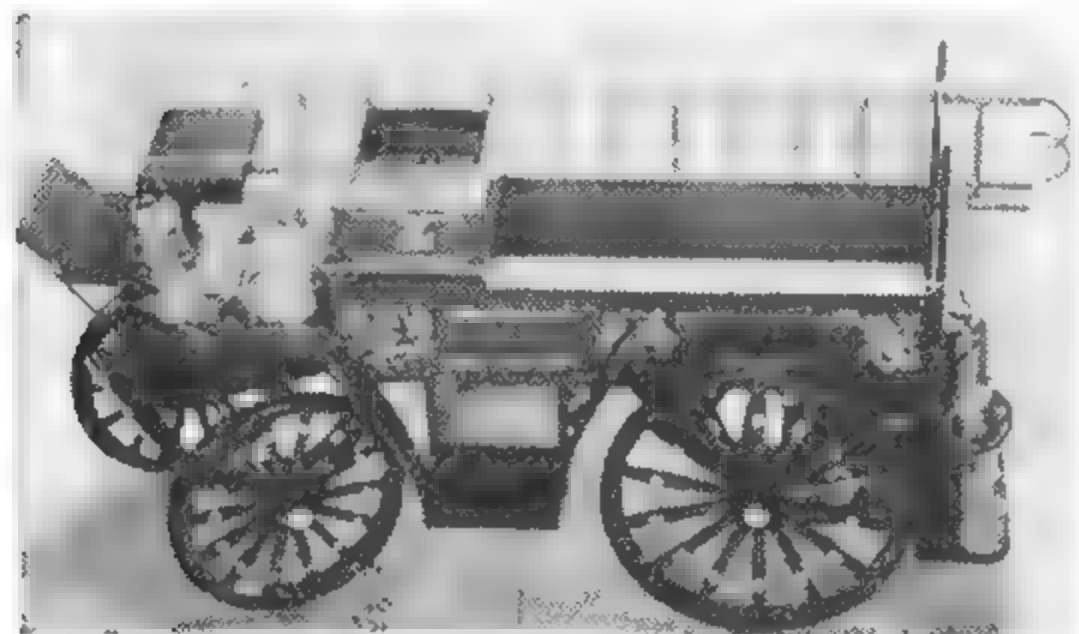
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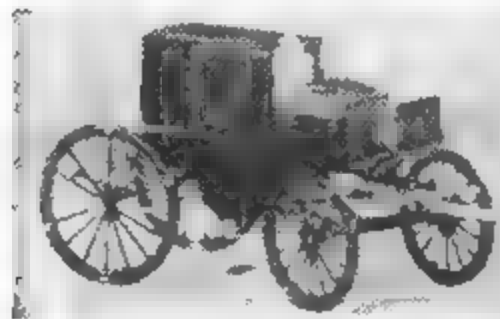
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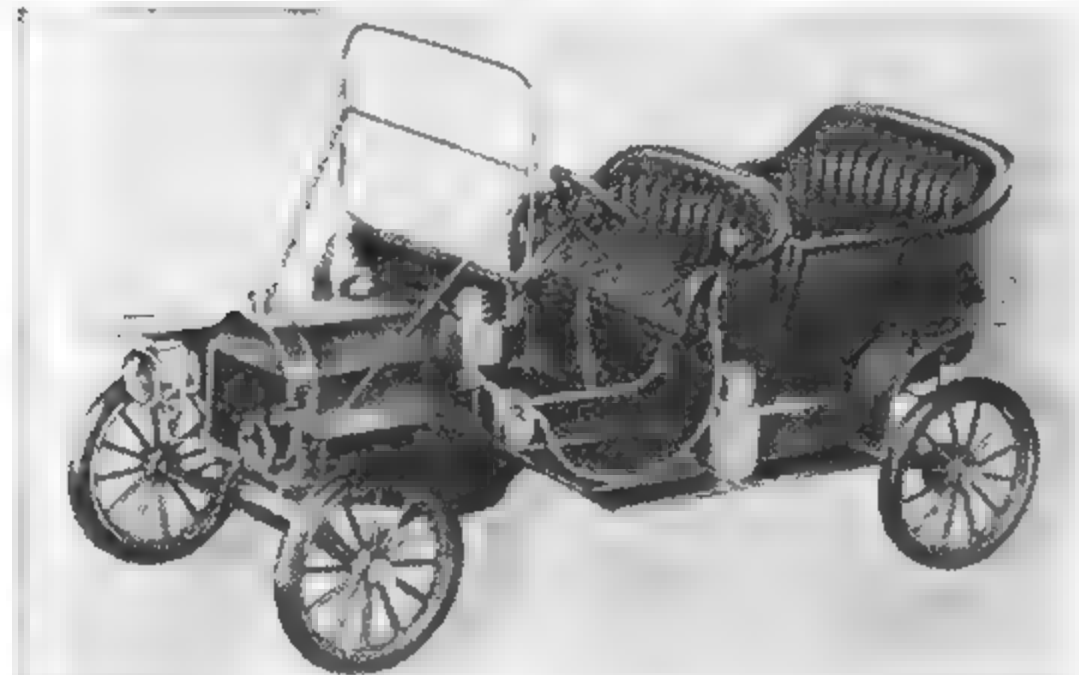
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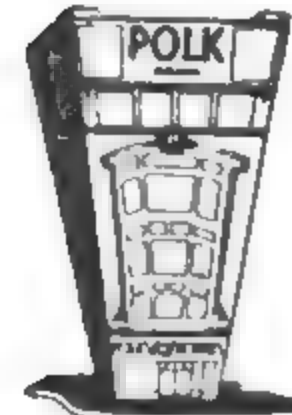
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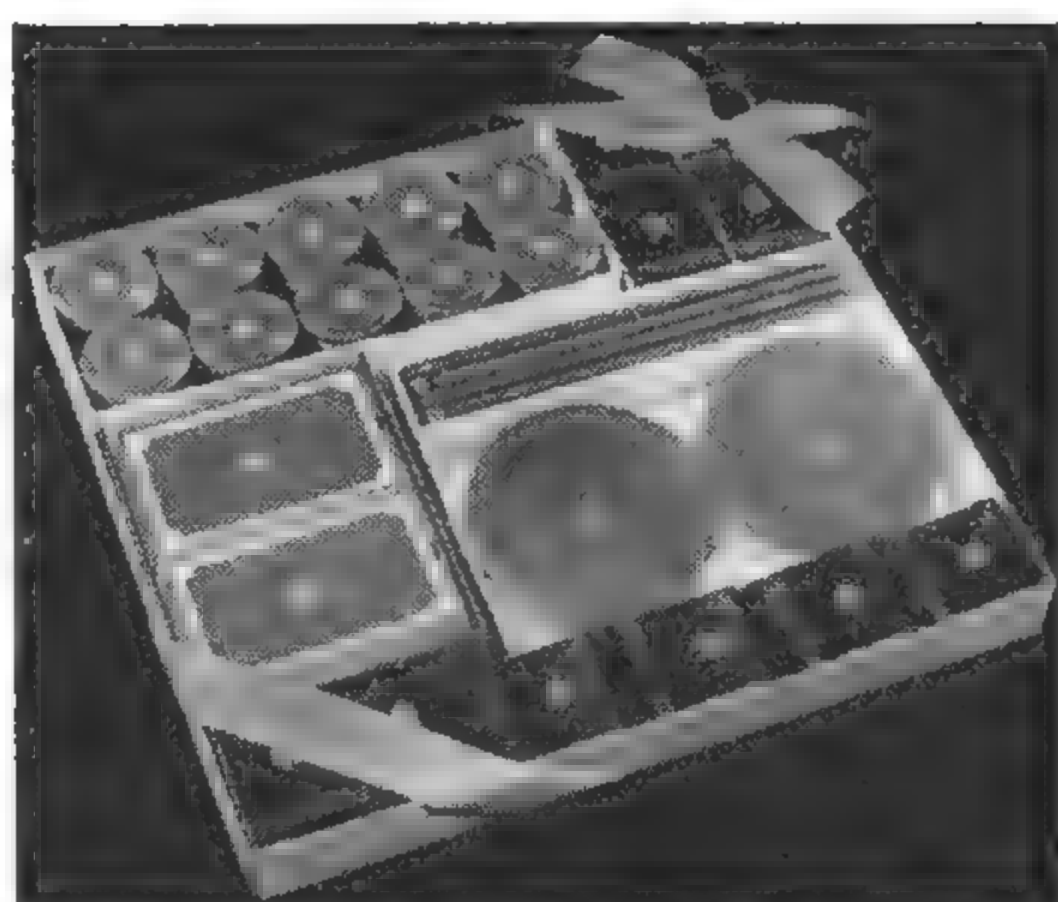
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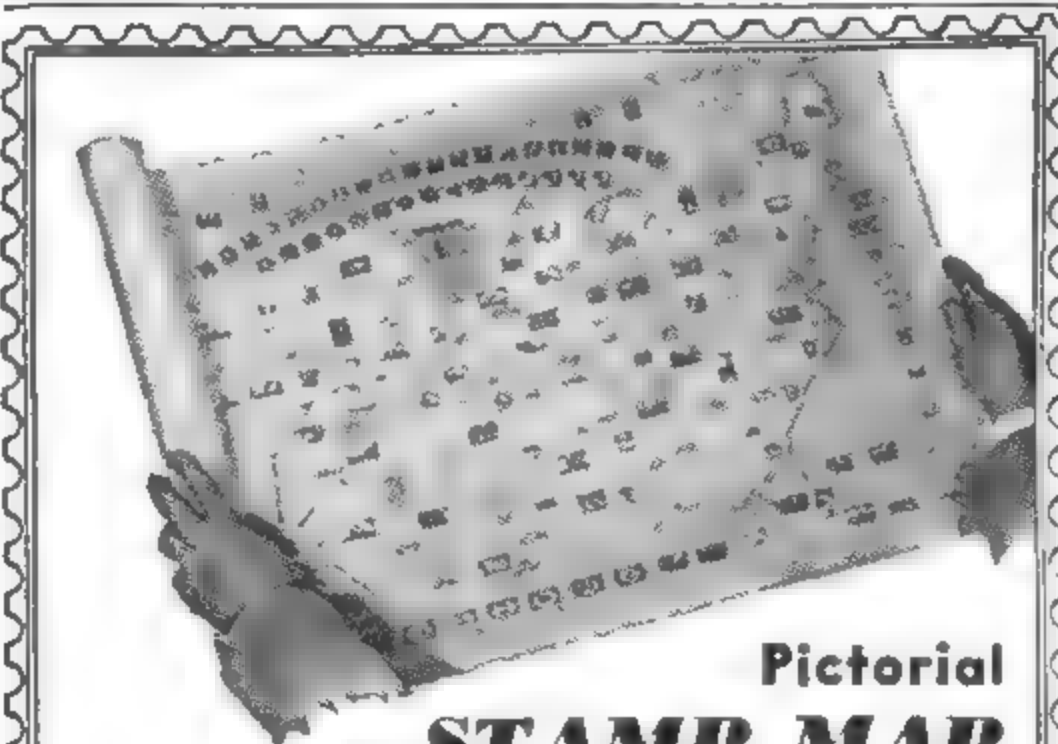
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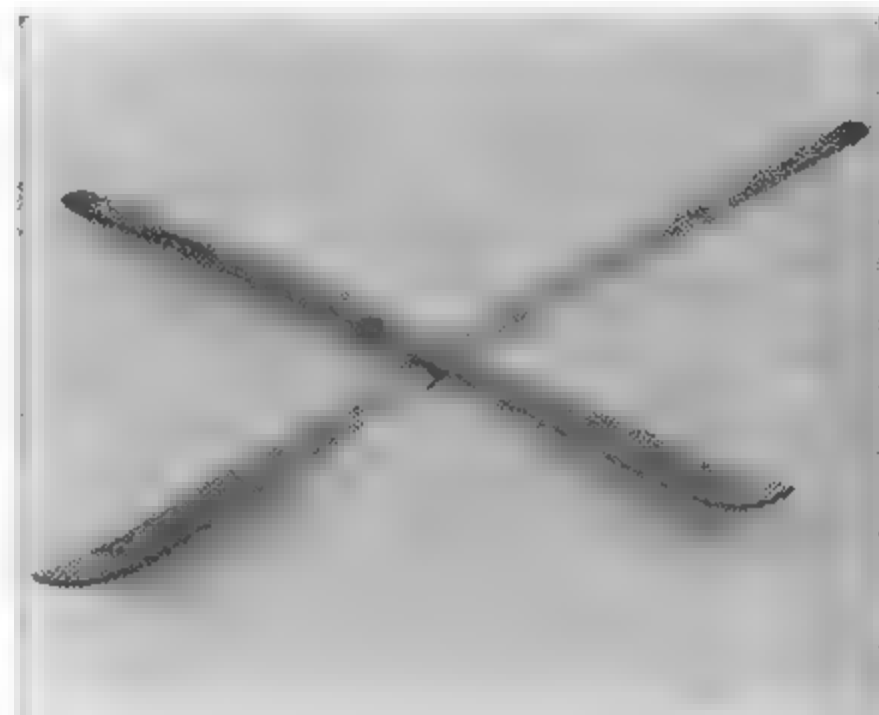
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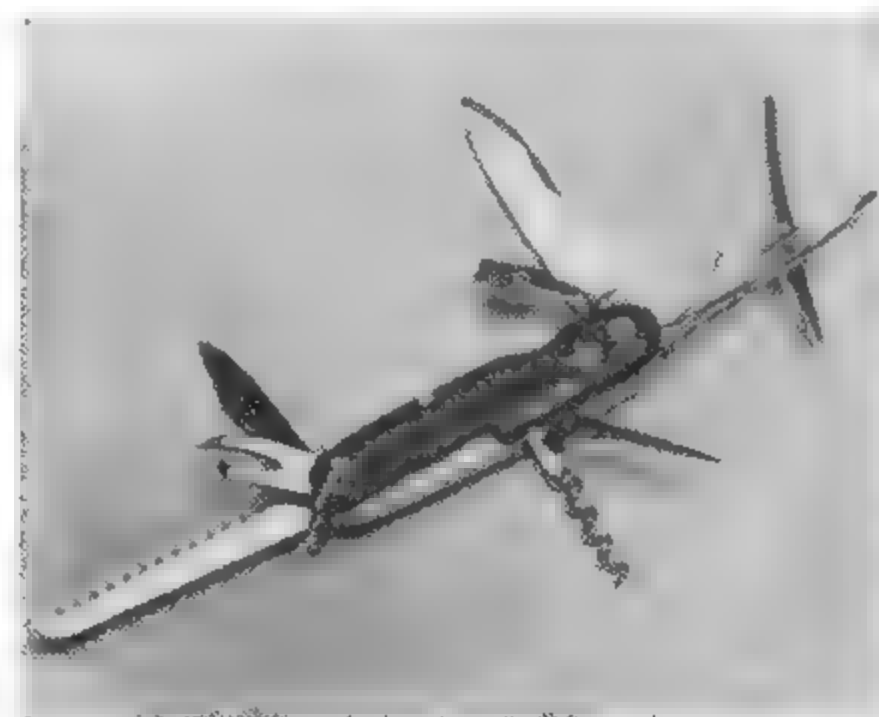
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SKI-DOODLE. Flexible skiing figures in miniature have sturdy elastic joints that can be bent any way at any joint. Hand-made and colorful, they are ideal for explaining exactly what happened on the last slalom turn. Besides the fellow in the picture, there is a rabbit, a mouse, a Swiss mountaineer, Santa Claus and several ski-champ types.



SWISS ARMY KNIFE. An all-time favorite knife from Switzerland is a reliable item to have while on hunting or skiing trips and even in the glove compartment of the car. It has large and small blades of high carbon steel, screw driver, cap lifter, cork screw, can opener and reamer. Unbreakable red composition sides and shackle for lanyard.



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The perfect gift . . . glistening all-chrome kitchen rotary slicer. Slices off uniform slices of hot or cold meats, cheese, bread, fruits, etc., even HARD RINDED BACON. Slices wafer thin to 1/8". Buy food in bulk . . . serve FRESH . . . SAVE MONEY. Simple and easy to use! 13" x 7"—at leading stores or send check to

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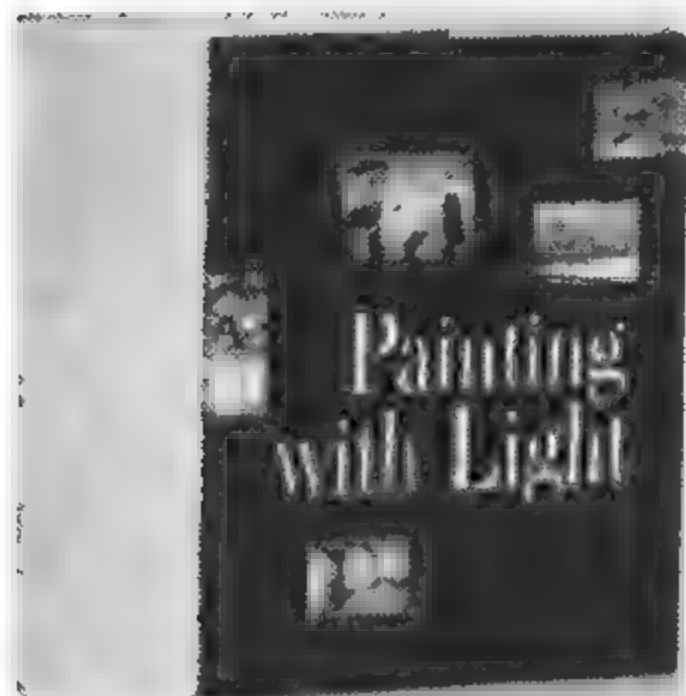
THE SELDEN COOPER SHOP

Dept. 12E, Geo. Vanderbilt Hotel, Asheville, N.C.

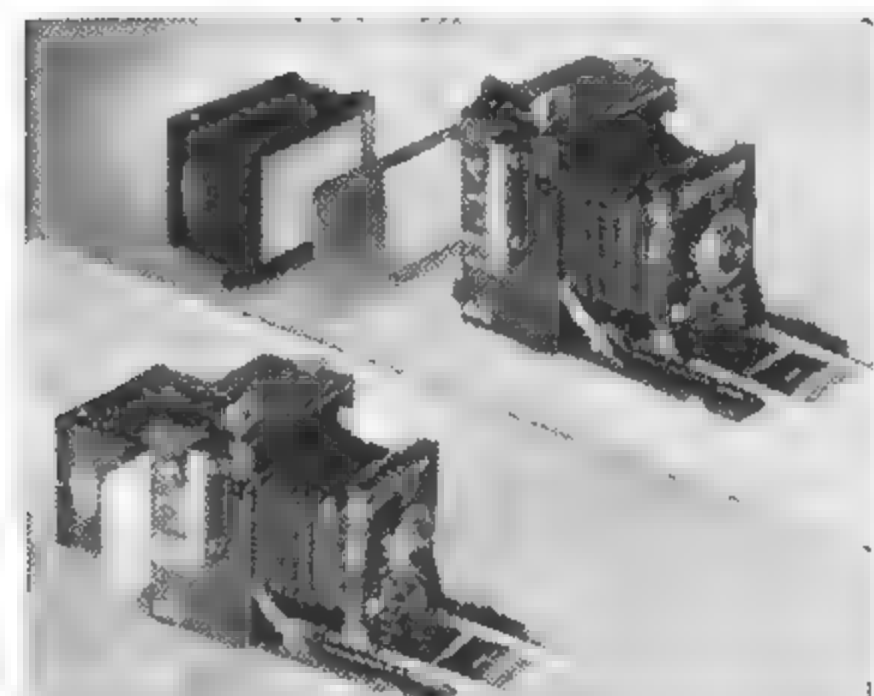
WITH ESQUIRE



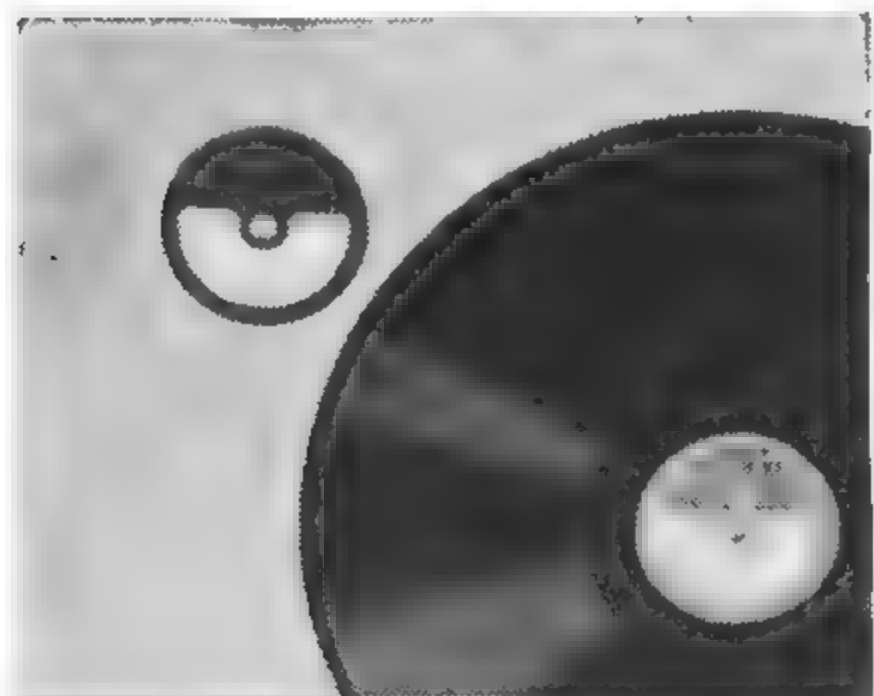
LONG NEEDED for home record libraries is some efficient way of filing and storing. A cabinet just out on the market contains a vertical file of 100 specially designed envelopes which rotate in a semi-circle. When not in use, they are turned inside and the cabinet automatically closes. Offers quick, finger tip selection of the whole collection.



A MASTER OF LIGHT in the movie industry has written a book about the art of lighting and its many wide applications even outside the field of photography. It includes 300 illustrations. Well-written and highly recommended for photographers, artists or anyone who seeks to put an object, a room or a person in the best light.



ACCLAIMED by amateur and professional photographers, the new cold light pack (light without heat) gives top notch results as an enlarger, contact printer, projector, viewer and retouching table. Designed for use with any 4" x 5" press camera, it will not buckle negatives or affect bellows. Easily adaptable, convenient on location.



NO SLIPPING. Among your records, there are always some slightly warped and spoiled in the playing because they slip. Traction mats are the answer. A flat felt disc with a self-sealing back fits over the label of a record leaving the title exposed. It does away with the tone distortion due to slipping. They cost little, come in boxes of 20.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Ranger

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Step into this Western Bred Brogue before stepping out! It's a shoe that captures admiration... for it features that ultra "bold look" of the Western Plains!

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Surprisingly, this Silver Buckled Brogue has the foot feel of your favorite houseslipper! Yet it's as rugged as the West! "Top O' Toe" embossed, this Genuine Longhorn Leather, moccasin style brogue has a rugged foundation of husky heels and double weight soles. Yet, it flexes like your muscles... bends to your slightest move! You'll find these rich brown, western Buckled Brogues ideal to wear with your silver buckled, embossed leather belt! It's a grand gift item, too!

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If you are a color fan... and who isn't these days?... then you'll want one of these Arcadia Viewers. The newly introduced Deluxe model features a rectangular lens that permits group viewing. Standard model has the conventional circular lens for individual viewing. See it at your camera shop.

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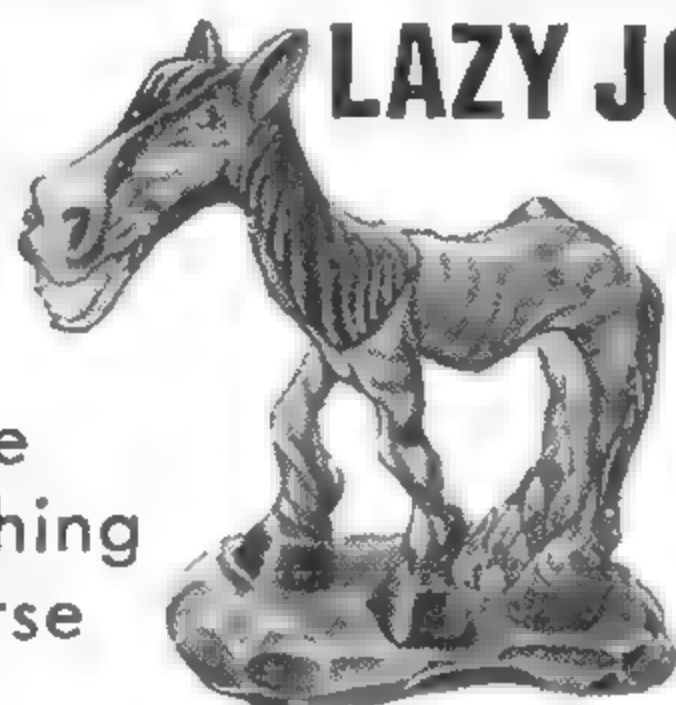
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You'll get many a laugh out of "Lazy Joe". Gets a chuckle out of the most confirmed "sourpuss". Great for den, clubroom or office. He's hungry looking with large, white teeth protruding from laughing pink lips. Seems almost alive. Painted a durable brown. About 9" high. Only \$2.50 prepaid. Money back if not delighted. Free with order—Bulletin of 100 horse lovers' gift items.

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You'll rate more than a goodnight kiss if you favor your lady with a sonnet in snowy ermine... sweetly rhymed with a sugared muff. The jabot lavishly tipped with 20 frosted ermine tails... the muff concealing its inner zippered purse. Magnificently worked in precious, pieced white ermine. Neckband 18". Muff approx. 9" x 8".

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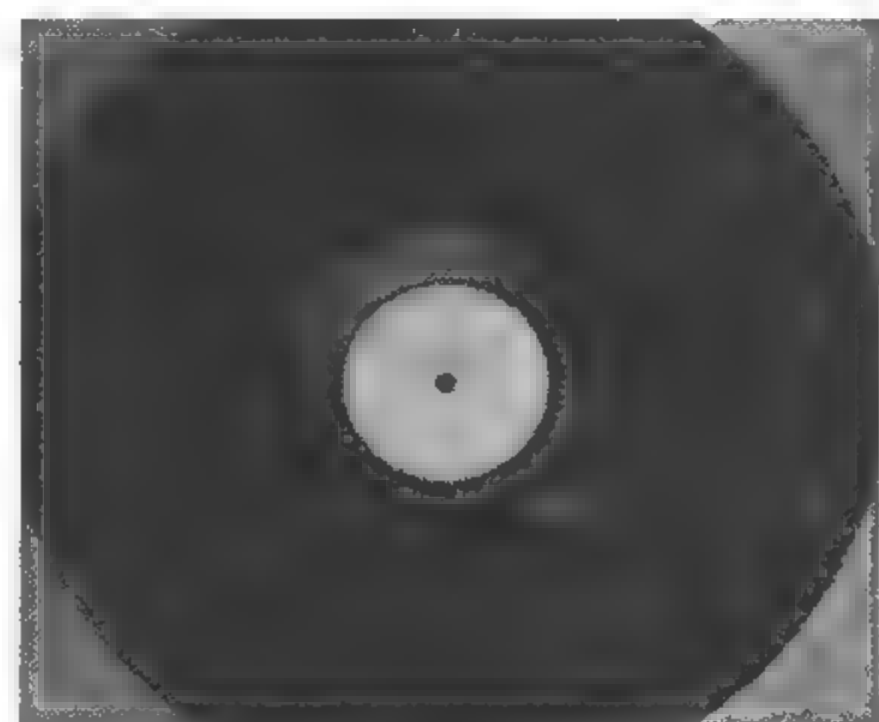
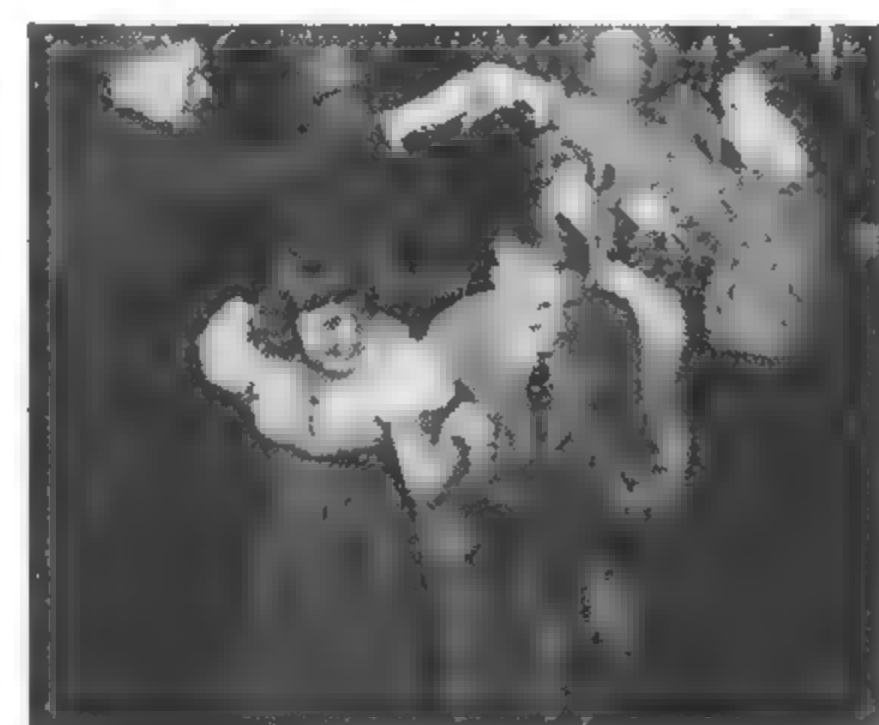
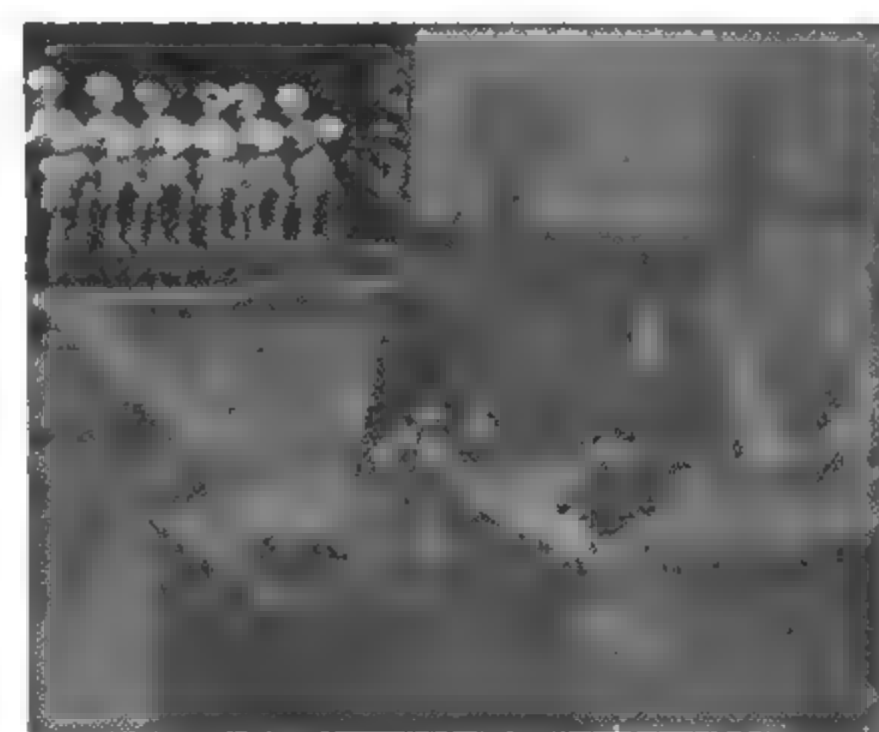
TALKING SHOP

CUSTOM-QUALITY. Eye-saving television receiver is a simple, compact unit with a special lens that throws the picture onto the conventional home movie screen. The picture, of optimum size for home use, yields a natural, high-quality image not strenuous to watch. Brightness is provided without need of filters. 14" high when closed.

EVEN IN A TWO-ROOM FLAT, this console-spinet could not be labeled a space waster. It's direct blow action (the keys have direct contact with the hammers) makes for faster playing, greater volume control and more delicate phrasing. In hand-finished mahogany veneer, it compares favorably with pianos double its size and price.

AT HOME ON THE RANGE or on Park Avenue, swing your partner to the spry tune of an uninterrupted, authentic square dance. This long-playing record offers 24 minutes of music, fun and the basic square dances. Folk songs are from all over America. With the record is an illustrated booklet describing in detail the dances, calls and steps.

ON THE SPOT recording in Italy has produced an unusual album of folk song records for the collector. These songs of the country people in Sicily and Piedmont are such as any traveler may have heard in the villages of those areas. The singing has a spontaneous quality, the melodies are simple, the rhythms are infectious.



For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address



Watch the Curves

cautions the inscription hand painted in gay colors on one of these cock-eyed highball glasses. Others proclaim *It's a Rough Sea, Slippery When Wet, Pleasure Bent*, and similar rib-tickling sayings. The cocktail glasses all warn against *Tee Many Martoonis*. Both kinds make guests wonder whether they or the glasses are tipsy... provide never-ending conversation pieces and perfect Christmas gifts. 6 or more shipped postage-paid, \$2 each. (If ordering 5 or less, add 50c to total remittance, for postage and packing.) Sorry, no C. O. D.'s.

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PRESSURE SENSITIVE TAPE
(A PROD. OF MINNESOTA MIN. & MFG. CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.)

Dispenser Given With Each Order

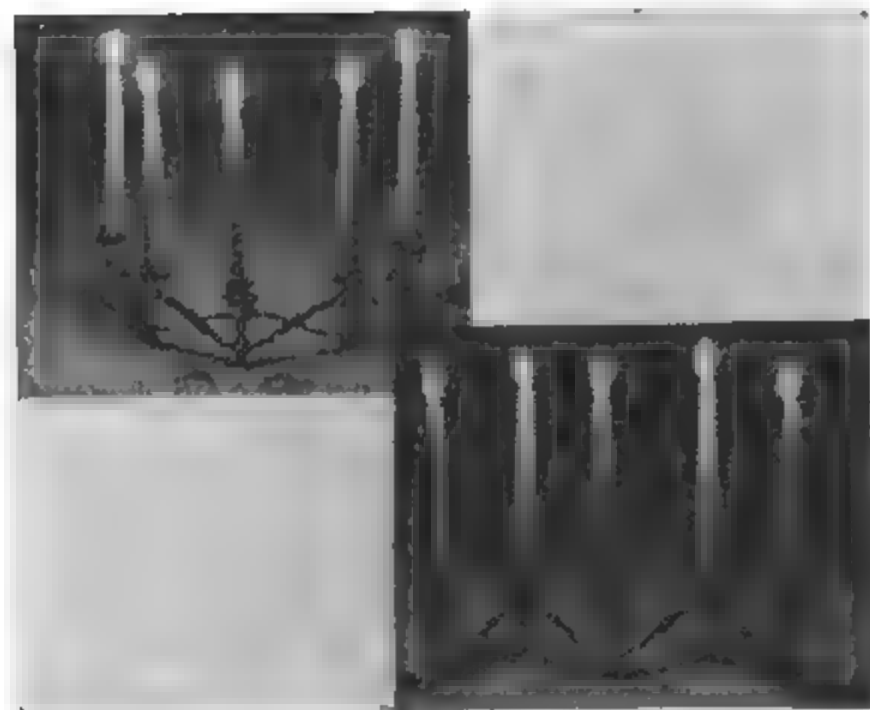
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Jumbo Roll (750")... \$4.95

This printed tape sticks anywhere... needs no moisture. The vivid backgrounds colorfully personalize your letters or gifts. Ideal for labeling checks, books, tools, sports equipment, records, etc. Seals envelopes and packages quickly.

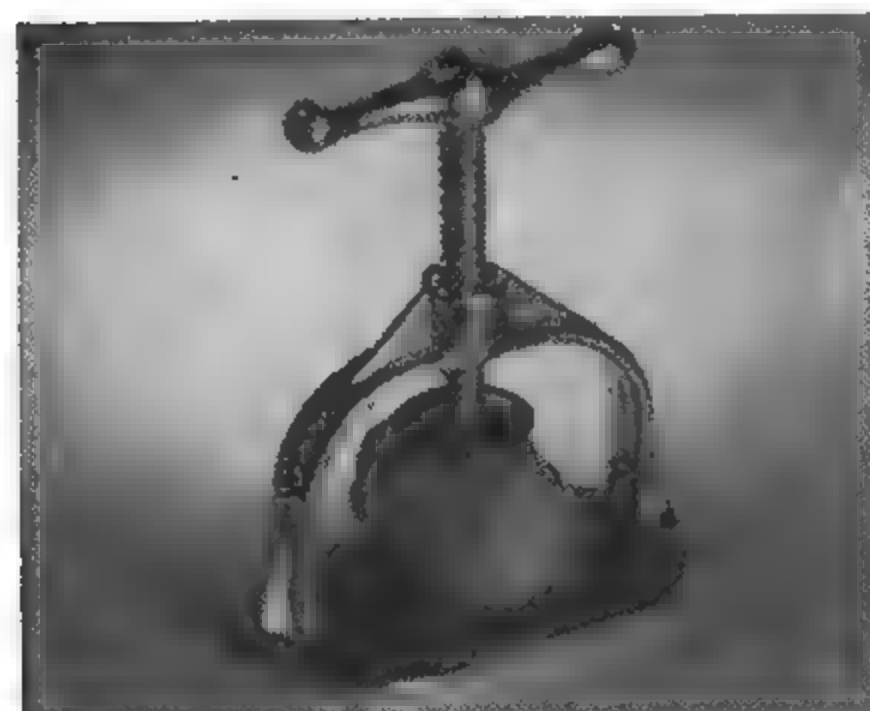
Print name and address clearly. Indicate choice of White, Light Blue, Yellow, Silver. 3/4" wide. Send check or money order today. No C.O.D.'s.

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Foremost printers of "Transparent" Tape. Est. 1935

WITH ESQUIRE



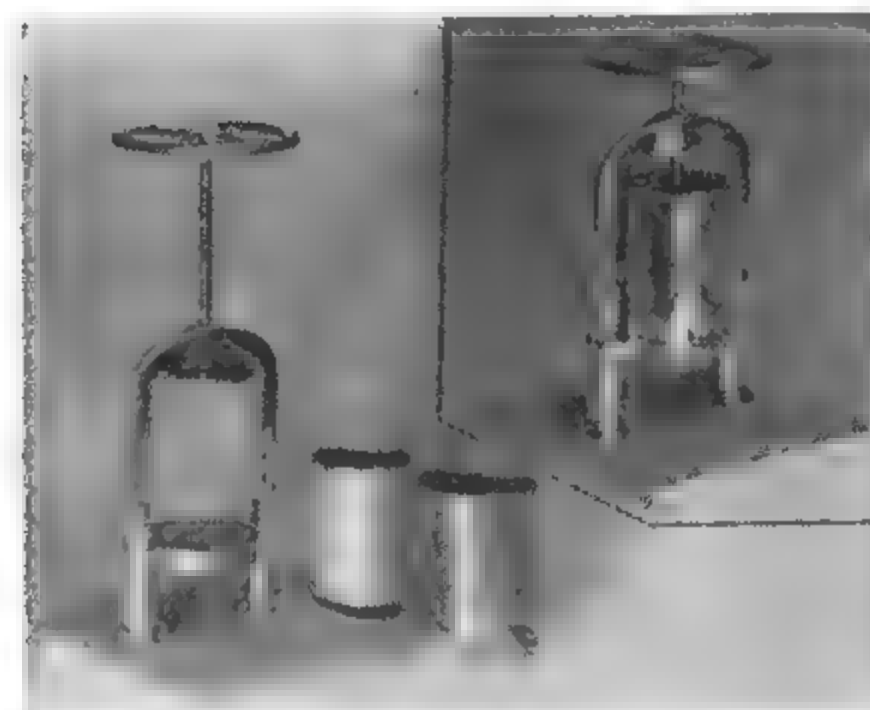
AN EXAMPLE of fine contemporary Italian design, these low heavy brass candelabras are handwrought and ingenious. Each piece holds 5 candles about 4½" apart and at the contact points of the vertical and horizontal pieces, the sections swivel. The construction allows innumerable arrangements—from circular centerpiece to parallel.



IN THE NUTCRACKER MARKET there's a new one in chrome imported from Britain that cracks the hardest nuts with only a slight investment of energy. The kernels always remain whole. It's a businesslike tool standing about 4" high that works on the principle of the vise. You simply put the nut in the center groove and turn the handle.



A COUPLE OF CHICKENS, a raucous rooster and his mate, are lively company at mealtime. In addition to being ornamental, they are, in fact, containers for oil and vinegar. The heads cover the corks. Brightly colored pottery imported from Italy, they stand about 7" high and come in barn red, yellow and white with multicolored feathers.



GOURMETS AND SPORTSMEN take note. For the first time since before the war, a duck press is available again. They used to be imported from France where the art of preparing ducks à la presse first originated. Now they are being made right here in the U. S. Comes with recipe book for all the classic pressed duck methods of preparation.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Ranger

HAT BLOCK HOLDER



\$1.50 EACH

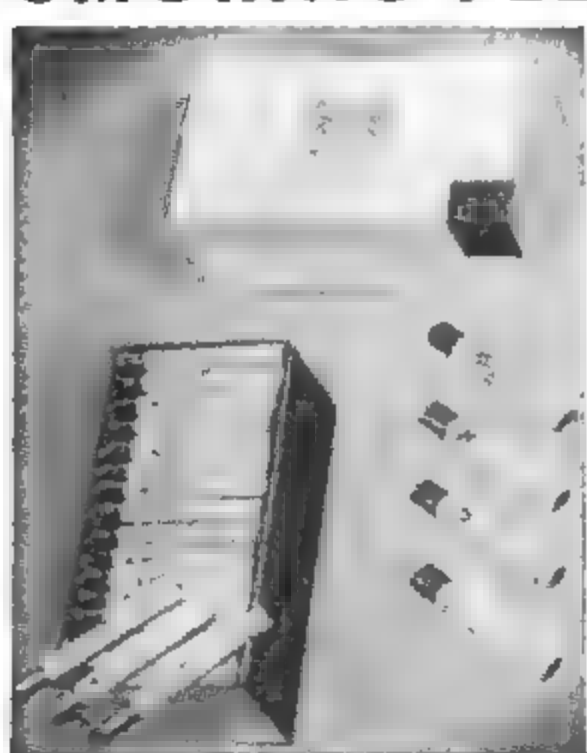
2 for \$2.75

It's new — for the first time a man's hat can be restored to shape while it hangs. Just slip hat on and off hanger with ease — will save on cleaning and blocking bills — keeps hats in tip-top condition. Construction—chrome plated metal—a wing nut adjusts hanger to any hat size. Hanger fastens to wall or door (horizontally or vertically). An ideal gift. Order Today—send cash, check or money order for full amount and we prepay postage. C.O.D.'s—postage extra.

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WOODSMAN FISHERMAN Knife

Handle folds around blade to form the sheath. Protects the blade, protects you. Keen, tool steel blade, 8½" open, 4¾" closed, weighs 5¼ oz. No belt sheath necessary! Carry in pocket or tackle box.



\$2.95 Either Model

If dealer can't supply, send check or money order

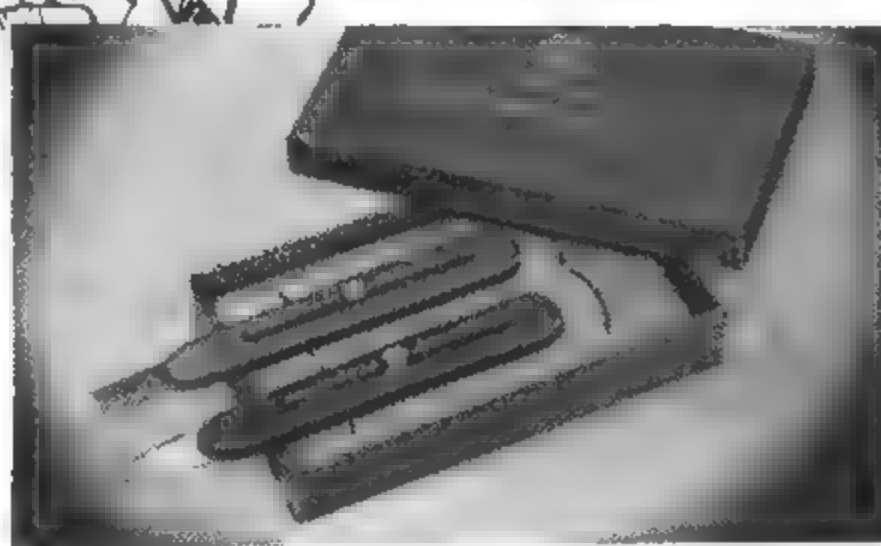
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GITS Slide-Blade POCKET KNIFE GITS Slide-Blade TRIPLE-CUT FILE BOTH in One Beautiful Gift Box

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New "Clipper-Bilt" line of kits has been designed for the novice—carved balsa hulls, die-cut wood parts, tapered masts, finished fittings and simple plans. No experience or special tools needed. 16 in. long. More than 30 different models and over 600 finished fittings in our line. SEND 35c TODAY FOR 64 PAGE CATALOG. Contains pictures, stories, plans, model hints, illustrations of all our models and fittings. Send for your copy now.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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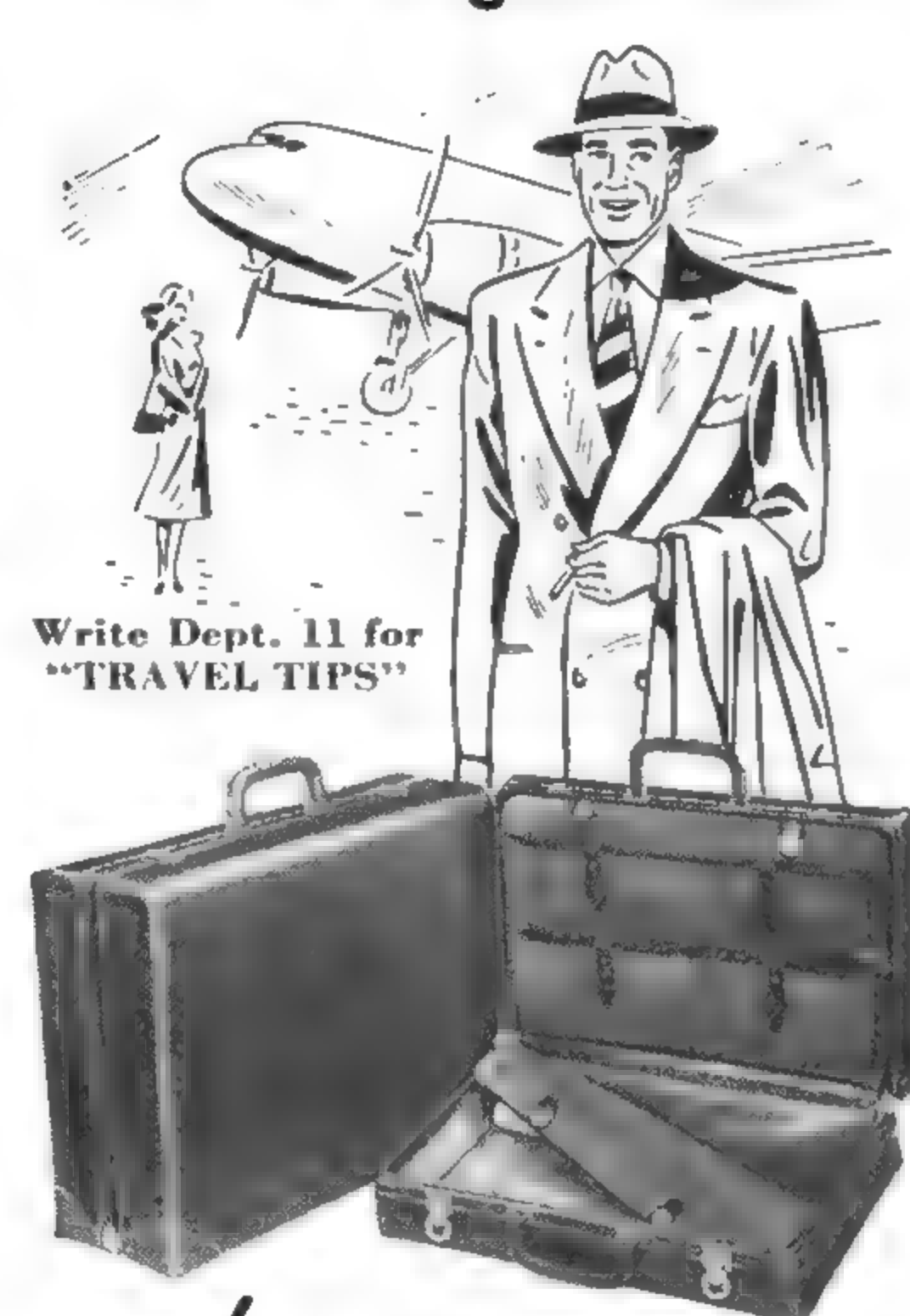
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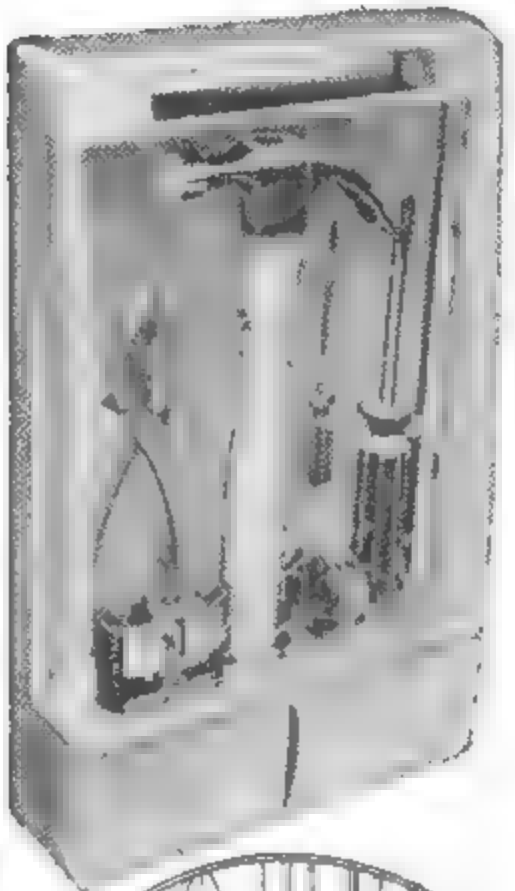
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Reference: Your Own Bank or Any Mercantile Agency

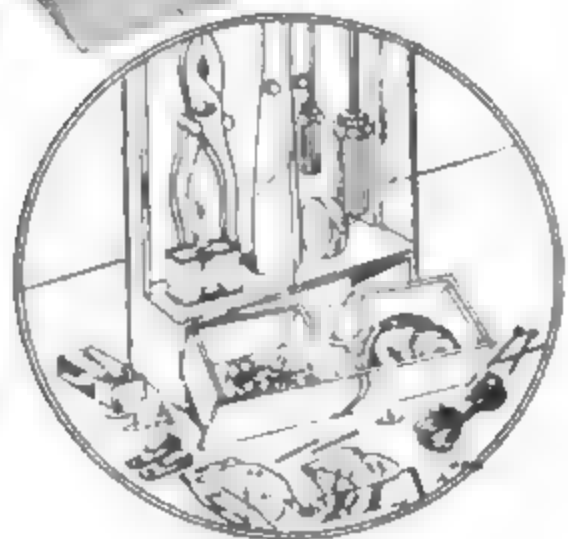
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NO OBLIGATION

HANDY! COMPACT! everything for home repairs in the beautiful plastic VOGUE TOOL KIT



Now you can make quick home repairs without endless searching for tools and fix-its. This new, colorful Vogue Tool Kit contains fine tools and household "fixits" in one sturdy, yellow plastic case, 14" x 8" x 3". Comes complete with hanger for wall or door—kit simply lifts off, and can be carried anywhere.



Transparent hinged doors open fully for easy selection of:

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- Pliers
- 2 screw drivers with shockproof unbreakable handles
- Steel tape rule
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ALL GUARANTEED!

Roomy, non-spill drawer contains:

- Nails
- Tacks
- Brads
- Screws
- Hooks
- Hangers
- Rubber bands
- Picture wire
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Order now for immediate delivery. The Vogue Tool Kit is the really new and useful gift... you'll appreciate one for yourself, too. If you don't agree it's the handiest gadget around the home—return it within 10 days for full purchase price refund. Mail order direct today.

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DEPT. A-11
AKRON 3, OHIO



"WORLD'S LARGEST BOTTLE OPENER" 10 INCHES LONG HEAVY STEEL CHROME PLATED



"You couldn't lose it if you tried."

**HEY WAIT!! Don't just use this
KAP KING for opening bottles.**

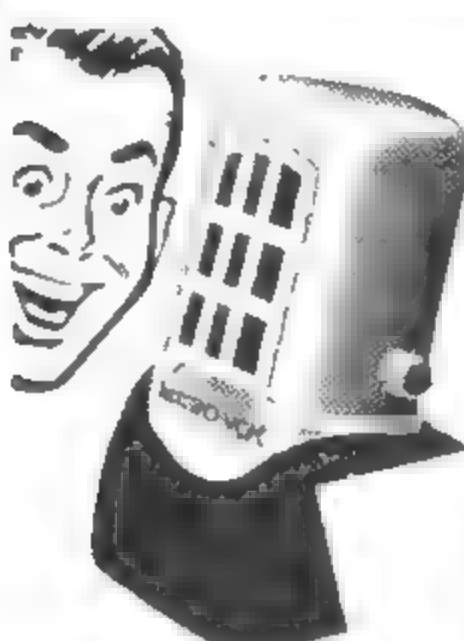
Here's what else it can do...

- REMOVES BABY FOOD CAPS
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- Studio Quality Mike
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UP TO 75 FT. CLEAR! LIFE-LIKE!

BE TALLER

WEAR
CUSTOM MADE
STATURAIDS

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SAGAMORE
No. 1004—Brown
grain (shown above)

Get the Thrill of Being Taller

ORDER THE ABOVE STYLE BY MAIL
... 5 day shipment or visit my factory

Our 10th year producing fine Staturaid custom made height increasing shoes.

HOW TO ORDER: Send correct shoe size (or old shoe), with deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage; or if you remit in full, we pay mailing charges.

Free Catalog showing 50 styles in height increasing shoes, sent on request

JOSEPH BURGER, Manufacturer, Dept. 179
Factory & Factory Store, 433 E. 148 St., N. Y. 55, N. Y.

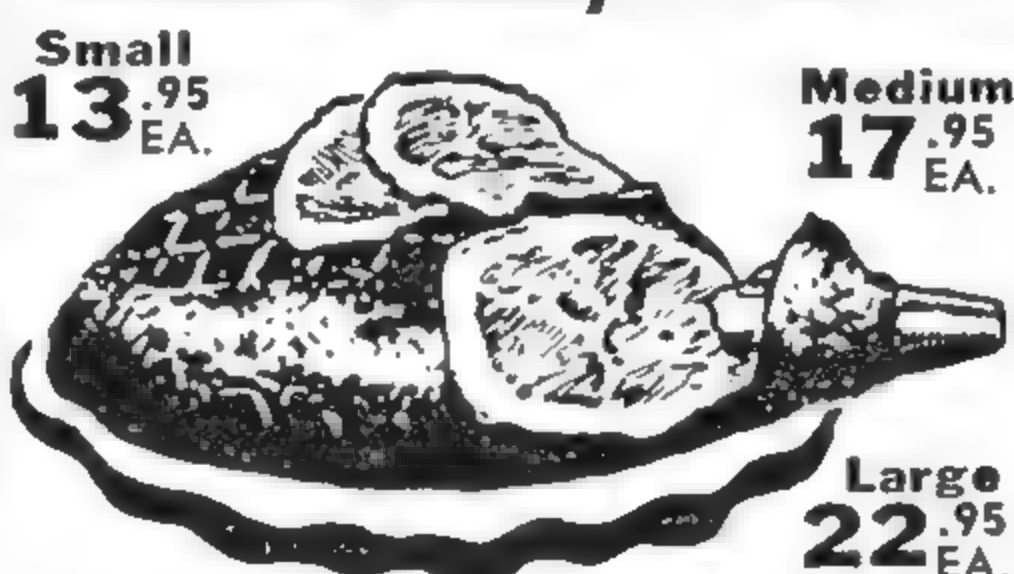
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WORLD FAMOUS SMITHFIELD

HAMS

(From peanut fed hogs)

Cooked—Ready to Serve

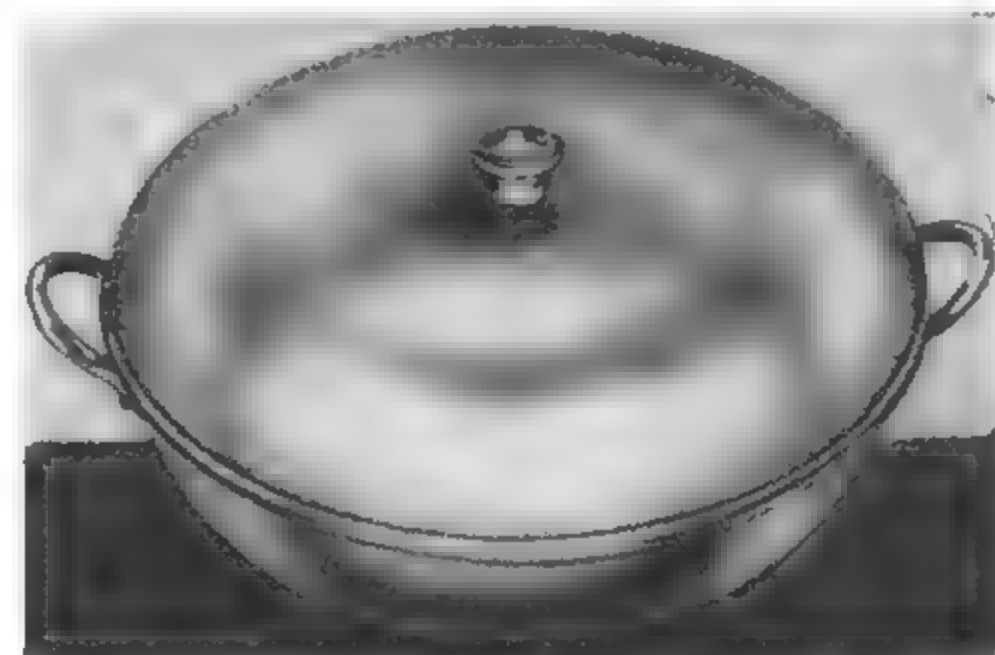


SMITHFIELD HAMS prepared to please the most discriminating gourmand. Smoked, cured by centuries-old process, boiled, then baked with spices and sauterne wine, in the true early settler tradition. Arrives at your home ready to serve. A perfect treat. Small, 13.95; Medium, 17.95, Large, 22.95. Send check with order. Express collect.

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"666"

COPPER CASSEROLE

A French style casserole of gleaming copper, lined with pure black tin. Handles and knob of snug fitting cover are of brass. For buffet suppers and every day meals, cook and serve right in it.

Look for the "666" stamped on the back, then you know you have the best.
1 1/2 quart.....\$10.25
2 1/2 ".....13.50
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Prepaid anywhere in the U. S. A.

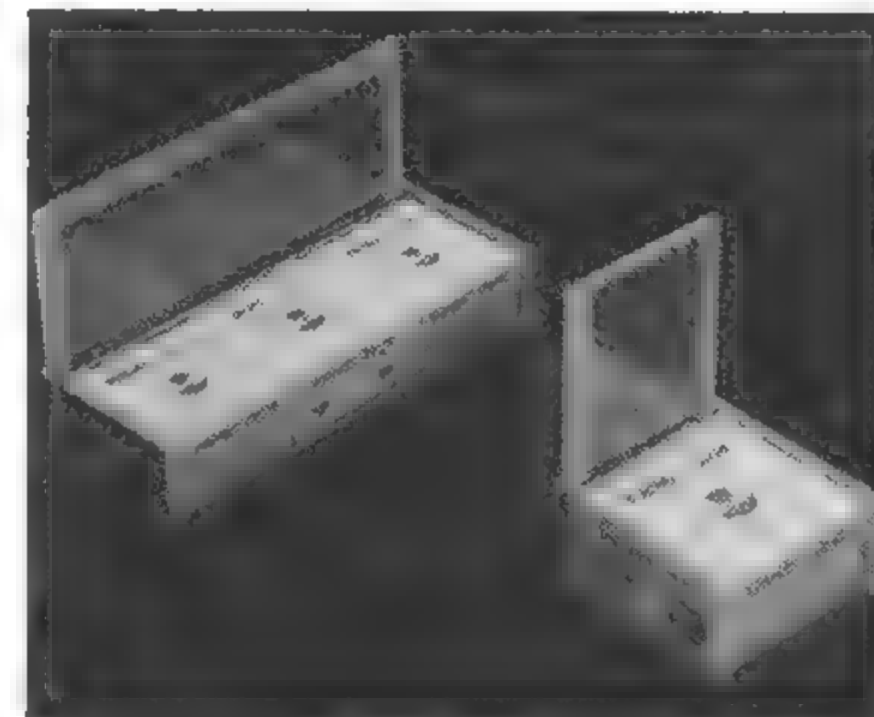
No C.O.D.s, please
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666 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 10, N.Y.
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TALKING SHOP

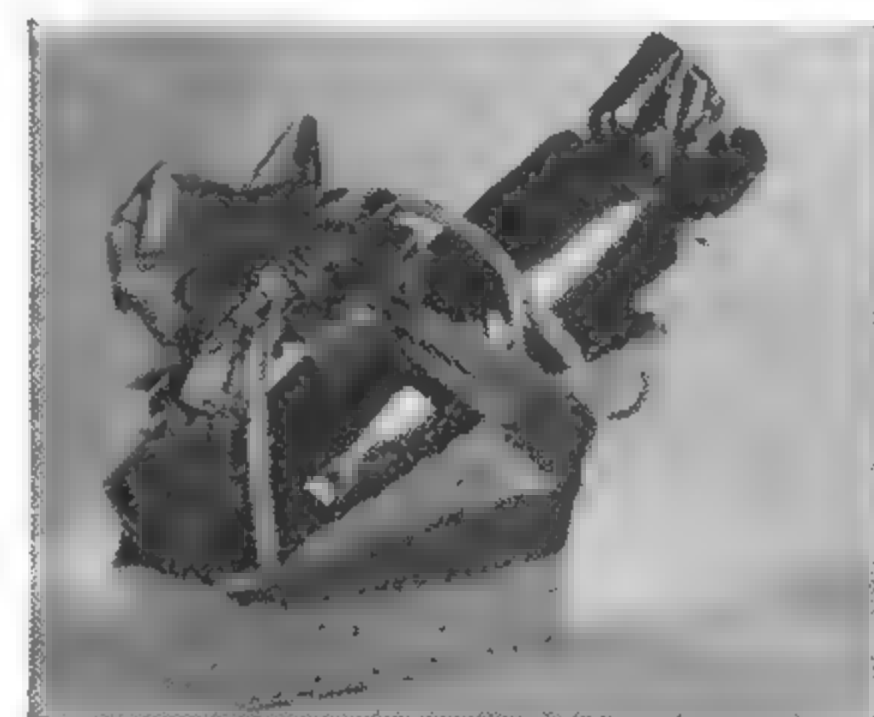
THE WEEKEND GUEST who comes with a gift box of the finest imported caviar probably stands a good chance of being invited soon again. Apart from the excellence of the caviar itself, the packaging is interesting. In a set of three 2 oz. jars or one 4 oz. jar, it comes in a smart green plexiglas box intended for other uses later.



FOR THE BACHELOR, one of the most steadily-useful gifts one can select is a set of stag tip, horn handled steak knives. The choice is sound since about nine out of ten bachelors we know consider steak their forte. The blades are hollow ground, triple chrome plated. The set, in its plush-lined leather case, is rugged in a luxurious sort of way.



THE WINE BASKET, in this instance instead of some rare vintage, cradles another treat for the epicure: Three dressed-up packages of Almondettes, Assorted Lumps and paper-thin Square Mints. The basket, tied with satin ribbon and a cluster of bells, red cherries and pine cones, will no doubt, soon revert to its original purpose.



AN EXOTIC DELICACY with the unmistakable taste and fragrance of roses is actually made with rose petals. Rose petal conserve sounds like something grandmother might have made or something out of Arabian Nights. However, it's a modern American ambrosia in 5 versions—blueberry, quince, crab apple, citrus and black raspberry.



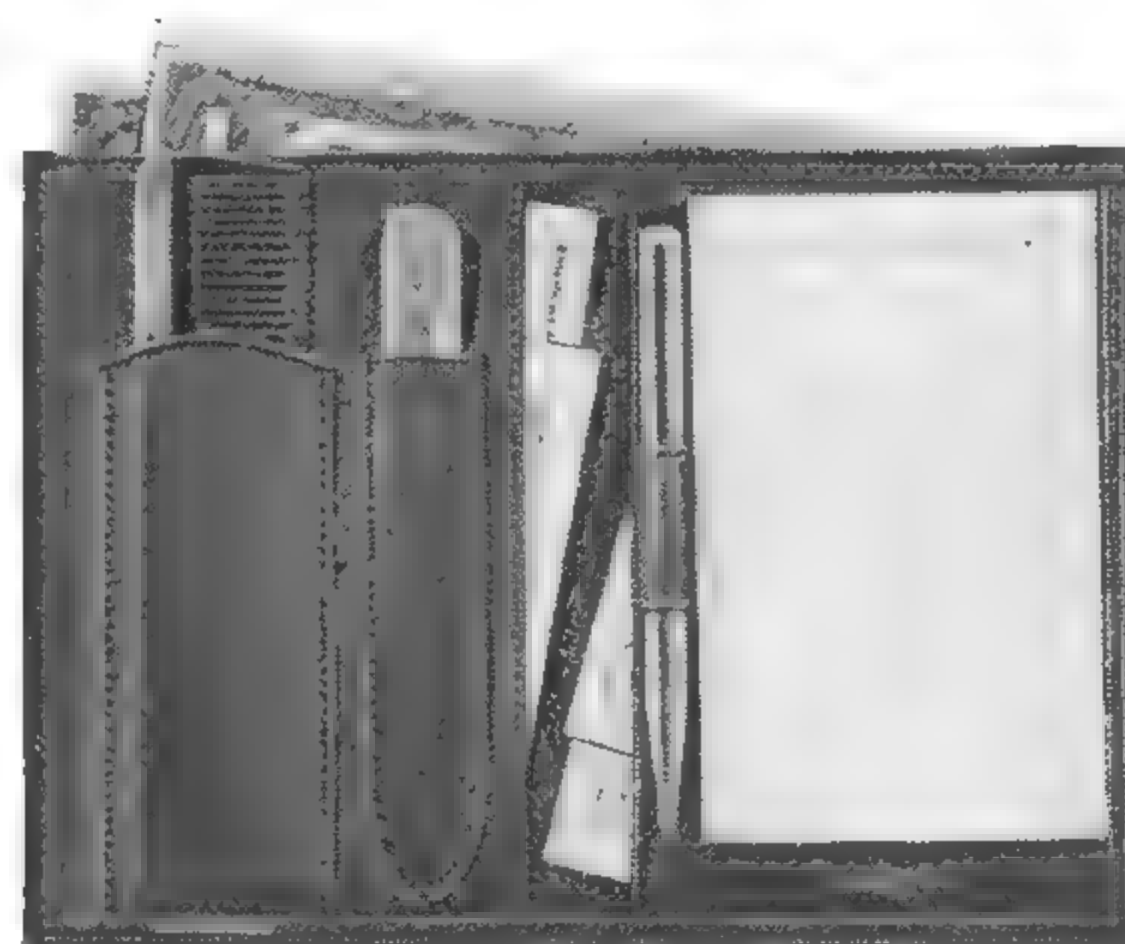
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THE DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS GIFT! 7 in 1 LEATHER WALLET

BILLFOLD • MEMO PAD • PENCIL
COMB • NAIL FILE • 2 CARD HOLDERS
Morocco (Shown) Black or
Brown. Also Red with snap
for Women.....\$12.50.
Calf-Black or Brown \$15.00
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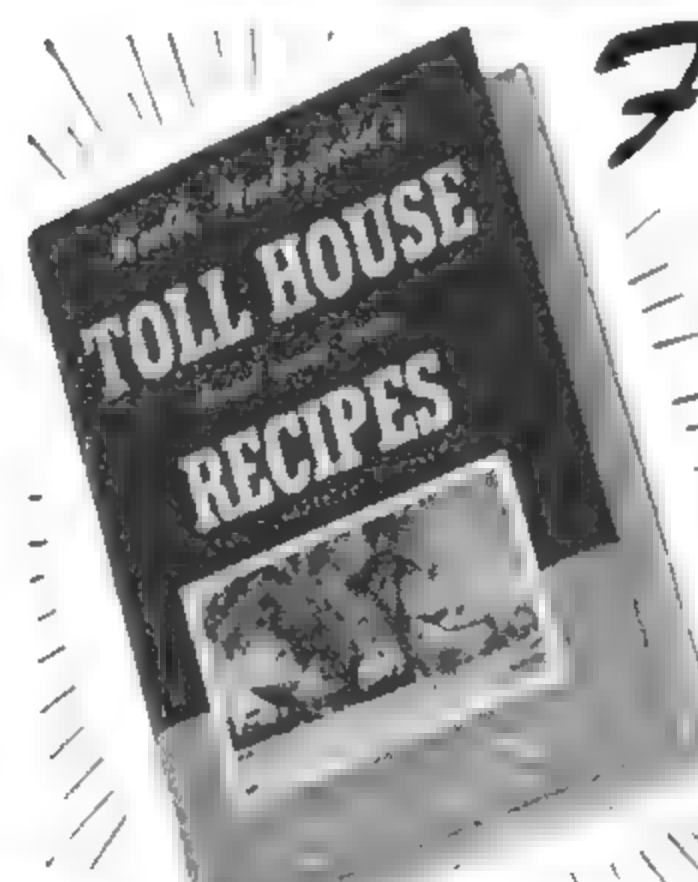
KOM-PAK

1237 Market St., Philadelphia, Penna.



For BRIDE TO BE—WIFE or MOTHER!

Famous Toll House COOK BOOK



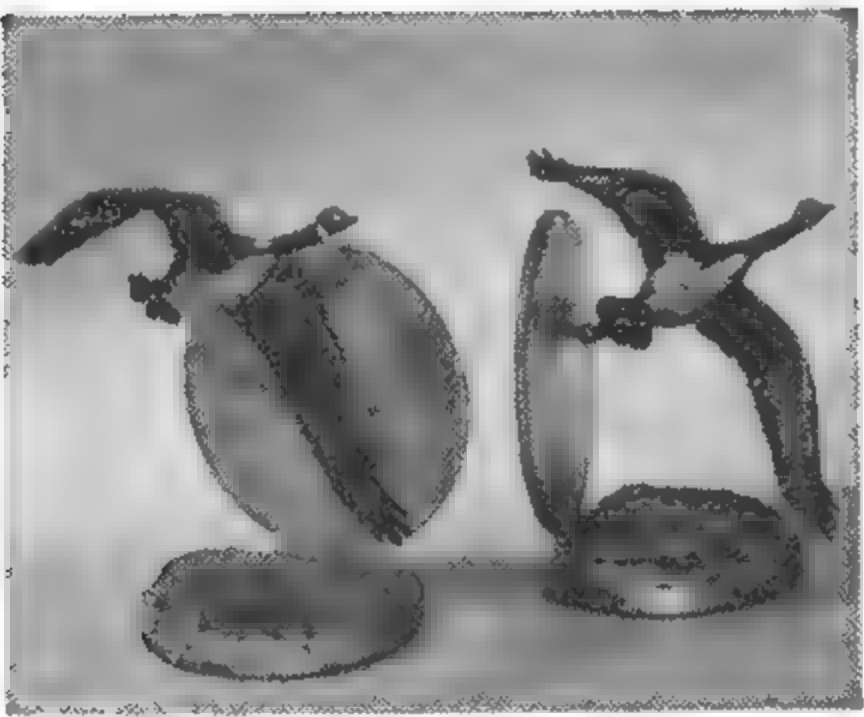
Now! Enjoy these Wonderful Foods at Home
Ruth Wakefield's own nationally famous Toll House recipes and her fascinating, tested world-wide collection. Completely revised edition. Basic cookery, cherished specialties, 800 prized recipes, 77 menus. Personally autographed. Gift wrapped, postpaid and insured:

Beautifully illustrated in color \$4.25
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RUTH WAKEFIELD, THE TOLL HOUSE, WHITMAN, MASS.

WITH ESQUIRE



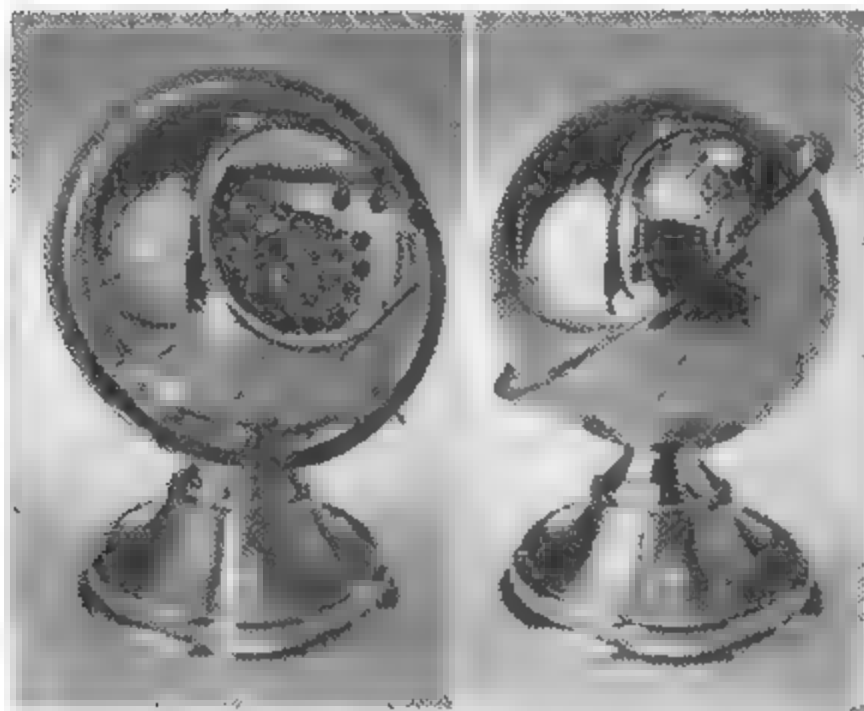
HIGH FLYING Canadian geese, in heavy bronze, make an unusually striking set of book ends. There's some special grace in the wide spread soaring wings and it captures the imagination. Authentic in detail and expertly done, they are particularly appropriate for the sportsman's library and definitely an asset in any room.



SMALL SCALE models of colts and full grown horses, hand-carved in natural walnut, stand approximately 4" high. Each one of twelve different horses has caught some moment of action. And only an artist with real enthusiasm for the beauty of these animals could have portrayed them so successfully. Any one is separately available.



AUTOMATIC, SELF-CLEANING ash tray comes with a bronze top and wine, green, red or brown leather base with gold leaf tooling. Pressure on the plunger drops bottom disc and starts it whirling. Centrifugal force throws off ashes and cigarette stubs instantly. Keeps smoke and odors sealed in. Opens and cleans easily.



SMOKE UP, relax, and contemplate the world. Give your den an international atmosphere with this global cigarette container. Gold-plated, it opens or shuts tightly with an easy movement of the meridian-like great circle. On a sturdy pedestal, the shiny world holds twenty cigarettes. When closed, it keeps them dust-free and fresh.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. *Ranger*

QUICK, EASY SHINES AT HOME WITH SHINE BOY SHOE HOLDER



SAVE THOSE DIMES & QUARTERS
NO BENDING • NO MESS

FITS MEN'S, WOMEN'S
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(6 YEARS & UP)

\$2.75

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Order Direct from Factory!

Wonderfully comfortable, yet dressy slippers made in our own factory. Finest kid leathers. All sizes, including **EXTRA LARGE**. Double service leather soles that are actually "hand turned." Styles for Men, Women, Children. AN IDEAL GIFT. Send for **FREE** Catalog.

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PENCIL

ONLY \$1.00

Now, you too can score Canasta as an expert

You'll be amazed to learn that Canasta scoring can be so simplified. Ingenious new pencil dials score at a glance. As exciting as the game itself. Official scoring. Beautifully designed precision pencil. Gift boxed and complete with FULL instructions on how to play Canasta. Mail order today for yourself and friends. \$1.00 postpaid.

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4 GIANT TOY ANIMALS

ONLY \$1 Postpaid

• Giraffe—4 Feet Long! • Dachshund—3½ Ft. Long! (Yes, All 4 for \$11)
• Reindeer—3½ Ft. Long! • Puppy—12 Ins. Long! 6 Sets for \$5

Yes—all four amazing toys at the amazing price of ONE DOLLAR! Imagine the shrieks of delight when the kiddies discover these fascinating toy animals under the Christmas tree! Sold in leading New York Department stores, they're taking the whole East Coast by storm! You inflate and assemble these giant animals in a jiffy from unique balloons made of natural Latex and specially cured to take plenty of abuse. Children ride them, make their own zoos... have unending fun! It's the toy bargain of the year! Order several sets for all your favorite kiddies right now!

MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED

Send only \$1 for each complete set of 4 Giant Animals (No C.O.D.'s)
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HENRI SAYS:

MAK' SURE YOUR BEST GIRL SHE READ THEES

Clever way to get her to come through with a Chippewa for Christmas! Shirts, jackets, coats, parkas, for loafing, hunting, camping. You'll love 'em and so will she for their bold rich plaids, authentic Northwoods styling and perfect tailoring. Of course they are cut from Chippewa's own soft luxurious 100% wools. Just drop the hint, man, and her own good taste will do the rest.

FREE BOOK! Get Henri's Hints on Fishing, Hunting & Camping right now. Ask your dealer for a copy or write Dept. A Chippewa Woolens, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

CHIPPEWA WOOLENS

SHIRTS • COATS • PARKAS • JAKETS

CHIPPEWA FALLS WOOLEN MILL CO.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

NO MORE CREASES IN YOUR SKIRTS

... when you use this newly designed Prac-T-Rack. Holds up to twelve skirts at a time, yet one can be removed without disturbing the others. Another useful feature—the rack hangs flat against door or wall conserving precious closet space. Smoothly finished in yellow, pink, green or blue pastels.

AN IDEAL AND DIFFERENT GIFT

Sold by mail order only in 48 states and all over the world.

Each, \$2.95. Add 25c for Postage and Handling.

PRAC-T-RACK, Stillwater 16, New Jersey

New Musical Mr. Bartender

Automatically Pours with Music

Pours exactly one jigger—p a u s e s—pours another—as long as bottle is in pouring position (and not empty!). Now the world-famous MR. BARTENDER plays *How Dry I Am*, *Show Me the Way to Go Home*, or *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. The musical movement, which is detachable, is encased in gleaming chrome to match the streamlining of MR. BARTENDER.

Order by tune desired. \$9.95 each, pp. MR. BARTENDER (without music) \$2.95 each, pp.

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Gifts of fine aged CHEESE

"World's Finest"

For your Friends and Customers—and don't forget yourself!

RED BOX You'll delight them all with this famous Swiss Colony cheese assortment that contains 5 all-time favorites—carefully selected, fully aged in our own cellars, and prettily gift packed—June-cured Swiss (our very best), French type Port Salut, Aged American (1½ years old by Christmas), Old-fashioned Brick and Dutch-type Gouda. 4 lbs. of guaranteed finest quality cheese. \$4.55

Pack 4D

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16 pages of color photographs showing Swiss Colony cheese assortments (from \$2.95 to \$43.35); also wood carvings and music boxes brought here from Switzerland.

THE SWISS COLONY
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IT'S FUN to EXERCISE—SLENDERIZE—

with the Genuine Battle Creek HEALTH BIKE

MEN—and WOMEN too!

Get pleasant, symmetrizing exercise as many Celebrities do—at home, ram or shine—at low cost! HEALTH BIKE makes a wonderful gift for your wife—yourself—your family. Handsome "speedometer" measures "speed and mileage." Adjust-Trol provides easy or "uphill" riding effects. Fully guaranteed—built for service. Plan now for exercise that's fun—write for literature TODAY!

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The first FUR TIE in history!

What a smart, luxurious feel these ties give you—there is nothing like it!

With 30% beaver-type fur in the welt, balanced with fine wools, this fur tie contains the highest percentage of fur it is possible to use. You'll be amazed at its softness and luxuriousness—and yet it holds its shape.

\$5.00 POST PAID

Colors: BLUE & GREEN, GREEN & RED, BLUE & BROWN, GREEN & BROWN, RED & BLUE

Every thread is woven by hand—and hand work imports quality all its own.

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GIFT GIVER'S GODSEND!



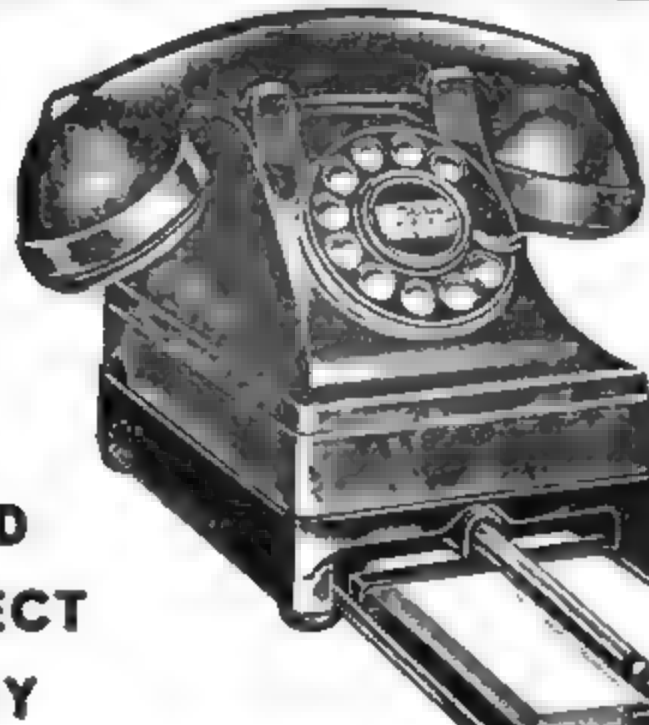
If he's a man, this is THE gift! Regulation size 33 1/2" dia. playing surface. Overall width 45". 8 large pockets for chips, glasses, etc. Made of oak, walnut finish. Fine quality green felt on Masonite top. Folds away in a jiffy. Check or money order.

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- Camping Equipment
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Norwegian Fruit Cake



3 lbs. \$6. postpaid

A cherished Norwegian family recipe. Friends who tasted this delicious fruit cake insisted we bake more. Rare spices, fine nuts and choicest fruits. There is no other fruit cake like it! Sold only by mail, no store has this cake. Limited baking, so order now by return mail. Include check or M.O.

from the tiny ovens of **Packalce Morgan**

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CELEBRATION TOAST GLASSES

These exquisite little "Celebration Toast Glasses" add the perfect touch to every happy occasion. Set them in cakes, pastries, appetizers, or any table decoration to lend a piquant and buoyant air to your celebration. Each glass . . . an individual toast! An ideal and unusual gift or possession.

\$3 for the dozen prepaid

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Spruce Electrical Manicurist is ideal for every woman who desires beautiful, healthy nails. Truly a gift of loveliness, she'll thank you for it many, many times.



Thousands of women now enjoy exquisite manicures with Spruce. Send cash or money order for \$19.95 to Abar Manufacturing Company, 8801 Woodland Ave., Cleveland 4, Ohio. Literature on request.

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\$3.50 will get you 1

this personal **BRANDING IRON** is your best gift bet . . .

Styled in beautiful durable bronze this easy-to-use custom made **BRANDING IRON** makes a unique and practical gift for any man. Now he can identify all personal equipment of wood, plastic, leather or rubber such as:

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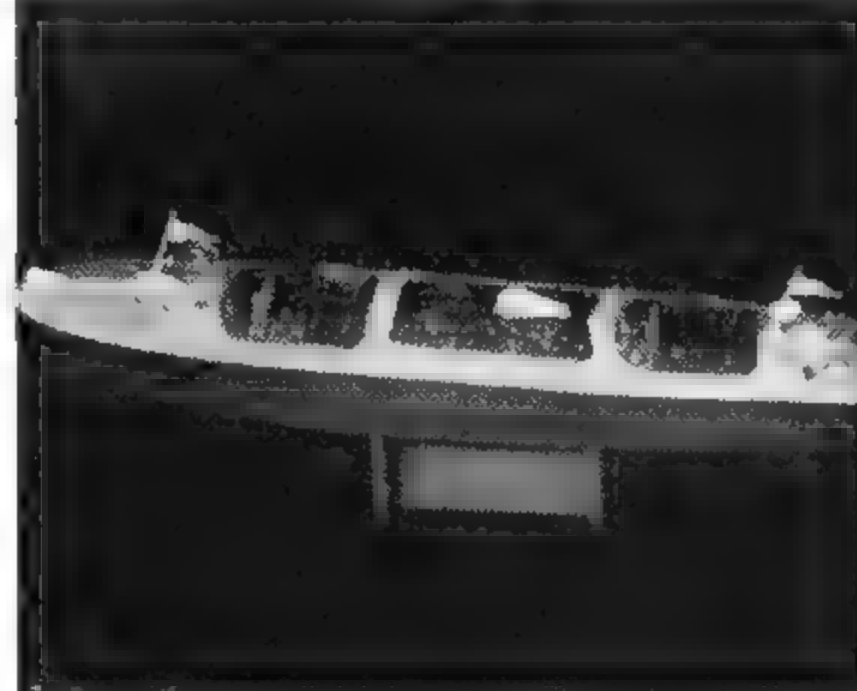
HUMPTY DUMPTY and the White Rabbit—respectively 20" and 32" high—are silk screen wall paintings done on artist canvas. Each canvas is cut to the outline and has a glued back so that by simply moistening it can be put on a wall. Also removable, washable and transferable is a Jack-and-the-beanstalk panel to keep track of Junior's height.



A WISP OF HAIR, a description of eyes and a photograph with your order is enough to get you a "Look Alike" doll for your favorite child. Boy or girl, the doll will have the same face shape, the same hairdo and real hair in the same color or close to it. Fine workmanship and carefully-fitted clothes add to the lifelike quality.



ALL HANDS of all ages will get hours of sport from this full scale model speed boat. With a maximum cruising range of three city blocks, as much as six minutes running up to three knots, the toy is made of durable, dirt and stainproof plastic. Rudder sets for sweeping cruises returning then to starting point. Heavy duty spring motor.



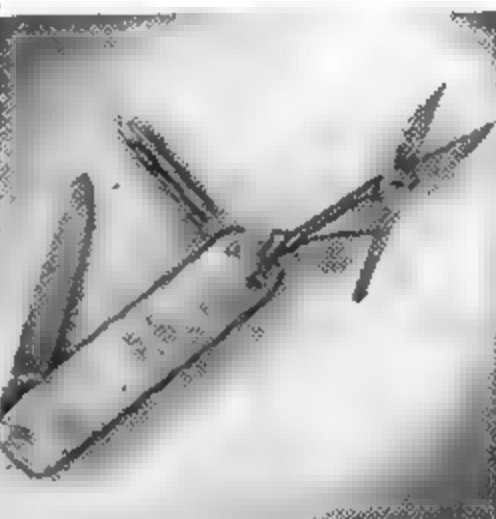
FUTURE CONSTRUCTION engineers will find fun and action in this toy mobile crane with a gear-operated cab that swings in a full circle. The front wheels are steerable and the boom is jointed in center. Engine hood is removable so counterweights can be inserted for greater lifting power. Clam or hook controlled by crank, gears.



For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

GIFT for the Well-Groomed MAN

Scissors Pocket Knife



Any man would be proud to own one of these unusual and practical pocket manicures. Beautiful simulated mother-of-pearl handle . . . with knife blade . . . nail file . . . featuring a perfect pair of high quality scissors with spring return. Shipped in individually wrapped gift box. Only \$4.95—postpaid or C.O.D.

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FOR YOUR NEXT PARTY OR TASTE THRILL!

Try this Aristocrat of appetizers!

CHEEZ-DILLITES

The hors d'oeuvre thrill



NEW!

Kosher dill pickles stuffed with selected roquefort or aged cheddar cheese and exotic spices!

3 for \$1 postpaid

Delicatessens Ltd.
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"RIS-GAY" FUN for EVERYONE!

These "Ris-Gay" Girls rattle as you shake 'em . . . provide mirth and merriment with their prominent profiles! Make perfect "mixers" . . . 7" tall serving glasses . . . keep humor high the evening through. Durable made of gayly colored Luston plastic. Sanitary! Alcohol-proof! Will not leak! Ideal for your own home or as gift. \$1.25 ea.



\$1.25 each SET OF TWO \$2.00

Specify Quantity and Styles desired.

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PLASTICAPERS 16 Court St., Brooklyn 2, N.Y.

POLLY "PLANTER"

LIFESIZE—A RIOT OF COLOR

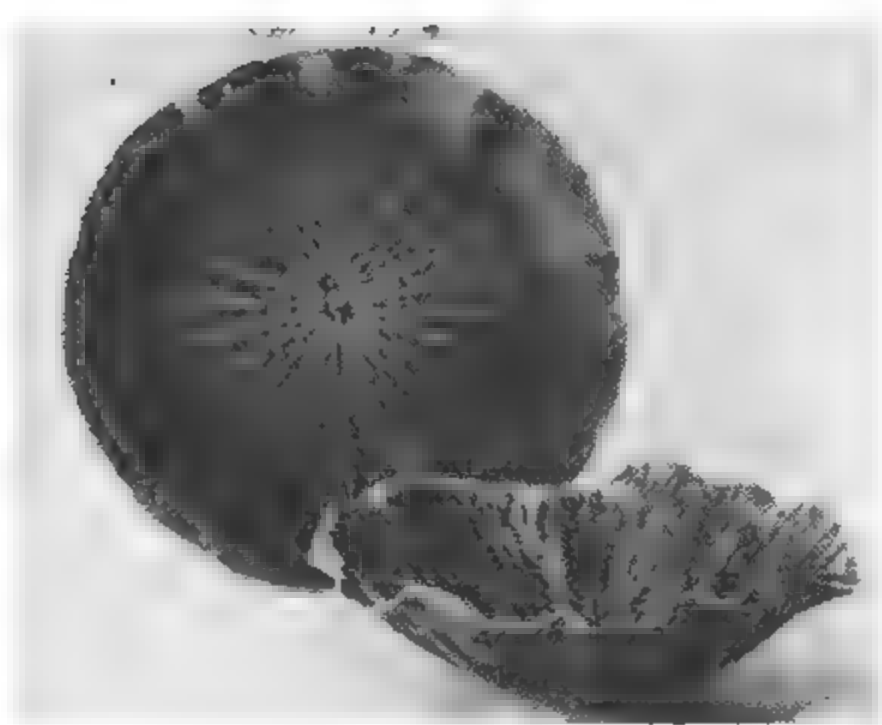
Brighten up your home with this 18 inch, lifesize Polly—complete with perch, mounting bracket and bright finish brass plant bowl. Brilliantly colored. Glazed porcelain-like finish. Gives an added touch of color to any room. You'll want one for yourself—one for a friend. Safe delivery guaranteed. Send check or money order. Sent postpaid in U.S.A. Two for \$9.25.

POSTPAID \$4.95 EA. ONLY

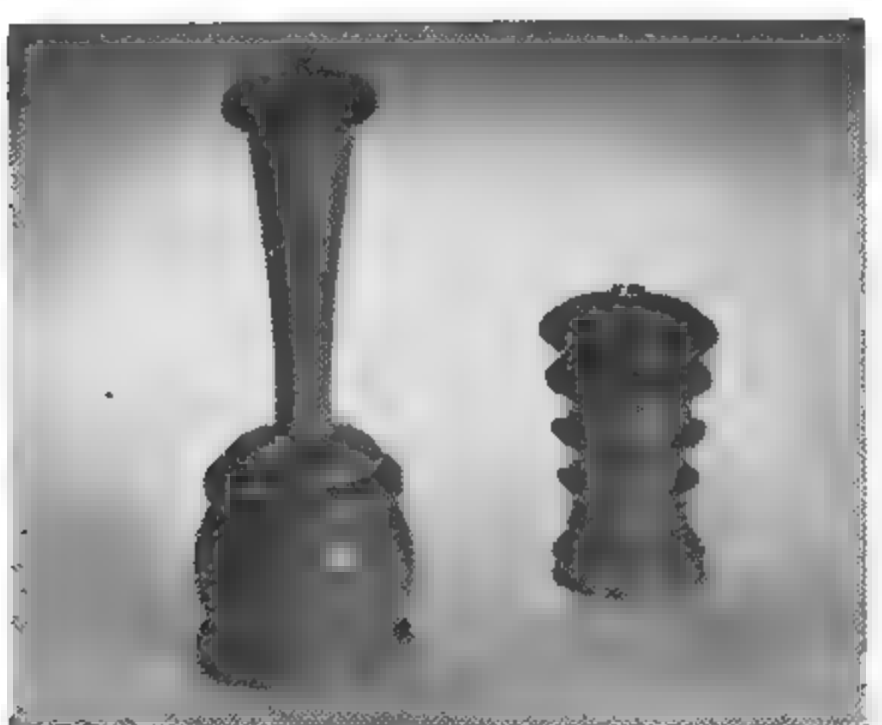
HADDON HALL DEERFIELD 19, ILL.

Free Gift Catalog—Write For Your Copy

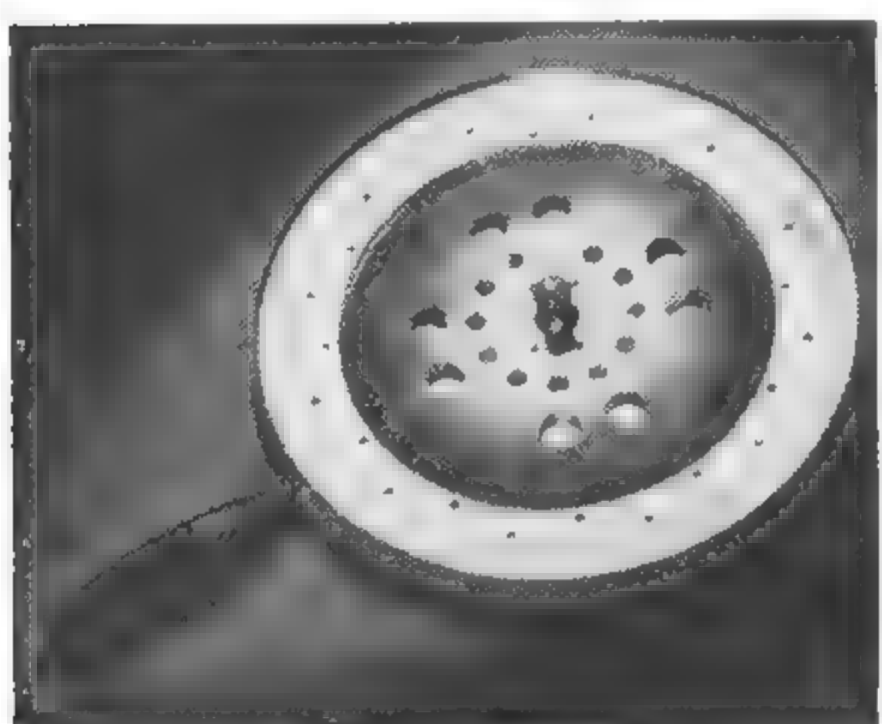
WITH ESQUIRE



HOSPITALITY becomes easier, the more adequate your equipment. Two large dishes such as this deep green ceramic platter and bowl are both multi-purposed and effective. The bowl can take care of fruit, flowers, salad or cocktail tidbits; the platter does for hors d'oeuvres, sandwiches, cake, hamburgers, cold meat and so forth.



A CERTAIN DISTINCTION in the shape and workmanship of these peppermills makes them different to most others. They are made in Milan out of well-seasoned walnut. The one with the long neck, called the "fiaschetto" (little bottle) is said to be a copy of one made for the guests at a royal dinner party in the days of Louis XIV.



BREAKFAST BOON. Cook bacon and eggs in the a.m. with minimum effort. Bacon cooks in center of utensil, fat flows into well-drain. Perforated lid prevents spattering. Bacon drains on drying apron while eggs cook in center. Bacon is flat and hot when eggs are ready to eat. Chrome steel pan also grills sandwiches, franks, hamburgers.



FOR LATE SNACKS and light meals a combination sandwich grill and waffle iron makes things easy and gives greater selection to your menu. When used as a grill, the top simply folds back. For waffles, it's twice the size of the average round iron. Designed for grilling, toasting, frying or waffle baking right at the table.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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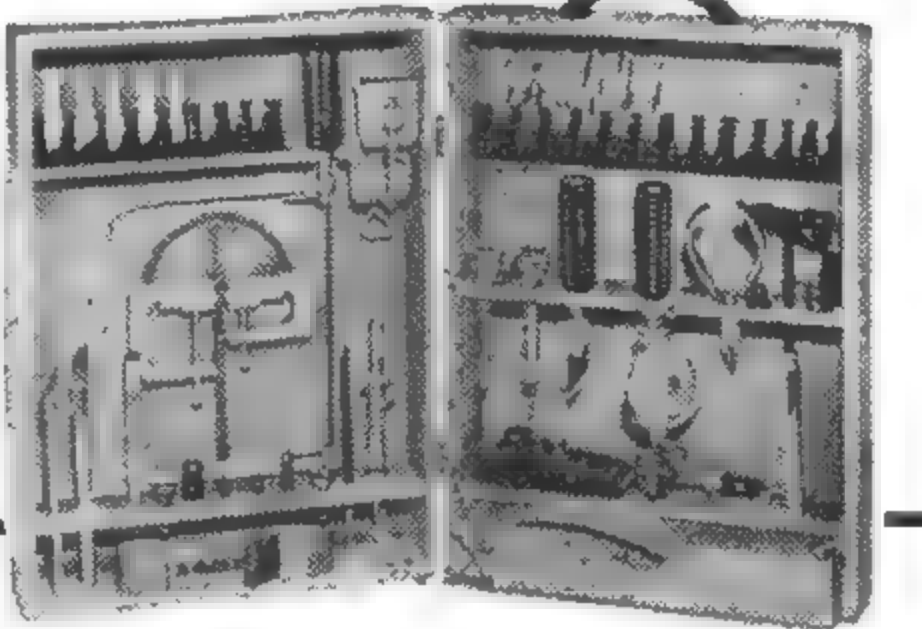
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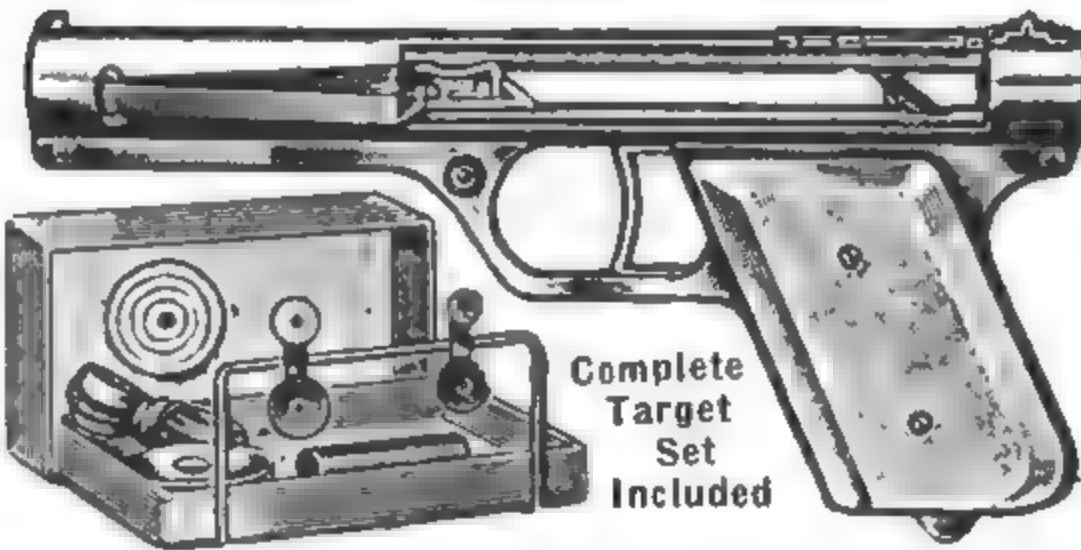
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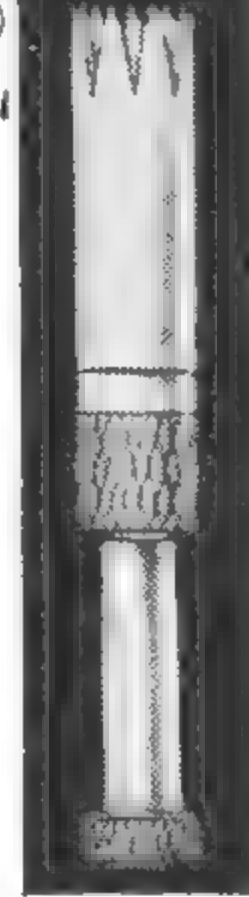
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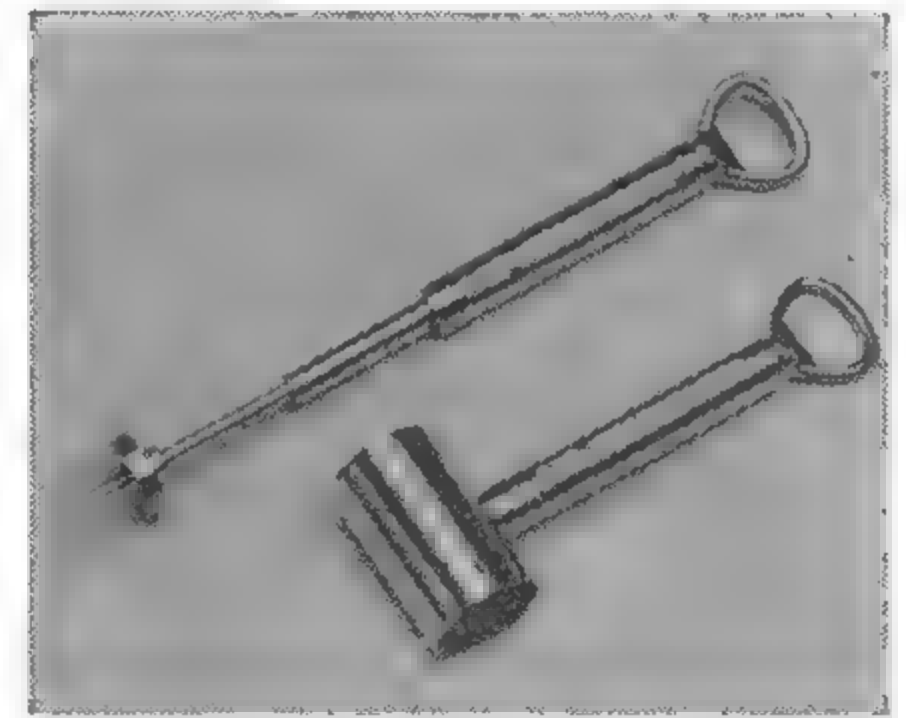
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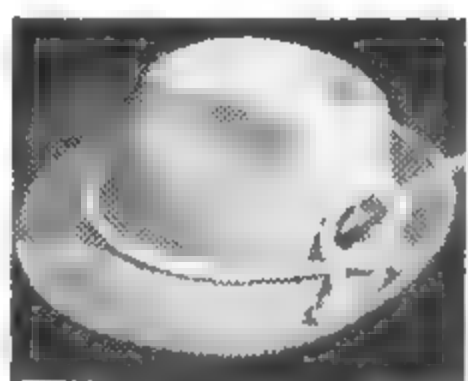
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Norman Stockton, Inc. Winston-Salem, N. C.
Mellencamp's Ypsilanti, Mich.

Esquire's Christmas

Use this convenient guide as your Christmas check list. First, find the gift items you want in this index, and then, for a complete description, refer back to the advertisements whose page numbers appear at the right.

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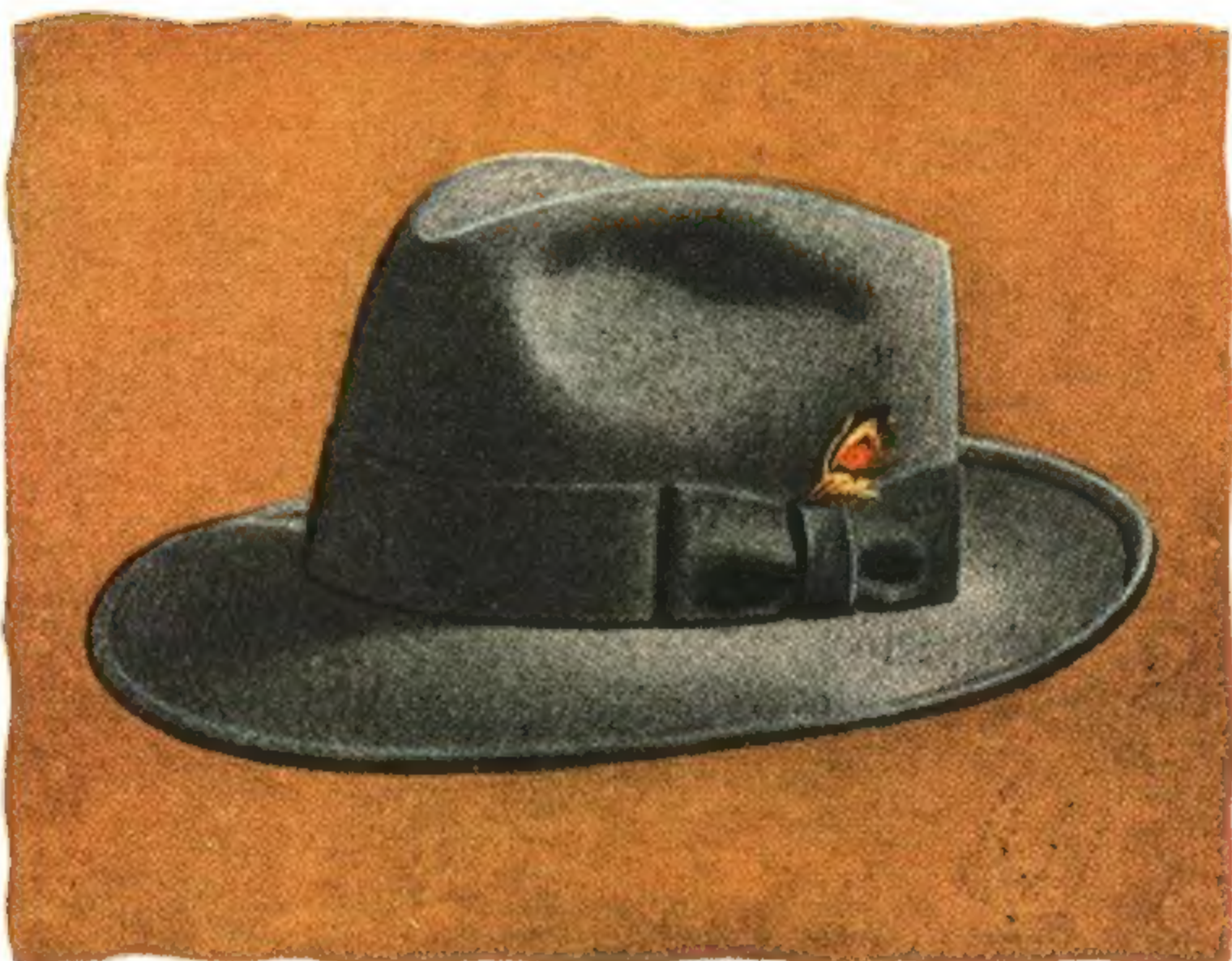
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